

12 1950

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BING CROSBYS

modern screen

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HIS WAY..!

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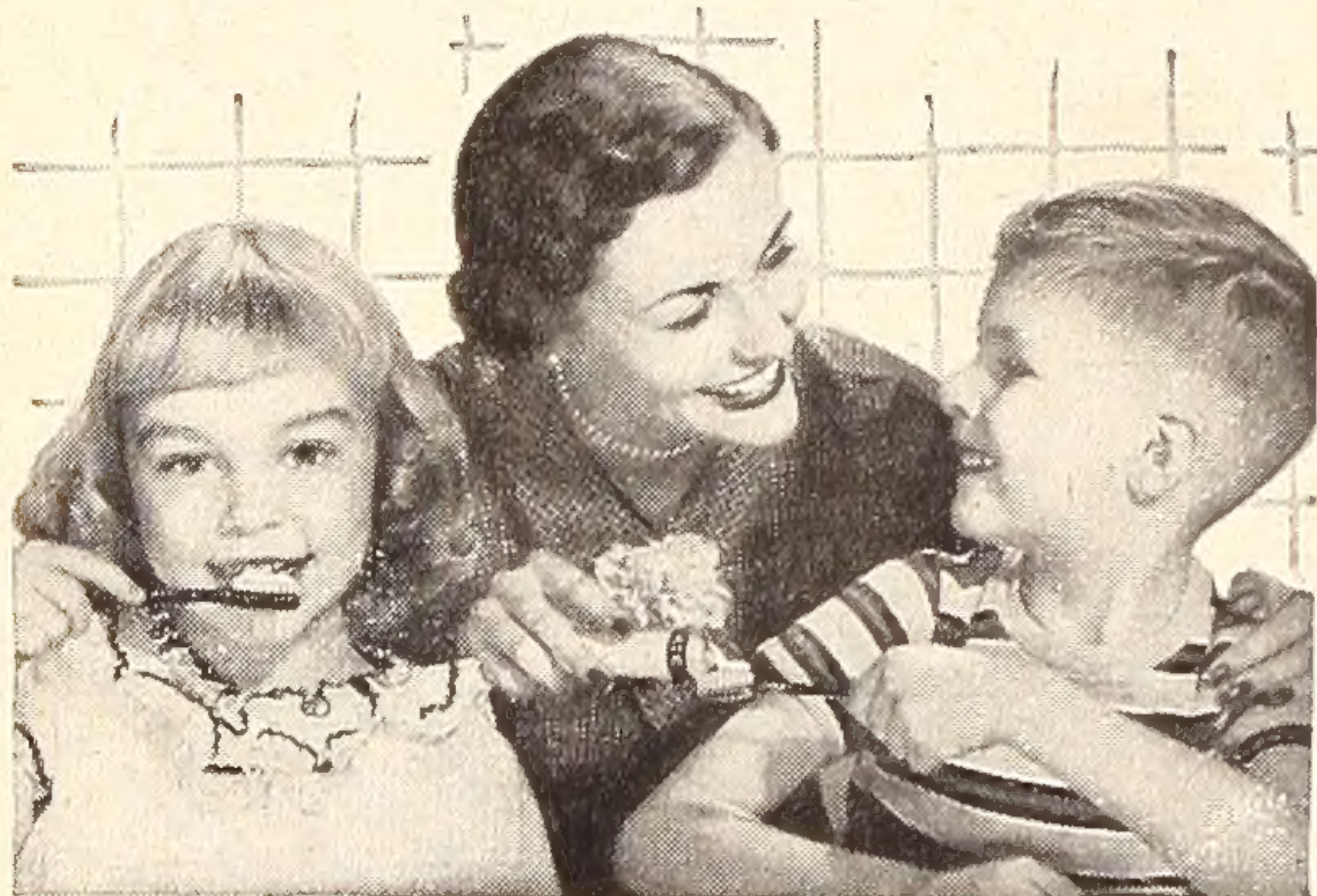
Technicolor

DIRECTED BY JACQUES TOURNEUR
PRODUCED BY HAROLD HECHT & FRANK ROSS
WRITTEN BY WALDO SALT • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER



A NORMA-F.R. Production
Distributed by WARNER BROS.

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YOUR BREATH WHILE
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STOP TOOTH DECAY!



AUGUST, 1950

modern screen

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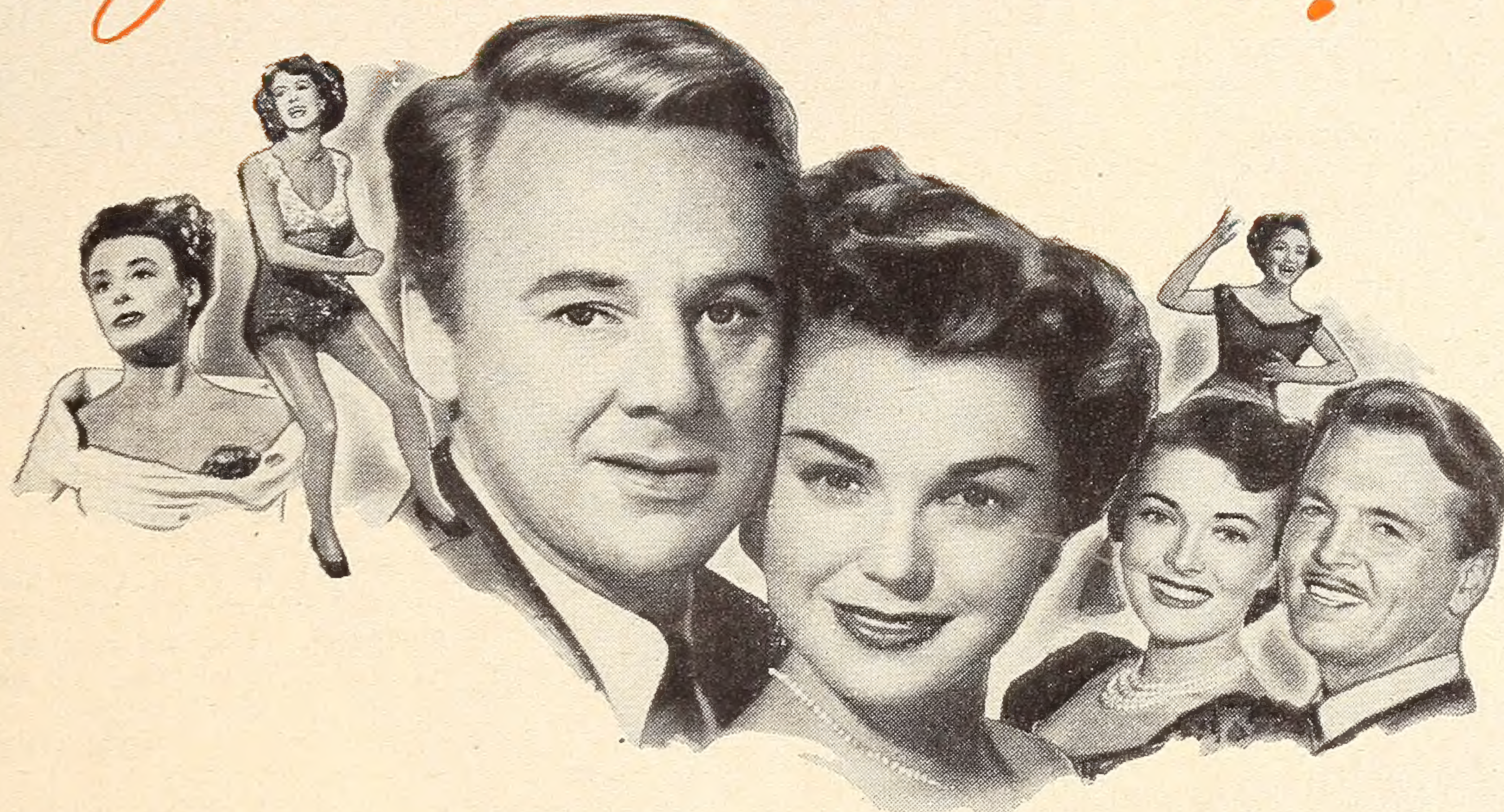
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of 12 Esther Williams?



ESTHER and VAN make
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spectacular Sun Valley Musical in

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JOHN LUND

WITH **PAULA RAYMOND**

CONNIE HAINES • CLINTON SUNDBERG

AND GUEST STARS **LENA HORNE • ELEANOR POWELL**

A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION

Written by DOROTHY COOPER and JERRY DAVIS

Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Sensational Songs, including: "Let's Choo Choo Choo To Idaho", "Of All Things"
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"party hair-do"
 all day long

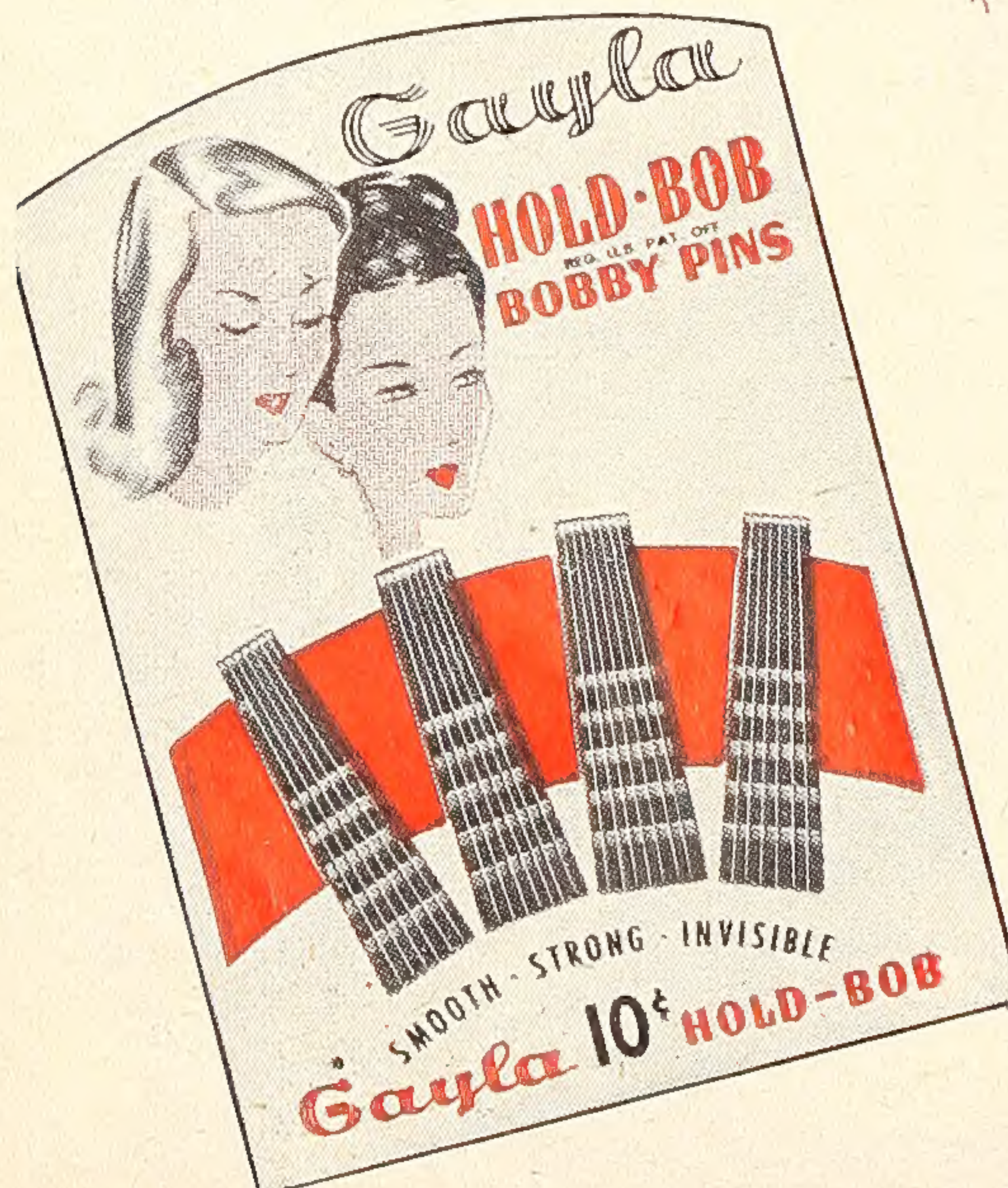


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HOLD-BOB
 bobby pins

With every hair in place you are glamorous no matter what you do.

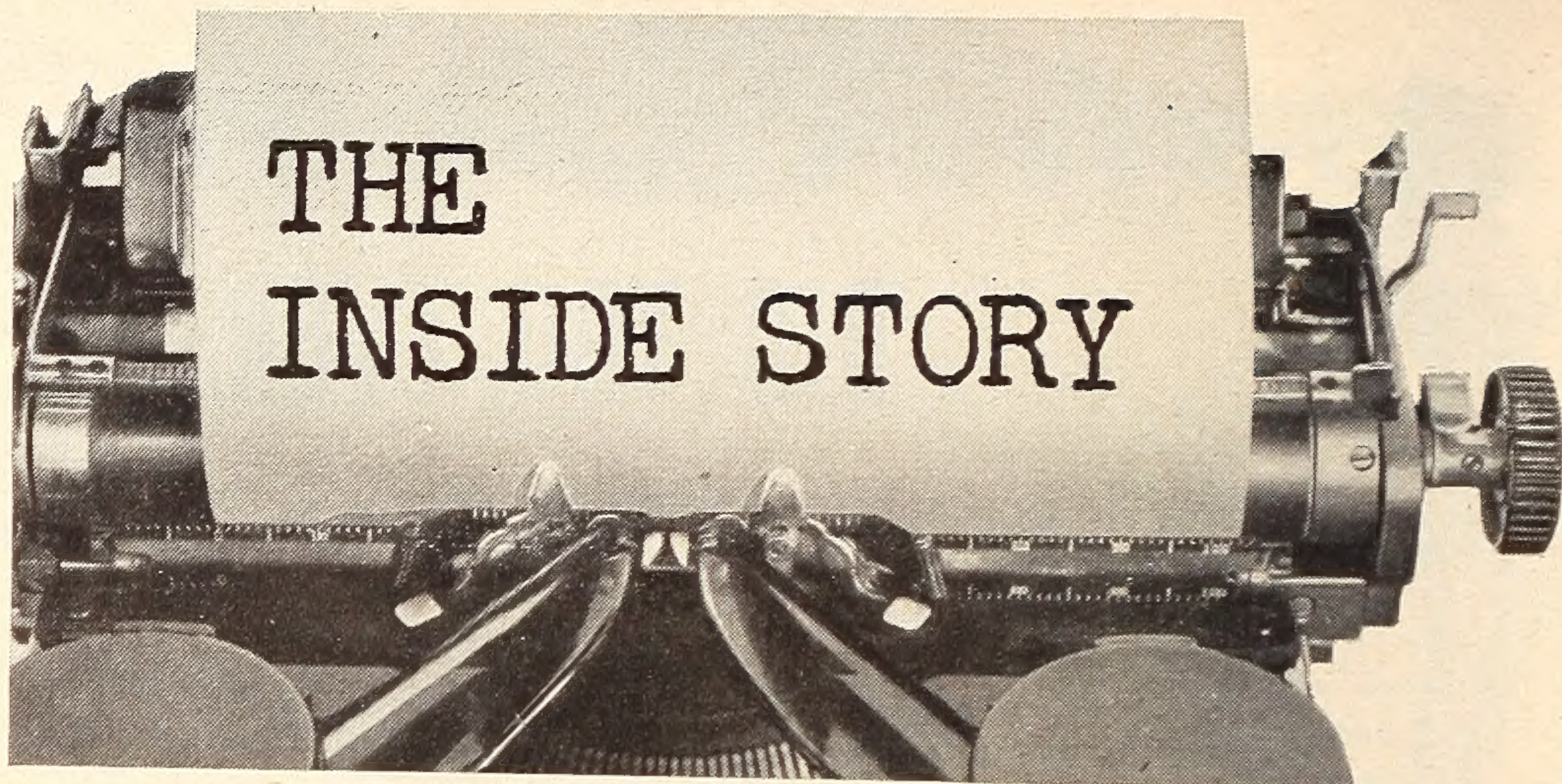
Gayla HOLD-BOB bobby pins set curls beautifully—keep hair-dos lovely—easy to open—hold better. There is no finer bobby pin.

More women use
 Gayla **HOLD-BOB** than all
 other bobby pins combined



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THE INSIDE STORY



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to **THE INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it really true that their Catholic religion is the only thing preventing Bing and Dixie Crosby from getting a divorce?
 —ELLEN B., CHICAGO

A. No, it isn't. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Crosby is not a Catholic. She's a Protestant and could sue for divorce if she had a mind to. (For the full details see the story on page 25.)



Q. I understand that Groucho Marx married a girl who was thirty years his junior and that the marriage has ended in divorce. I understand he also has to pay alimony of \$135,000 for the next ten years. Why did he marry such a young girl to begin with?

ROSALIND P., CHARLOTTE, N. C.

A. Best guess: He married Kay Dittig, 29, because he loved her.

Q. What are Elizabeth Taylor's measurements? —ANN R., BOSTON, MASS

A. Height (with heels): 5'4½"; Weight: 112 lbs.; Bust: 36"; Waist: 23"; Hips: 36"; Thighs: 19"; Ankles: 8½". In Hollywood this is known as a nifty package.

Q. How old exactly is Paulette Goddard? —SAM B., PAWTUCKET, R. I.

A. Only Miss Goddard and her mother know, and they both refuse to tell. In the past, Miss Goddard has given four different birth dates. A safe minimum would be 35.

Q. Is Doris Day's husband younger than she is?

—VIOLET S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. Miss Day has no husband at the moment, although she plans to marry Marty Melcher (see story on page 44). Her divorce from George Weidler became final on June 1, 1950. Mr. Weidler was 21 when he married Miss Day. Doris was 23.

Q. During the war, when I was in the Air Forces, I came across an officer named Freddie Brisson. I understand he was married to Rosalind Russell. Exactly what does he do in Hollywood?

—PAUL D., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A. Mr. Brisson is head of Independent Artists, an independent production company which thus far has produced *The Velvet Touch* starring Brisson's wife, Rosalind Russell.

Q. Is it true that Red Skelton's first wife still manages all his business affairs and receives 50% of his income? What does his present wife say about such a setup?

—MELVIN P., BISMARCK, N. D.

A. Edna Skelton looks after Red's career and receives 50% of his radio income, roughly \$4,250 a week for her. The present Mrs. Skelton says nothing about the arrangement.

Q. How many children does John Wayne have?

—BETITIA M., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A. Four by his first wife, none by his second.



Q. What is the real lowdown on Ava Gardner and the Spanish bullfighter, Mario Cabre? Are they really in love with each other?

—C. R., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. The whole thing is a publicity stunt, at least as far as Ava is concerned. Her heart belongs to Sinatra. (For the inside story in full, see "Tragic Triangle" on page 80.)

Q. I read somewhere that Connie Hilton, Liz Taylor's father-in-law, paid for her wedding reception. I thought the bride's family was supposed to pay?

—CORNELIA W., CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

A. The bride's family did pay. "It was our pleasure and privilege," Mrs. Taylor says. (See "Elizabeth's Honeymoon Story" on page 75.)

Q. Is Judy Garland still under contract to MGM or has she been let out?

VAN P., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

A. If Judy makes any pictures during the next two years, she will make them for MGM.

ACTION!

INTRIGUE!

VIOLENCE!



THE BRAND OF GREATNESS IS ON...

THE FURIES

A Border
Empire of
Danger and
Treachery!

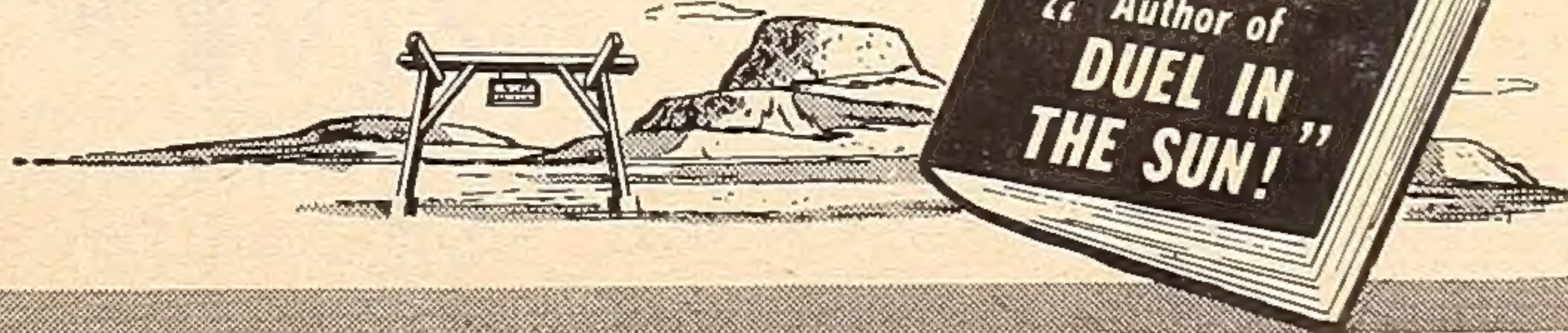
A **HAL WALLIS** PRODUCTION

A Paramount Picture Starring

BARBARA STANWYCK · WENDELL COREY · WALTER HUSTON

JUDITH ANDERSON · Gilbert Roland · with Thomas Gomez · Beulah Bondi

Directed by **ANTHONY MANN** · Screenplay by Charles Schnee





Ann Blyth and Dick Long were among the many guests at a dinner given in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel for Liaquat Ali Khan, the Prime Minister of Pakistan.



The Prime Minister of Pakistan greets Dale Evans, Roy Rogers and Adele Mara at the dinner tendered him by the Association of Motion Picture Producers on his recent visit to Los Angeles.



Janet Leigh and her steady, Arthur Loew, Jr., (under the beard) show their tickets at Warners' Hollywood Theater where half of Hollywood saw *The Glass Menagerie* preview.



JUNE ALLYSON'S EXPECTING! . . . MEET THE NEW MAN IN JUNE HAVER'S LIFE . . .

LOVELLA PARSONS'

Good news

JUNE ALLYSON didn't feel too well—but it was within two weeks of starting *A Royal Wedding* and she had four dance routines with Fred Astaire to rehearse.

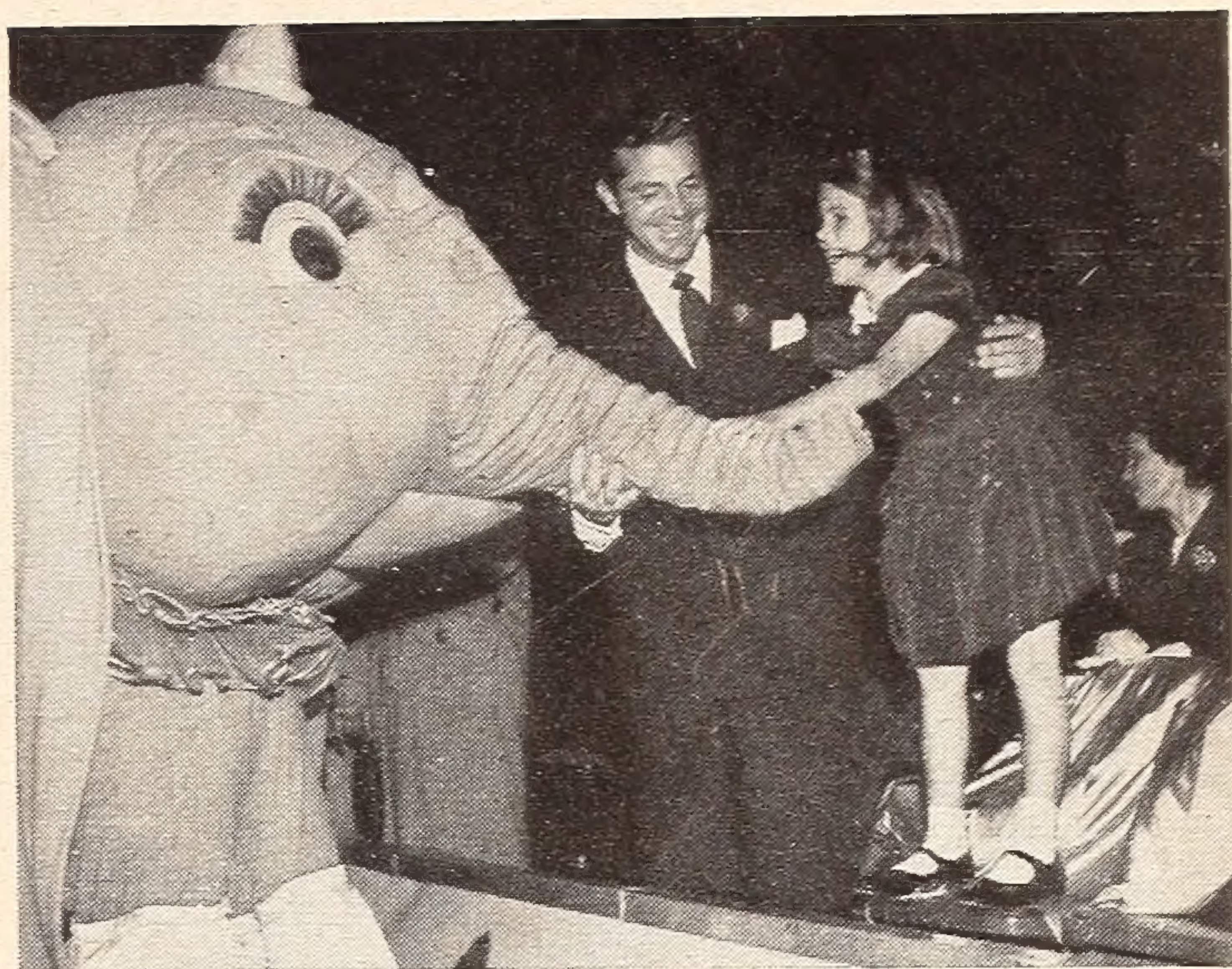
So she drove out to MGM, anyway, thinking perhaps the woozie feeling would go away. She got into her rehearsal clothes—a white blouse and tailored black shorts—and went out on the stage.

Fred hadn't arrived, but Bob Alton, the dance director was there and he and Junie started limbering up exercises. After a few minutes she said, "Bob, honey, I think I'm going to have to check out today. I just feel funny."

The next morning, after a trip to her doctor (they had been disappointed so often she had not even told Dick she had gone to see the doctor)—all Hollywood knew the wonderful news—June Allyson and Dick Powell are



The opening of the Ice Capades is one of Hollywood's most popular annual events. Jane Powell, escorted by husband Geary Steffen, stops outside the entrance of the Pan Pacific Auditorium to take her corsage out of the box and pin it on.



Kathy Andrews, aided by her dad Dana, says hello to Dumbo, the elephant. Other Walt Disney characters—Donald Duck, for instance—were plentiful and fanciful as they cut up on ice.



Jeanne Crain, who's expecting a third child, and husband Paul Brinkman congratulate two performers at the Ice Capades. Barbara Ann Scott, champion figure skater, was the show's star.

HOW ARE THE CLARK GABLES GETTING ALONG? . . . WHAT ERROL FLYNN'S FIANCEE THINKS OF HOLLYWOOD . . .

going to have a baby around Christmas time!

I've never known two happier or more surprised people—and I mean SURPRISED! I had called Dick just two days previous to ask if the rumor I had heard was true and he said, "No, Louella—we wish it were."

Ever since June and Dick married six years ago, they have hoped and prayed for a baby.

But, after four-and-a-half years, when it looked like their hopes would never materialize, they adopted an adorable little girl, Pam.

So happy was Junie with her little girl that Dick told her they should adopt another child. It wasn't right for one baby to grow up with so much love and devotion as June lavished on Pam. Might spoil her.

So, once again they got in touch with the Southern orphanage where they had found Pam. They were told to wait until just the right child came along—and they would be

informed.

Early in May, the long awaited call from the orphanage came. There was a baby expected that fulfilled every requirement. One of the heads of the orphanage, a southern lady, was on her way out to the Coast to talk to them.

And, she had no more than arrived in Hollywood and had talked with the pleased Powells when the marvelous word came that they could expect a baby of their own!

Happy? Both June and Dick are just walking on clouds. They believe a miracle has happened and all Hollywood is delighted with them. (For a warm-hearted story about the Powells turn to the special feature on page 47—Ed.)

This is not the first case, however, of "adoption" parents who unexpectedly have children of their own. I have known it to

happen several times.

Remember, Hedy Lamarr adopted her son, Jamie, and then had two children of her own. And Marian Nixon, former actress and wife of director William Seiter, adopted three children before welcoming a child of her own.

Maybe the Great Arranger of these wonderful things makes miracles happen for women who so deeply want to be mothers.

WHILE that ridiculous impostor who called himself Richard Bullock was telling, in Colorado, that he was waiting for Shirley Temple to arrive for their marriage, she was having dinner quietly in Beverly Hills with Charles Black.

Charles commutes from San Francisco every weekend to see Shirley and you can take it from me (again!) that when her divorce from John Agar is final in December she will

Awake or asleep—FILM is gluing acid to your teeth!



FILM dulls
your smile

FILM spoils
your breath

FILM speeds
tooth decay!

Pepsodent removes FILM— helps stop tooth decay!

Tooth decay is formed by acid that film holds against your teeth—acid formed by the action of mouth bacteria on many foods you eat. When you use Pepsodent Tooth Paste right after eating, it helps keep acid from forming. What's more, Pepsodent removes dulling stains and "bad breath" germs that collect in film.

FILM NEVER LETS UP! It's forming night and day on everyone's teeth. Don't neglect it. Always brush with film-removing Pepsodent right after eating and before retiring. No other tooth paste can duplicate Pepsodent's film-removing formula. No other tooth paste contains Irium* or Pepsodent's gentle polishing agent.

Don't let decay start in your mouth! Use Pepsodent every day—see your dentist twice a year.

YOU'LL HAVE BRIGHTER TEETH AND CLEANER BREATH when you fight tooth decay with film-removing Pepsodent!



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Lana Turner makes a lasting impression on wet cement in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater. Cement Mixer Gene Klossman lends his hand.

marry Black. It's the real thing.

Shirley is watching her career very carefully these days. She is making no decisions about pictures until she is sure she has found just the right thing. She wants very much to get away from her ingenue roles—but it is still hard to sell producers on the idea that she can play something dramatic—or even a "meanie" such as Ann Blyth takes on now and then. That's what Shirley wants.

EVERY year when the Laddie Sanfords come here for the polo season they throw a big party. Mrs. Sanford is the former Mary Duncan, a very well-known actress in the silent days, and so there are as many Hollywood stars as socialites present when they entertain.

They took over Marion Davies' beautiful, spacious Beverly Hills home for their stay here—but as big as the house is, it was crowded to overflowing.

The first inkling I had that Richard Greene and his wife, Patricia Medina, were not hitting it off again was when I saw Richard at this gay affair all by his lonesome.

Hedy Lamarr, who looks so very thin these days and seems to be wearing less and less make up, came with Larry Sheerin, the youngest and richest of the American polo players who, that week, were meeting the Mexican team. But Hedy's heart is with Herbie Klotz—and Herbie was in New York. Just a week later, Hedy planed out to join him.

Clifton Webb was very gay and amusing rehashing his role of the father of twelve children in *Cheaper By the Dozen*. He sat with Sylvia and Clark Gable and had them in stitches.

Red Skelton, that bundle of energy, put on an impromptu song and dance act that lasted far into the morning.

Arlene Dahl, who steals the spotlight wherever she goes, was on the arm of Richard Gully, attractive English agent. I hear that Lex "Tarzan" Barker is very much in love with Arlene—but I doubt if this belle has any intention of getting serious about any beau for a long time.

VERY amusing the way the news came out that Esther Williams is expecting her second baby:

If Esther, who was in Honolulu making *Pagan Love Song* had not talked to Ben Gage in Hollywood via an amateur radio station, the Gages might have kept their secret for months.

But, when Esther couldn't wait to tell Ben the exciting news, of course, other amateur radio operators listened in and no less than a dozen people called me with the "tip" about the stork.

The Gages have one son about one year old. Well, Esther said when she married she wanted no less than six children. She comes from a big, happy family herself and is all for an old-fashioned family. (For Esther's own story, "The Men I Love," turn to page 26—Ed.)

Macdonald Carey really has a sense of humor.

The other day he called his press agent, full of excitement, and said, "I've just read something sensational about myself in an exhibitors' magazine."

"What is it?" asked the interested p.a.

"It says here," quoted Mac, "that I have moved from position 117 in box office appeal to position 71."

I WENT with Sylvia Gable to the MGM lot the very first time she lunched with Clark at the studio—and I've never enjoyed a round of the sets more.

Sylvia picked me up at my house and was all a-flutter and afraid we would be late.

"I've been to the studio only once, at night," she told me, "but I've never had lunch with Clark when he is making a picture. I don't want to be the kind of wife who hangs around when her husband is working."

Clark was waiting for us in the commissary and every eye in the place was on those happy newlyweds. Sylvia looked like a fashion plate in her tailored suit and you could just see how proud Clark is of her.

She constantly amuses him. He laughs affectionately at her British accent and mimics her, but he kept whispering to me, "Isn't she wonderful? She is so gay and happy all the time."

They weren't quite ready for Clark immediately after lunch, so Sylvia and I went visiting on other MGM sets.

"You are really in love with that big lug, aren't you?" I asked the blonde beauty as we walked toward the Loretta Young set where she is making *Cause for Alarm* for her producer husband, Tom Lewis.

"Yes I am," Sylvia said with real feeling. "I never hoped to know anything like this again. After Doug (Fairbanks) died, I married Lord Stanley principally because I was so lonely. But this is real love—Clark is so sweet, so kind and so thoughtful."

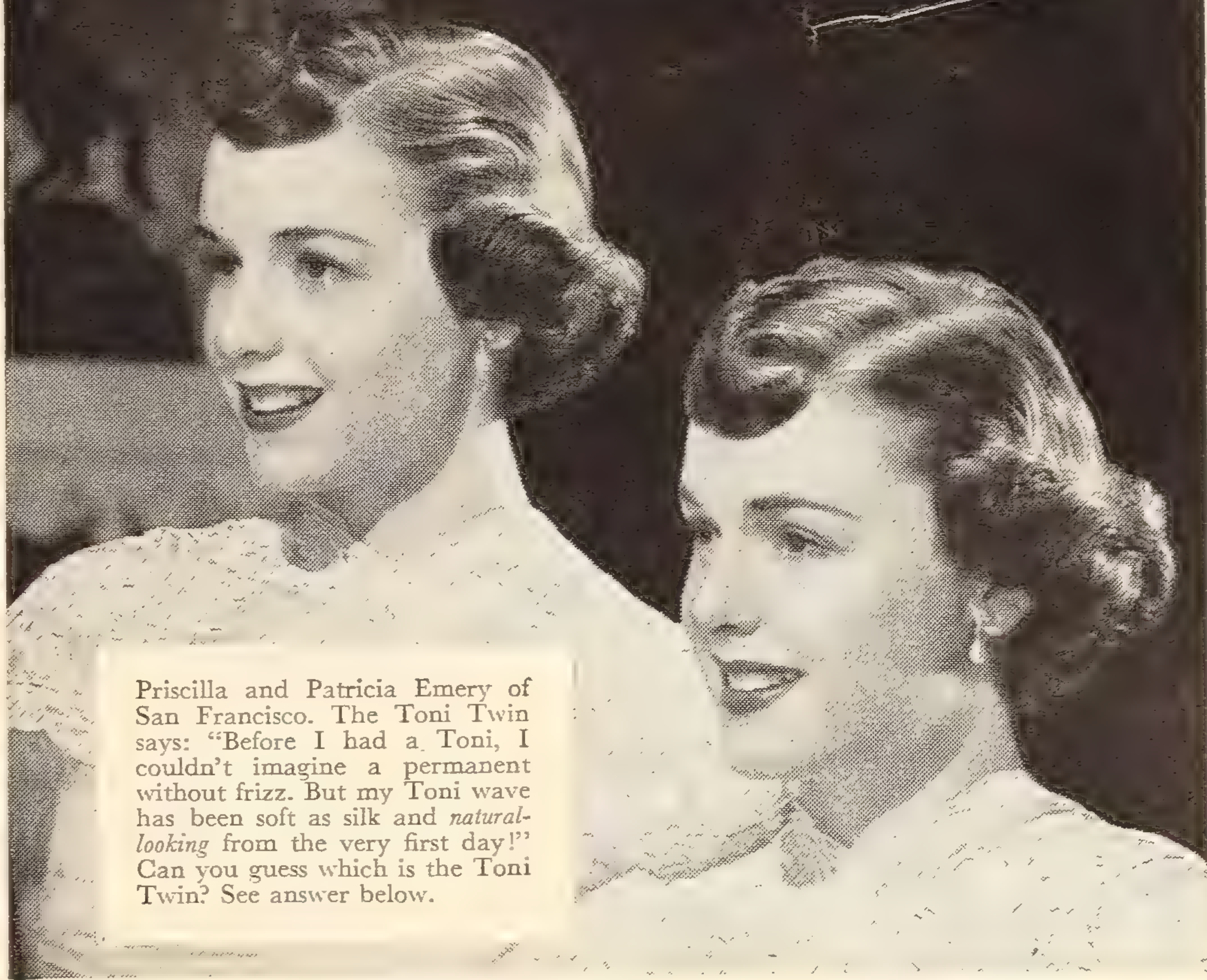
If we had been visiting royalty we couldn't have had a nicer reception than Loretta, Tom and Barry Sullivan, the leading man, gave us.

We felt guilty when they insisted on stopping for tea because this is Tom's first fling as



Clark Gable and Sylvia chat with Louella Parsons on the set of *To Please a Lady*. This was Mrs. Gable's first view of her husband at work.

Which Twin has the Toni?



Priscilla and Patricia Emery of San Francisco. The Toni Twin says: "Before I had a Toni, I couldn't imagine a permanent without frizz. But my Toni wave has been soft as silk and natural-looking from the very first day!" Can you guess which is the Toni Twin? See answer below.

Hair styles in this picture by Don Rito, famous Hollywood hair stylist

Toni looks as lovely as a \$20 permanent
—feels as soft as naturally curly hair*

When you choose Toni—for only one dollar you are getting the very finest permanent there is. A wave that's caressably soft like naturally curly hair . . . and guaranteed to look just as lovely—last just as long as a permanent costing \$20. (*Including shampoo and set.)

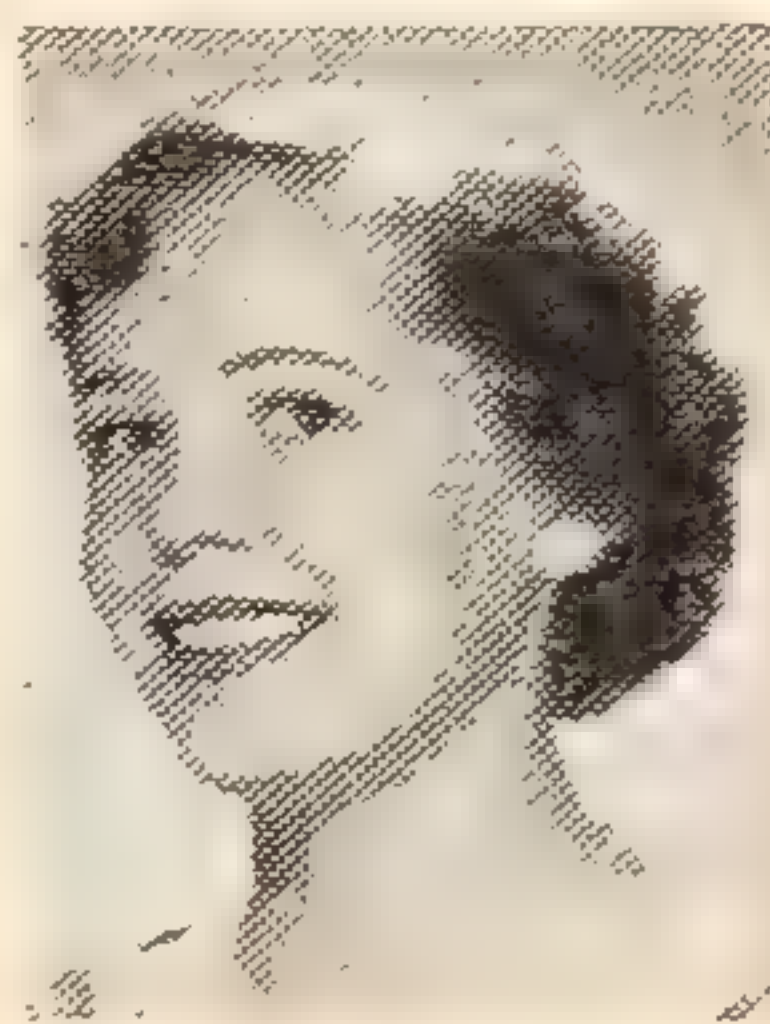
What is Toni's secret? It's the lotion. Toni waving lotion is an exclusive creme formula—especially created to give you a wave that's free of harsh frizziness—a wave that *feels* and *behaves* like naturally curly hair. But remember, only Toni Home Permanent has this superb waving lotion.



Wonderful results—again and again! What better proof of Toni quality! Only Toni has given over 93 million lovely, long-lasting permanents. Some women have used Toni 10 times or more and say their waves are *always* soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. Letters of praise come from women with every type of hair—even gray, bleached and baby-fine hair.

So whether it's your first Toni or your tenth, you can be sure of getting a wave with that *natural look*. Priscilla, the twin on the left, has the Toni.

P. S. For a lovelier you—get Toni Creme Shampoo and Toni Creme Rinse, too.



"When I'm swimming . . . playing tennis . . . or square dancing, I love my Toni more than ever," says teen-ager Renée Honadel of Milwaukee. "That wonderful wave stays and stays—and always looks so natural. After I swim, my Toni wave re-sets in a jiffy!"

**ONLY TONI HAS
SPIN CURLERS**



twice as easy—twice as fast

No rubber bands! Grip, spin, lock with a finger flick! Get regular size or Midget SPIN Curlers in combination with Toni Home Permanent.

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Kleenex* comes in a "pocket edition," too!

Little Lulu says: YOU CAN TAKE IT WITH YOU—
THE HANDY NEW KLEENEX POCKET-PACK
TISSUES! SAME SOFT, STRONG KLEENEX TISSUES
IN A NEW TINY PACKAGE. SERVES
ONE AT A TIME! 24 SHEETS (12 PULLS)—5¢

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Sunset Boulevard

A HOLLYWOOD STORY!



**a most
unusual motion picture**

A Paramount Picture

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

a producer, and every moment counted on his schedule.

We also visited Red Skelton on his *Watch The Birdie* set. Red had been with us at the Sanford's party the night before and Sylvia couldn't get over his pep.

"I got in at 4:00 this morning," he confided, "and I was at the studio at 6:00!"

When we returned to Clark's picture, and Sylvia told him that Red had stayed out until 4:00, King Gable laughed:

"Well, darling, he is younger than I am. I have to get my sleep!"

"Oh, I didn't mean that," gasped Sylvia—who, I am sure, thinks Clark Gable is the youngest looking and best looking man in the world.

Yes, my friends, the Gables are very happy—and I'm betting they stay that way.

JIMMY STEWART didn't mind when his pals, director Henry Koster and producer John Beck, tossed him a birthday party on the set of *Harvey* with a definite rabbit motif.

The long table was lighted with white candles shaped like rabbits and there was a big meringue rabbit on the birthday cake. But when he was served fried rabbit—Jimmy blew a fuse.

"How could you do this to me?" he yelped. "It's like eating an old friend!"

JUNE HAVER is in love again and all her friends, including myself, are glad. It was not right for a girl as young as June to grieve and not go out for as long as she did following the death of her fiance, Dr. John Duzik.

I can tell you that the man who has come into her life is a nice guy—Cy Bartlett, co-author of *Twelve O'Clock High*. I've known Cy for years. In fact, he and his former wife, Ellen Drew, lived just down the street from me.

Cy is good looking enough to be a movie hero—but he likes his writer-producer job at 20th Century-Fox much better.

He and June had been seeing each other for about six weeks with no one suspecting they were a new romance. They seldom went to the conspicuous spots, preferring the quiet places.

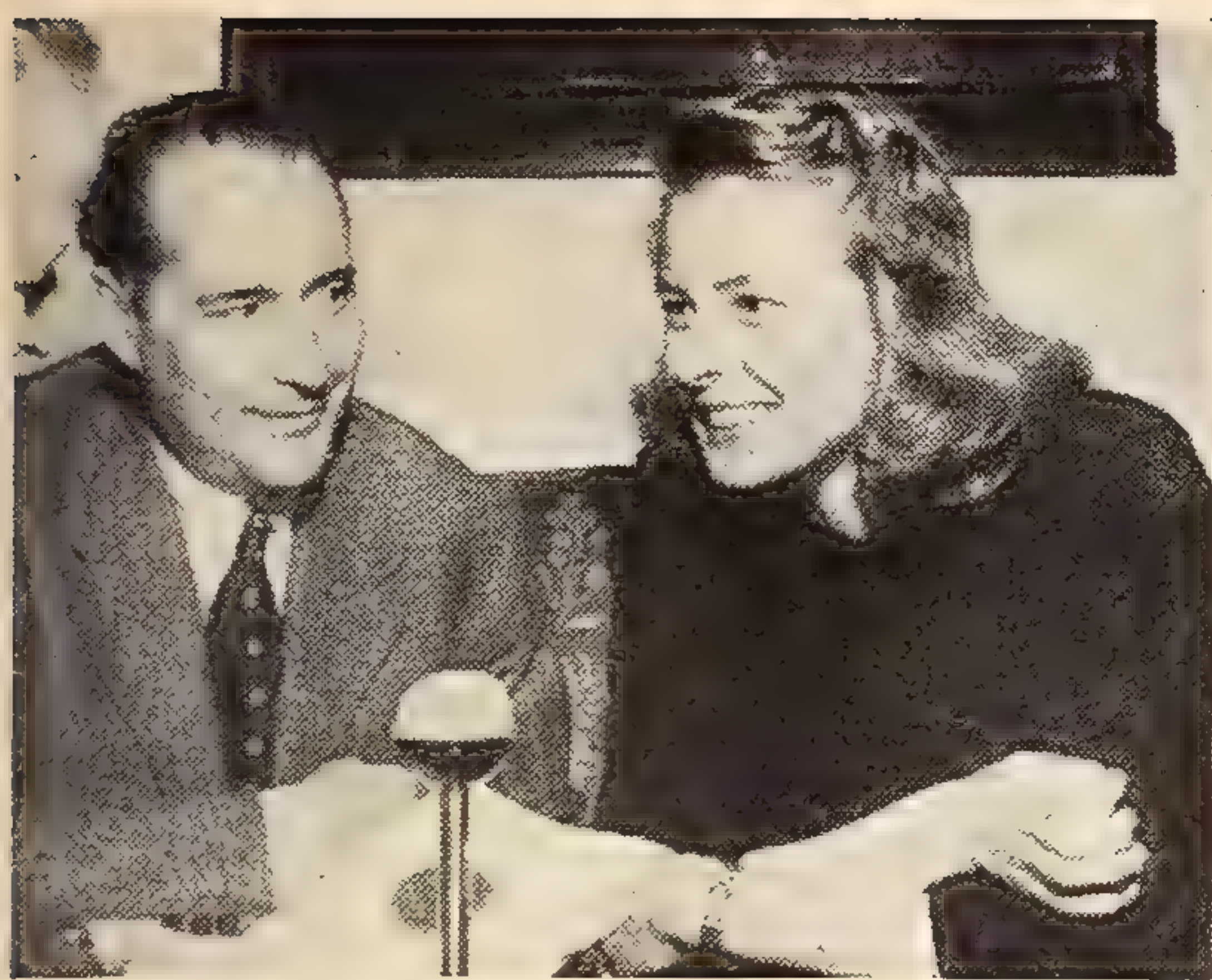
But, it was Junie, herself, who let the cat out of the bag about how she feels about Cy.

She had been working very hard on some dance routines for her new picture. She was so fatigued that she collapsed on the set one afternoon—and the first person she called for was—you guessed it—the new love in her life!

I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Cy and June marry. She is certainly due for a little happiness in her life after her miserably unhappy marriage to Jimmy Zito and the tragedy of Dr. Duzik's death.

THERE was big excitement when Errol Flynn flew in from Jamaica with his lovely, slim Princess Irene Ghika. Flynn, who affectionately calls his fiancée "the Geek," rushed her straight from the airport to his Mulholland hilltop home where they are well chaperoned by his own mother and Mrs. Eddington (Nora Flynn Haymes' mother).

While everyone was waiting to glimpse the Princess in one of the night spots or smart restaurants—she had three wonderful days of shopping in Hollywood and Beverly Hills completely unrecognized.



Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini (here at a Rome press conference) are married. Ceremony took place by proxy in Mexico on May 24.

I had met Errol's slim lady love in Paris and so I called her to find out how she liked our town. Once again I was surprised at the way she speaks English.

"Everything is so interesting," she said with just the barest trace of an accent, "but most of all I like Errol's house up on this high hill with the valley at our feet and the hills behind us."

I think best of all she likes Errol and everything that concerns him—but I didn't mention that.

"What was your most vivid first impression of our town?" I asked her.

"The shop windows in Beverly Hills," she replied quickly, "so beautiful! Everything so generously displayed so you can see the

many lovely things at once—hats, coats, jewels, perfume, gloves, bags—all in one window. And then you move on to another—so much *looking* without even going inside."

Then I remembered that the smart shops of Paris, London and Rome do not have our famous taken-for-granted showcases. Fact is, the more exclusive the shop the more likely it is to show nothing on the outside except perhaps a number. Many of the smart *couturiers* do not even have their names on the outside of their shops—just the address.

I can imagine how wide-eyed a visitor to our country for the first time would be "window-shopping" for the first time.

"Have you any preferences among Errol's friends whom you would like to meet first?" I asked "Miss" Ghika. Flynn says in America she is just plain "Miss."

"His children," she said. "I have not yet met his two little girls—but tomorrow his son, Sean, is coming up to see me. We are having ice cream and all the things little boys like."

I'll bet one thing. Errol's handsome son by Lili Damita will most certainly like Irene. She has the same charm that makes Errol so devastating.

AFTER hearing about it for weeks, I finally succumbed and took myself down to Charleston night at the Mocambo where, every Monday night, the Firehouse Five Plus Two tear the place to pieces. It was a fatal error! Now I'm a Charleston addict—and don't care who knows it.

I learned to do this dance in the '20's—and if I do say so, as shouldn't I, I learned to do

it the **REAL** way and not like some of the kids are stepping it today!

The first night I was again exposed to this dance craze which is sweeping the country—I told myself I would just be an onlooker from a ringside table. That's what I thought!

When the dance contest started I was asked to be a judge and before you could say "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" (the Firehouse Five always plays this number for the contest) there I was up on the dais with the other judges, Van Johnson, Rosalind Russell, Mercedes McCambridge, Frank Jay, etc.

But that ain't all. I hope I have the grace to register a becoming blush when I report that the next thing I knew I was out on the floor doing a hot and heavy Charleston with Kirk Douglas—and can that boy Charleston! Believe me, it is impossible to remember your troubles when doing this dance. I recommend it to one and all.

The letter box this month reveals:

Big, big interest in Richard Todd, the "Hasty Heart" Britisher who has made a fine impression.

More and more sympathetic letters regarding Ingrid Bergman.

And John Wayne seems to be getting a new spurt of interest with the younger fans. The women have always gone for John.

Howard Duff is another cropping up into attention again—with many compliments on his fine speaking voice.

Among the girls—well, that Junie Allyson still seems to be the favorite.

That's all for this month. See you next month.

YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NOT JUST A PROMISE . . .

but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that *in 14 days* regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

Here's the easy method:

1. Wash your face three times daily with Palmolive Soap—each time massaging its beautifying lather onto your skin for sixty seconds.
2. Now rinse and dry—that's all.

Remarkable results were proved on women of all ages, with all types of skin. Proof that Palmolive facials really work to bring you a lovelier complexion! Start your Palmolive facials tonight.

Look for these Complexion Improvements in 14 Days!

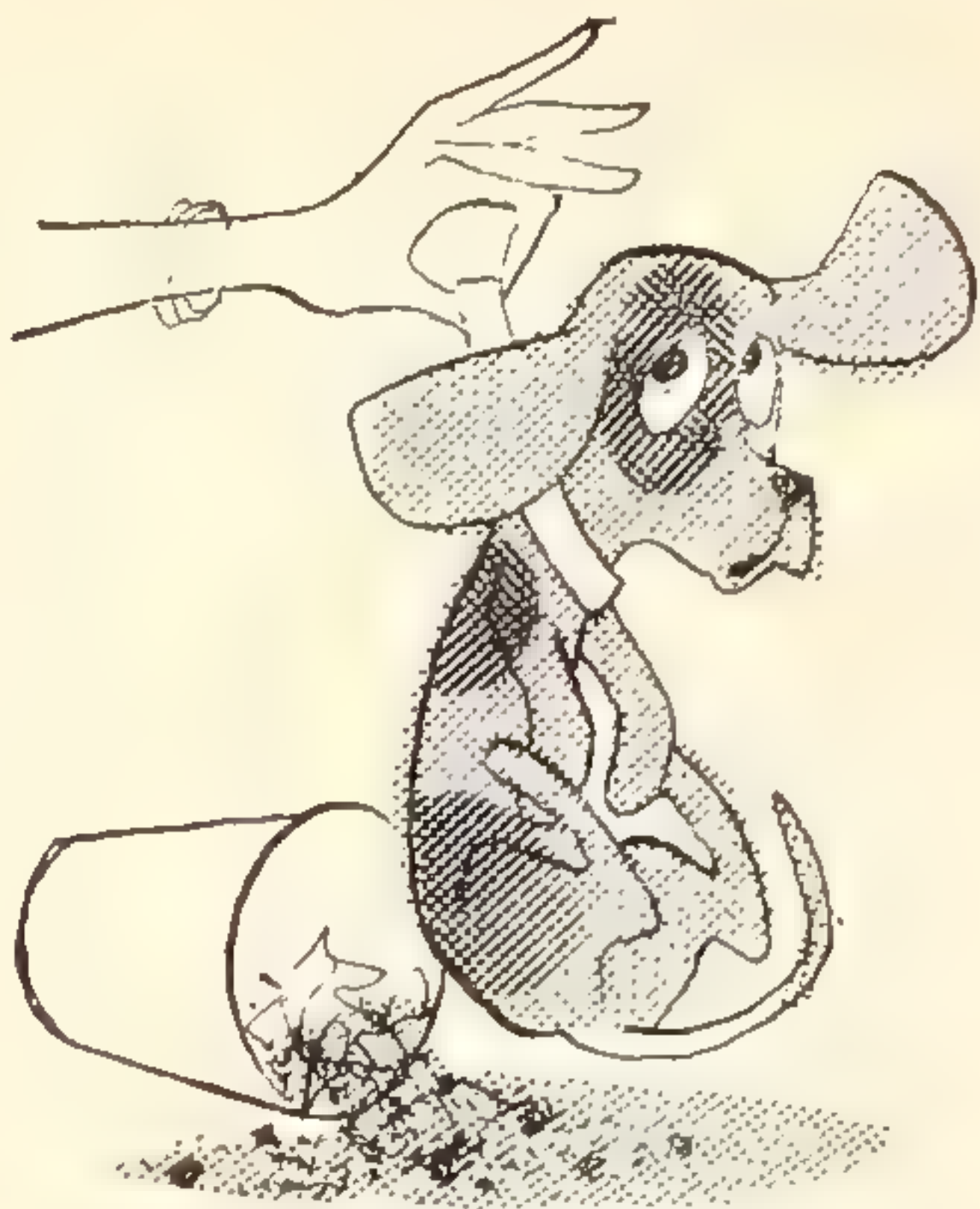
- Fresher, Brighter Complexions!
- Less oiliness!
- Added softness, smoothness—even for dry skin!
- Complexions clearer, more radiant!
- Fewer tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads!

PALMOLIVE

PALMOLIVE

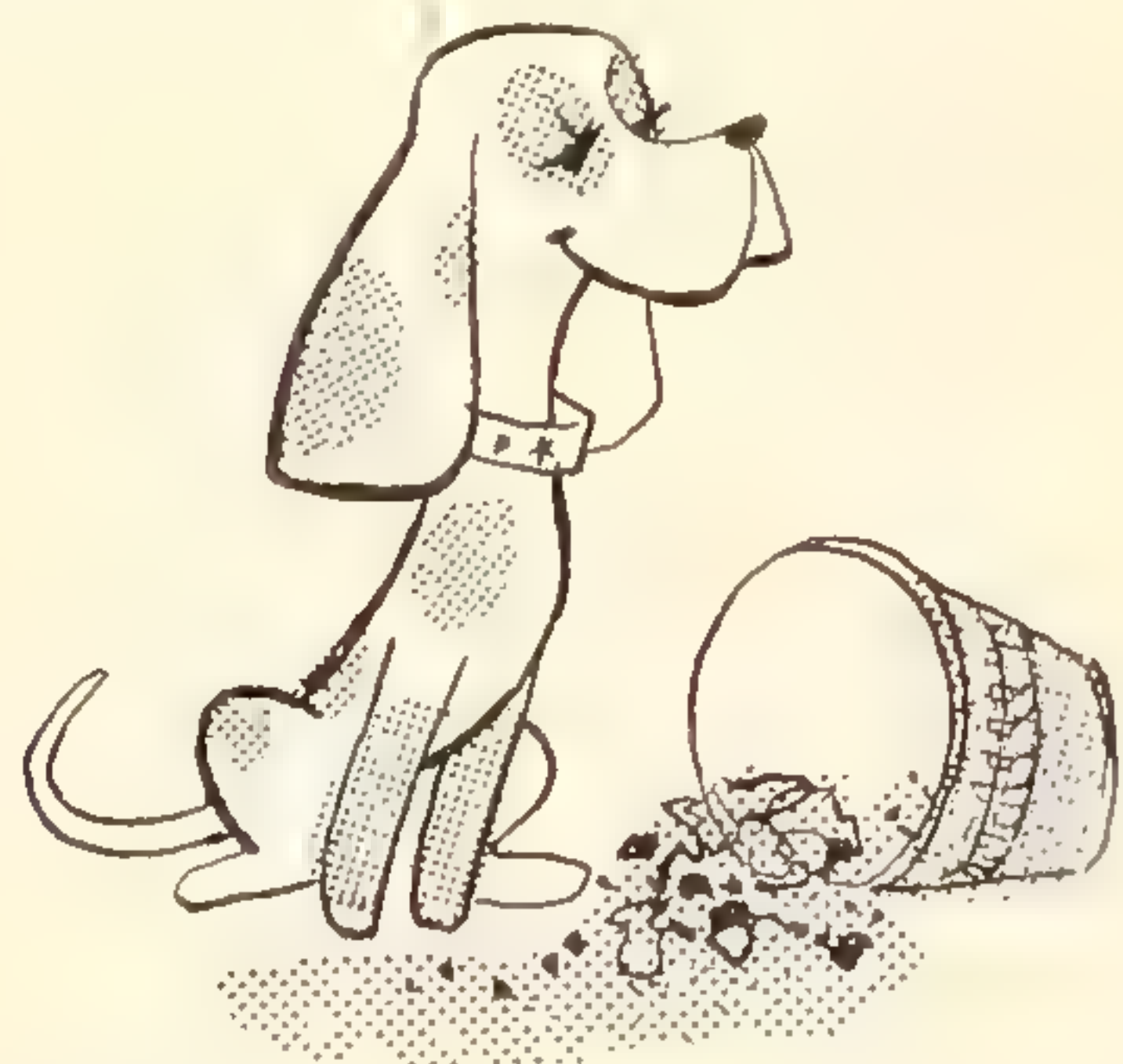
For Tub or Shower Get Big Bath Size Palmolive!

• **DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!**



Peg's pup upsets trash...

and to Peg it's a dog's life! She has just finished vacuuming that rug, and now she must lug out the cleaner again. "Drat that dog!" says Peg.



So does Meg's...

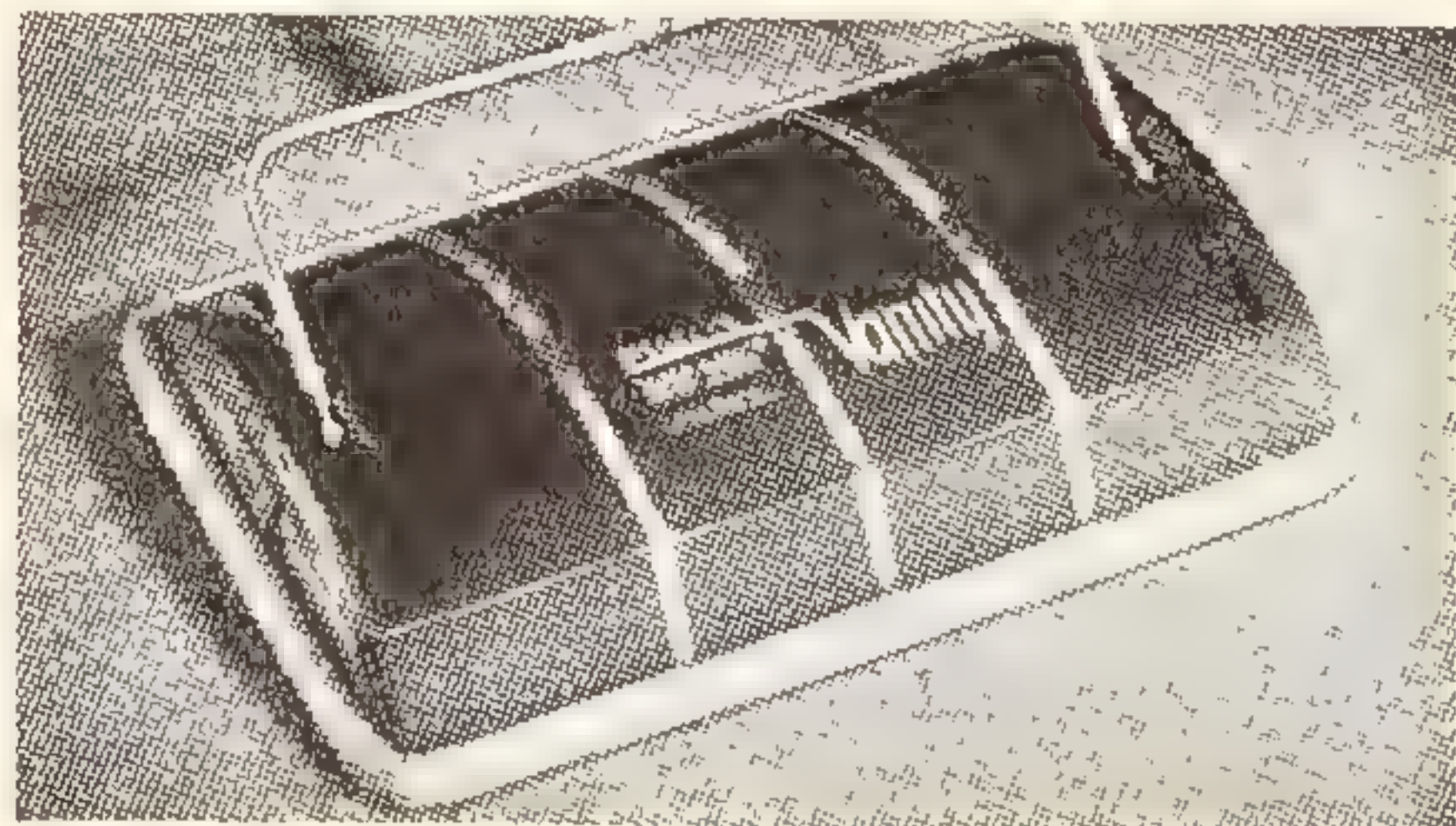
but Meg is smart. She has a handy Bissell® for quick clean-ups, and saves her vacuum for heavy periodic cleaning. "It's easier with *both*!" says Meg. "Easy on me, too!" says the pup.

Only BISSELL has "BISCO-MATIC"* brush action

You don't need to bear down on the handle at all! This miracle-action brush *adjusts itself* instantly to any thickness of rug. Picks up dirt with an easy glide, even under beds and chairs.



New Bissell Sweepers with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action as low as \$6.95. Illustrated: The "Vanity" at \$8.95. Prices a little more in the West.



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tell it to joan

by joan evans



You a teen-ager? Then read this—
a new monthly feature especially for you.

THIS month my mail-box was loaded with letters. I thought my fan mail had taken a big up-swing. But the letters contained questions, questions and questions. Then I remembered I'd promised to write a column for teen-agers in MODERN SCREEN.

I'm glad I did, because I discovered that all the problems I thought were mine alone, are yours, too. When I counted up the questions I found that most of them asked: How can I be popular with boys? I realized that I really had myself a job!

Well, I tried talking over the problem with an adult friend of mine. "Popularity?" this friend said. "Shouldn't the kids be more concerned with doing their homework? After all, their main object in life isn't to be popular with a million men, but to find a good husband."

THAT was an adult's opinion, not mine, not the teen-agers'. In the first place, a teen-ager has to learn to be poised; she doesn't get it from books. It's true that the best thing a girl can do eventually is find a good husband. But how will she find him unless she's learned to be attractive? And how can she be sure he's the right man unless she has some basis for comparison?

So for now I'm going to overlook my adult friend's advice and talk about that all important topic: popularity.

You can call me superficial if you like but I think attraction begins with looks. After all, what's the first thing you notice about a girl? Her brain? Her soul? No, you notice the way she looks.

Don't get me wrong. You don't have to be a raving beauty. You don't even have to be pretty. But you must look charming to be attractive—that comes from a sparkle in the eyes, a clean complexion, well-brushed hair, and neat, becoming clothes. When you have all this—that's all you need, really. Because then you'll look lovely, and no

one'll ever notice the length of your nose.

I think it's smart to be fashion-wise—if the styles look good on you. Now, short hair's in vogue. I prefer it that way because it's easier to handle. But when all the kids were wearing sloppy Joe sweaters and old shirts with the shirrtails hanging out I stuck to suits or skirts and blouses. Simple and well-fitting clothes will get my vote every time.

IHATE crazy shoes. The prettiest shoe, the one that shows off a girl's foot best is the plain pump. I have a friend who has very bad legs, but she insists on wearing shoes with complicated straps. She thinks that this will beautify a bad feature but all it does is call attention to her legs. Simplicity—oh, how I love it. And boys do, too!

What's the next thing that attracts a person? At the risk of sounding corny I'm going to say it right out. It's your soul—that hard-to-define quality which makes you an individual different from everyone else. Don't hide it in an attempt to be just like the gang. Of course, I don't mean you should stand on your head when everybody else is dancing. But have opinions even if they differ with others, and don't be afraid to express them.

PEOPLE are always saying, "Let the boy do the talking. Find out what his interests are and question him about them." That's okay as far as it goes, but if you make up a line just to be attractive, it comes out phony. You have to be *really* interested. You must stop thinking about yourself and about the impression you're making, and honestly want to hear what the other person has to say. Of course there are some boys who don't like to talk about themselves. In that case, you'll have to keep the conversation gay and light, and keep your

problems to yourself—unless he's interested.

It's obvious that since the question of popularity comes up, a feeling of inferiority isn't far behind. Believe me, I know what feeling inferior is like. When I was making *Roseanna McCoy* I, an inexperienced girl, had to work with wonderful actors like Farley Granger, Charles Bickford, Richard Basehart, Aline MacMahon, Raymond Massey and the rest. Even little Gigi Perreau. She was just seven years old but already a veteran. When I fluffed my lines or wasn't on my marks she'd say, sweetly and sincerely, "It happens to all of us."

Oh, brother, I can talk about an inferiority complex. But you know what I found out? I found out what an inferiority complex really is. It's wondering, "How am I doing? What are people thinking of me? Can I walk into this room without falling on my face? What will people think if I say this or that?" Also it's thinking, "I'm the only shy person here. I'm the only one with a problem."

WHEN I made *Our Very Own* I was nervous, wondering how I was doing. One day, worried about a scene, I talked to the director, David Miller, who is a wonderful man. His face looked worried as he puzzled over the script and suddenly I knew that he was worried, too. That he had to make good. That he was a young director and felt insecure. And I can't tell you how much this knowledge helped me. There was a sympathy between us and when I went in front of the camera to play my scene I tried hard to do my best not only for myself but to help him.

So maybe that's the way to get rid of inferiority. Remember that the boy you want to impress wants to impress you just as much. Remember that he may be as shy as you are. Don't think only of your own problem, think of his. Try to put him at ease, and ease and poise will come to you.

One girl, this month, asked me why it was that the noisy, brassy girls who have a bad reputation seem to be the ones who attract boys while the simple, nice girls don't. What she said was "seem to attract the boys" and that's the answer. Actually they don't—they just seem to. They get interest because they're loud. They get talked about because they say and do things to make people talk about them. But they don't last. I'd like to give you an example of what I mean. There are several noisy girls in this town but I'd like to tell you about just one. She set out to be "a character." She comes into a room screaming something that she thinks will shock the people and attract attention. It does. She goes around in sloppy clothes and because of this behavior she gets her name in the columns and "seems to be" enormously popular. But the other day a very wise person who has been in this business a long time said, "She'll never be a star. She'll never make it big. She's going to talk herself right out of pictures."

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



*Not a soap,
not a cream—
Halo cannot leave
dulling, dirt-catching
soap film!*



*Gives fragrant
"soft-water" lather
—needs no
special rinse!*

*Removes
embarrassing
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!*



*Halo leaves hair
soft, manageable—
shining with colorful
natural highlights!*



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils.

Thus Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.

Ask for Halo—America's favorite shampoo—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

Now!
End
perspiration
troubles
with the
Safe-and-Sure
deodorant—



ETIQUET ends perspiration odor *safely* and *surely* —
really checks perspiration! Gives *long-lasting protection*
— yet does not irritate skin . . . does not harm clothing!

FLUFFY-LIGHT and soothing — Etiquet, made by a specially
patented formula, is a remarkable deodorant with a
luxury "beauty cream" base. Goes on easily, works
instantly, disappears in a jiffy! No gritty particles!

MORE ECONOMICAL — Etiquet won't dry out.
In jars and tubes . . . sizes from 10¢ to 59¢.



New! Etiquet Spray-On deodorant

Now a single spray keeps you dainty all day! So fast, so
easy to use, and so *effective*! New Etiquet Spray-On
is made by the patented Etiquet *safe-and-sure* formula.
It comes in a lovely new, unbreakable plastic bottle
at an amazingly low price. Economy size 49¢.



So that's the answer. That girl in your town, in your high school who's loud and boisterous and always has a group of boys around her—well, she won't last. She'll talk herself right out of popularity. She's a novelty, a character. She's interesting for awhile. But the really sweet, nice girl—the solid, dependable girl—she'll last. She'll have dates long after the noisy, brittle one is forgotten—or changed her ways. The old shock technique for getting attention gets it only for a little while.

And now I come to a problem which always worries the teen-ager. It's hard to answer. All I can do is to tell you how I feel about it. The question is, "Do I let the boys kiss me good-night after a date, do I let them park the car for heavy necking?"

Well, you can call me a prude if you like, but of this I don't approve. The boys try and, as they say, "You can't blame me for trying." But I think it often isn't that they want to kiss you. I think they think it's the thing to do. Other boys boast. It's cute to be known as a wolf. Real affection is one thing but when the boy assumes that necking goes with the date I think you make a lasting impression by not stringing along. You may lose a few dates that way but they are dates you wouldn't want anyway.

So maybe my adult friend was right when he said, "The idea is not to be popular with a million men but to find a husband." You can be popular for a little while with "a million men" if you carry on that way. But who wants that kind of popularity? And the idea is—eventually—to find a husband. You'll have a much better chance of doing so if you behave well—if you are unaffected and interested and don't try too hard. Relax. Take it easy and remember that boys are just as interested in you as you are in them. That's all I can tell you about popularity.

Here are some other questions that came in this month.

"Dear Joan: I want desperately to be an actress. How can I become one?"—H.R., Cleveland, Ohio.

Golly, that's a difficult question, but it is so often asked I may even write a whole article about it for MODERN SCREEN. My getting in pictures was the merest accident. Being an actress, though, isn't accidental. You try out for all school plays. You take all the drama courses you can. You go to a good dramatic school, if you can afford it, or work with a fine dramatic coach. Being an actress isn't easy, I know. But if you have the talent, if you never give up trying, you'll get there—and good luck!

"Dear Joan: I'm fifteen years old and my mother won't let me wear lipstick. I look so drab and terrible when all the other girls in my crowd can wear it."—W.D., Portland, Maine.

I wish my mother could talk to your mother because my mother believes that teen-agers should go along with the crowd

—provided the crowd isn't doing something really wrong. My mother believes that a girl should dress the way the other girls dress so that she won't feel set apart and considered a freak.

"Dear Joan: I read someplace that you don't like teen-agers. Is this true?"—S.W., La Jolla, Calif.

I don't like silly teen-agers—the bobby soxers who swoon over the latest crooner and who smoke cigarettes because they think it's smart, the ones who go to beer joints and boast about getting tight. I think this gives other teen-agers a bad name. I think we should act our age and that we're really older, mentally, than most people give us credit for being. The reason I don't like silly teen-agers is because their kind of behavior is bad for all of us. Remember, we're a minority. We're just learning to live in the world. A lot of people brush us off. They wouldn't if we behaved in a sensible, adult way.

"Dear Joan: I'm a boy of seventeen. I like to dance and have fun and go to the movies but whenever I take a girl out she starts getting serious and wants to go steady. I don't want to go steady. What do you think about going steady?"—J.R.M., Dallas, Texas.

I don't approve of going steady at all—at least not for kids in our age group. How can you know what boy or girl you want to go steady with unless you know a lot of people and have a lot of dates. I think very tactfully you can explain this to the girl and say it isn't because you don't like her that you don't want to go steady—it's because you do like her and that it isn't fair to either one of you to make such a promise.

I hope I've made sense in my first effort at this kind of thing. I know I had fun and, anyhow, thanks for listening.

If you have a problem or a pertinent subject that you want Joan Evans to discuss, write to her. Box 93, Beverly Hills, California.

PHOTO CREDITS

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Abbreviations: B., Bottom; C., Center; L., Left; R., Right; T., Top.

*Coming...
c-c-closer*



**The gamest boy
you ever loved**

Walt Disney's

PRESENTATION OF

Robert Louis Stevenson's

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Color by TECHNICOLOR



It had to be Walt Disney! America's master storyteller captures *all* the white-hot excitement in this finest of adventure yarns.

Soon, his unforgettable cast will sweep you to a world of sea-tossed adventure and embattled men... of pirates whose hearts are as black as their gunpowder... of a one-legged rogue who led them to steal, only to have his own heart stolen by a boy's courage. You'll feel you've *lived* the greatest adventure of them all!



JIM HAWKINS

played by

BOBBY DRISCOLL

(Academy Award winning boy actor of 1949)

LONG JOHN SILVER

played by ROBERT NEWTON



CAPTAIN SMOLLETT

played by BASIL SYDNEY



Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures • Produced by Perce Pearce • Directed by Byron Haskin
Screen play by Lawrence E. Watkin

MOVIE REVIEWS

by Christopher Kane

SUNSET BOULEVARD



■ *Sunset Boulevard* is a spell-binder, a masterpiece, a gem. It tells of a broke young screen writer (Bill Holden) and his affair with a 50-year-old silent screen star (Gloria Swanson), who lives in a sprawling old mansion, surrounded by souvenirs of her past glory. Pictures of herself, old movies of herself, paintings of herself. She's planning a comeback, hires the young writer to help her fashion a script, moves him into her

house, buys him clothes, jewelry, becomes insanely jealous of him. The young writer's weak, but essentially decent; sickened by his new life, he tries to break away, only to have the actress slash her wrists, which brings him back. In the end, she kills him, but in the end, she's insane. That is a rough outline. The details make the picture. The fresh, true ring to the dialogue, the shots of the Paramount lot at night, the young strug-

gling studio workers who act like real people, the atmosphere of decay that hangs over the actress' great house, the anguish of a woman who once was young and beautiful, and who can't face the knowledge that life has passed her by. Nancy Olson's fine as the young girl Holden really loves; Holden's got the part of a lifetime, and makes the most of it. Same for Miss Swanson. Every bit of *Sunset Boulevard* has artistic integrity.



Gloria Swanson, silent film great living in a fantastic dream world, takes possession of writer Bill Holden. She hired him to help stage her comeback.



Holden falls in love with Nancy Olson, but he can't break away from his new, decadent life.



When he tries to walk out on Swanson, she cracks up, shoots him as he leaves her house.



Completely insane, she mistakes newsreel cameramen for studio crew, poses regally for them.



STORM WARNING

Cast: Ginger Rogers, Ronald Reagan, Doris Day, Steve Cochran. Warners.

What starts out promisingly, winds up hysterical, and I'm not sure if *Storm Warning* is quite good or pretty bad. Ginger Rogers, stopping off in a small southern town to visit sister Doris Day, witnesses the murder of a Northern newspaperman by Ku Klux Klan members. She's willing to help honest county prosecutor nail the offenders till she discovers sister's sub-human hubby (Steve Cochran) was among the guilty. Sis is going to have a baby, so Ginger lets Ronnie down, claims from the witness stand that she saw nothing. Case dismissed. Klan wins again. It's believable and exciting up to this point. But when Cochran makes a drunken pass at Ginger, and Doris declares she's all washed up with him, Ginger feels called upon to make a speech. Now, she declares, I'm going to tell Reagan all about you, you oaf. Even for the movies this is pretty dopey. If she'd just waited for him to trot off, and then gone and told

Reagan, everything would have worked out peaceably. As it is, Cochran kidnaps her, takes her to a Klan meeting, has her flogged. Even then, that foolish Ginger doesn't stop talking. If I ever get out of here, she hollers, I'm going to expose you all. If she'd buttoned her lip, she'd have been out of there hours ago. Still, it makes for plenty of melodrama.



IN A LONELY PLACE

Cast: Humphrey Bogart, Gloria Grahame, Frank Lovejoy, Carl Benton Reid. Columbia.

An adult sort of love story, and an engrossing murder mystery are combined here. There's quality about *In A Lonely Place*; every detail seems right. Humphrey Bogart plays a broke screen writer who gets mixed up with a murder and—at about the same time—with a girl named Laurel (Gloria Grahame). Under Laurel's influence, he starts to write again,

creates a masterpiece. But he's a moody man, a sick man, really. Has rages, beats people up. Laurel begins to be afraid. She loves him, but she doesn't want to marry him. She's even beginning to wonder if he isn't guilty of the murder the police are trying to pin on him, and her terror and his violence build. Perfect casting and acting down to the last bit player (Gloria Grahame is especially superb), suspense, and a romance which is frank and exciting, add up to a heck of a good picture.



BROKEN ARROW

Cast: James Stewart, Jeff Chandler, Debra Paget, Basil Ruysdael. 20th Century-Fox.

An exceptionally exciting picture about the war between whites and Apaches which raged through Arizona in the late 1800's—and about the peace which came out of the war. Jimmy Stewart and Jeff Chandler play the two

Think, darling, think!

**why pay high prices for
nail polish and lipstick?**

If you have looked in vain for nail polish *at any price* that would wear better and chip less...this important new discovery guarantees you an infinitely better-wearing polish for a very low price.

This is the true story of an amazing new miracle-wear ingredient called Enamelon.

It's found *only* in new low-priced, luxury CUTEX and it's guaranteed* to give incredible wear...to last longer, chip less than your high-priced polish.

And new, miracle-wear CUTEX is so pure...even women with skins so sensitive they cannot use other polishes state they can safely use new CUTEX.

Thirteen luscious shades, including the new prize-winning, fashion shade—*Prize Posy*. New CUTEX 10¢; de luxe Nail Brilliance size, 25¢.

Better lipstick, too... the new matching CUTEX *Color-genic* Lipstick, now made by an exclusive CUTEX electronic process. Won't bleed, cake or wear off like so many high-priced lipsticks. Only 49¢. Also new 25¢ size. *Prices plus tax.*

*Money back if not completely satisfied.



CUTEX

Are you in the know?



When shaking hands do you think it's smooth to —

- ☐ Remove your gloves ☐ Keep them on ☐ Say "Pardon my glove"

Remove your mitt or apologize for same? 'Tain't fittin', kitten! A lady's gloves should "stay put." At least 'til she's seated in the theatre, or at a restaurant table. To stay hand-in-glove with *confidence* on "trying" days—put certain worries out of mind.

Choose Kotex! Those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. And for extra poise, get the extra comfort of the new Kotex Wonderform* Belt made with DuPont nylon elastic! It's non-curling. Non-twisting. Washable; dries like magic!



How to score with the hiring squad?

- ☐ "I can do anything"
☐ "I want to get experience"
☐ "Sell" yourself

You may want a job for some extra "loot"—or a stepping-stone to a Career. But why should the company want *you*? Suggest *specific* work you believe you can do, giving the boss-man (or lady) good reasons. "Sell" yourself. It inspires confidence. *You* can be confident, even on "those" days, with the napkin made to stay soft while you wear it. Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*; comfort that helps you hold that job!



Which color compliments a suntan?

- ☐ Orange
☐ Chartreuse
☐ Cerise

To flatter your suntan — thumbs down on all three answers above (fooled you!). Choose *cool* hues; blues, for instance. *White* out-ows them all. And on certain days, it pays to be choosy—about sanitary protection. Kotex comes in 3 *absorbencies* (different sizes, for different days), so you can select what's best for *you*. Try Regular, Junior, Super. Each has a special *safety center*—for your extra protection.



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

men chiefly responsible for that peace; Stewart's cast as a frontiersman, sick of blood-letting; Chandler, as an Indian chief, hard, but honorable. You watch Stewart grow in stature and understanding from the moment he first discovers that Indian mothers cry over their children like any other mothers. When he begins to care for a young Indian girl, you're moved by their love story's tenderness, and tragedy. If you're not afraid of morals, Fox has an old one and a good one for you: People of different races, habits, beliefs, can co-exist in the same world so long as they respect one another's rights. If you are afraid of morals, the movie's still 100% entertainment. Just close your eyes and pretend you didn't learn anything.



DEPORTED

Cast: Marta Toren, Jeff Chandler, Claude Dauphin, Marina Berti. Universal-International.

Jeff Chandler, a racketeer who's spent five years in jail for stealing \$100,000, is deported to his native Italy. His family there think he's an American hero on a government mission, and welcome him royally. They say things like, "Your brother used to have such a beautiful voice," and Chandler says things like, "Yeah, but he sang once too often," and still they're convinced he's pure in heart. The love of a beautiful woman (Marta Toren) reforms Jeff, and he spends the stolen \$100,000 to buy food and medical supplies for the starving, ailing peasants. Combination Lucky Luciano and Robin Hood. Chandler's adequate, while actor Claude Dauphin is rather peculiarly cast. He's charming as all get-out, but his accent is as French as crêpes suzettes, and they've got him playing an Italian detective.



THREE SECRETS

Cast: Eleanor Parker, Patricia Neal, Ruth Roman, Frank Lovejoy, Leif Erickson, Ted De Corsia. Warners.

Aerial photographs of a plane crash in the Sierras show that five-year-old Johnnie Something-or-other is still alive, though his foster parents have been killed. While rescue parties start out to fetch the boy, reporters try to discover the identity of his real parents. Adoption homes won't give out that information, but the search narrows down to three ladies. Is Johnnie's mother Eleanor Parker,

sweet girl who's happily-married-but-can't-forget-she-once-had-an-illegitimate child? Or Patricia Neal, brisk newspaperwoman whose husband divorced her because she was always hotfooting it around the world instead of staying home and cooking? Or Ruth Roman, who shot her racketeer-boyfriend? All of these ladies had babies five years back, and gave them over for adoption, and now all of them would like a crack at little Johnnie. Picture has a noble ending, tricky but tearful.



NIGHT AND THE CITY

Cast: Richard Widmark, Gene Tierney, Googie Withers, Hugh Marlowe, Francis L. Sullivan. 20th Century-Fox.

Richard Widmark doesn't want much out of life. Just to be the biggest thief in town. His girl, Gene Tierney, begs him to find an honest job, be the same sweet boy she remembers, but Richard simply neighs his half-cracked neigh, and goes on trying to make a man of distinction of himself. He muscles into London's wrestling racket (picture was shot in England) by the clever device of taking on the chief wrestling promoter's father (Stanislau Zbyszko) as his partner. Now wrestling promoter can't hurt Richard without damaging his own old man. Old man is honorable, wants to clean up wrestling; Richard makes him false promises, etc. Lots of people get killed. Francis Sullivan and Googie Withers are involved in the action as a husband and wife who run a night club, Gene Tierney's part isn't much more than a walk on, and the only really exciting action takes place in the wrestling scenes, due to the compelling presence of Zbyszko, an old-time wrestler who's an honest actor, and a moving one. He seemed to me the one truthful character in the whole rather phony melodrama.



THE GLASS MENAGERIE

Cast: Jane Wyman, Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence, Arthur Kennedy. Warners.

The Glass Menagerie, a prize-winning Broadway play, has been lovingly transferred to the screen, and though it's lost a little of its pity and fragility en route, it's still worth watching. It concerns the Wingfields, a family of dreamers. Amanda, the mother (Gertrude Lawrence), deserted by her husband, shabby, poor, lives in the memories of

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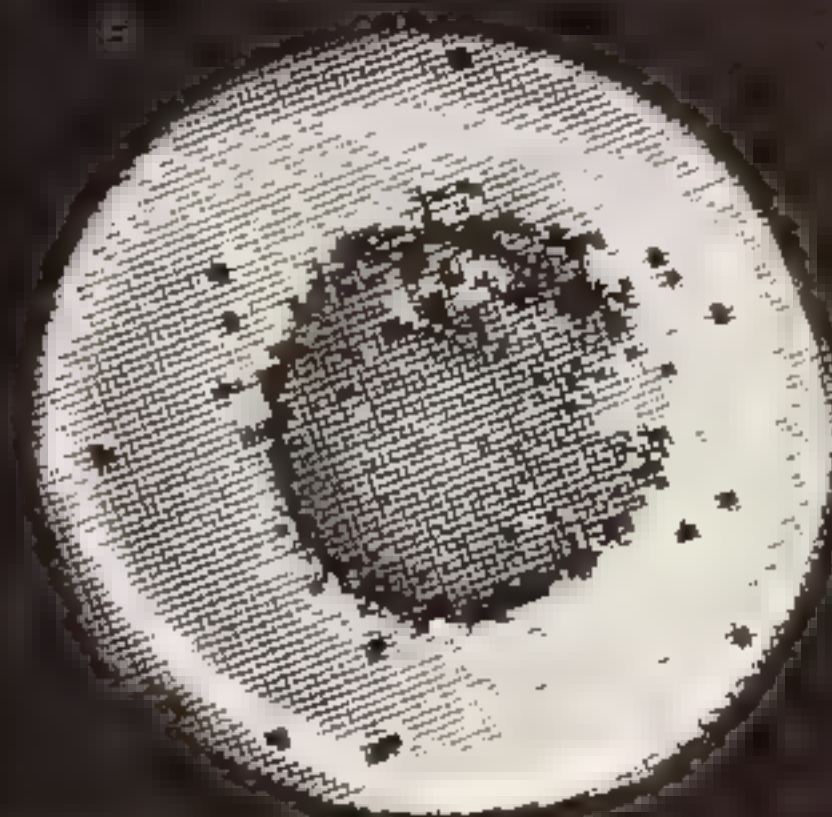
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TEST X
Purpose: Test of 5-DAY'S
action in removing odor-
forming skin bacteria



This microscopic photo proves that when you throw away your 5-Day Pad you throw away with it hundreds of thousands of odor-forming bacteria that other types of deodorants leave under your arms.

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Purpose: Test of 5-DAY'S
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This laboratory photo was taken hours after application of a 5-Day Pad. Note the amazing difference. This is because 5-Day's exclusive formula prevents the growth of odor-forming skin bacteria and keeps you safe from underarm odor longer.

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Greater reserve protection! Laboratory tests show that hours after application 5-Day's exclusive formula is 8 times* more effective in keeping you safe from underarm odor than an average of leading brands tested. No other deodorant or deodorant soap can keep you so safe from underarm odor—so long.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK—if not completely satisfied.

*All comparative figures mentioned in this ad are based on the average of laboratory tests of leading deodorants.



*I dreamed I went
to the zoo in my
maidenform bra*

"I went to the animal fair...the bees and the bears
were there! And me...how free-as-air I felt...my figure
so charming, disarming...with Maidenform* outlining
my curves. Maybe you've dreamed of a dream
of a bra that fits to perfection like this!"
Shown: Maidenform's Allo-ette* 2" band in white satin, 2.00;
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There is a Maiden Form for every type of figure
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*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

her girlhood as a pretty southern belle and has impossible hopes for her children's futures. Tom, the son (Arthur Kennedy) works in a warehouse, and dreams of going to sea, of searching and discovering, of escape. He goes to the movies so he won't have to listen to his mother's endless nagging and reminiscing. Laura, the daughter (Jane Wyman) is crippled. Unable to face the real world, she's created a world of her own, a world of little glass animals and ancient phonograph records. When a realist, referred to as "the gentleman caller" (Kirk Douglas) comes into the Wingfields' lives, a chain reaction starts. But go see it, or feel it. *Glass Menagerie* is more mood than plot.



THE FURIES

Cast: Barbara Stanwyck, Wendell Corey, Walter Huston, Judith Anderson, Gilbert Roland. Paramount.

This is a nice, big, sprawling stinker. Even the good actors look bad. They posture, they declaim, they're expansively, expensively theatrical. Walter Huston (unhappily, this was his last picture) is a "frontier empire builder, despotic, arrogant, extravagant." He's bored by his mealy-mouthed son, crazy for his high-spirited daughter, B. Stanwyck. This girl is so high-spirited she flings a scissors at a ladyfriend (Judith Anderson) her papa brings home, and quite destroys that lady's face. Papa retaliates by hanging Gilbert Roland, an old pal of Barb's, and the blood feud is on. "Till our eyes next meet," Barb tells Roland, as he's about to be strung up. (That's part of an embarrassing little ritual the two of them go through every time they see one another. They bite hunks out of a piece of bread, murmur self-consciously "till our eyes next meet," then separate.) However the real man in Barb's life is Wendell Corey, a cool, dashing gambler. *The Furies* is full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. Absolutely.



THE SLEEPING CITY

Cast: Richard Conte, Coleen Gray, Richard Taber, John Alexander. Universal-International.

Here's a nice kind of horrible picture which was actually photographed in New York's Bellevue Hospital. Movie calls it "City Hospital." Lot of trouble there. Patients get well, but internes are killed off regularly. Detective Richard Conte is installed as an

interne (he had medical training in college) to find out what happens. He meets a lovely nurse (Coleen Gray) and Pop Ware (Richard Taber), an old creep of an elevator operator. These two are running a dope ring. Old creep lends impoverished young internes money to bet on horses, then when they're in debt for more than they can raise, he starts crawling around making helpful suggestions. "Get me duh white stuff," he whines. "Yeah, white stuff, dat's woiit money." (Everybody talks tough in this picture. "White stuff" is narcotics, "pushed him across" means killed him, etc.) Let an interne lose his nerve, decide to get out of narcotics, go in for a respectable business like bank-robbing or marrying a millionaire's daughter, and Pop fills him full of lead. It's grisly, but it's grand.



FATHER OF THE BRIDE

Cast: Spencer Tracy, Joan Bennett, Elizabeth Taylor, Billie Burke. MGM.

Based on a best-seller which dealt with the less romantic aspects of a wedding—namely, the costs—*Father of the Bride* is moderately funny as it follows father Spencer Tracy's tribulations. We're taken from the first shock, when father hears his child is planning to wed (he still thinks she's four years old) right through the plans for a simple wedding which swell until caterers are constructing canopies on the lawn, the furniture is moved clean out of the house to make room for the hundreds of reception guests, and father has come grimly face to face with visions of the poorhouse. It's Tracy's picture, and he makes the most of it. Elizabeth Taylor's a beautiful bride of course, but you don't need me to tell you that.



MYSTERY STREET

Cast: Ricardo Montalban, Sally Forrest, Bruce Bennett, Elsa Lanchester, Marshall Thompson. MGM.

You shouldn't be misguided by circumstantial evidence is the moral today. Or many a suicide looks like a murder, and vice versa. Here young Marshall Thompson nearly fries for the slaying of Jan Sterling, and who done it, friends? Well, you just go find out. Detective Ricardo Montalban is the boy who's struggling with the case. He gets 'assists from the medical department of Harvard (including Bruce Bennett whom MGM planted there for the occasion) and the picture has some nice acting bits by Elsa Lanchester and Mrs. Gene (Betsy Blair) Kelly.



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Doesn't destroy precious oils nature provides to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy

Nature provides its own natural oils to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy. Without these natural oils, hair may become dry, lifeless and brittle. New, improved Shasta is the amazing shampoo *guaranteed* not to rob hair of these precious oils nature provides to make hair naturally soft, shiny, healthy.

Even dull, dry, unruly hair looks unbelievably softer, shinier, more beautifully groomed, under Shasta's magic-like touch. So, to see your hair looking its loveliest, get new, improved Shasta today. Remember, Shasta doesn't rob hair of its natural oils.

NEW, IMPROVED
Shasta BEAUTY CREAM **Shampoo**
Doesn't Rob Hair of Natural Oils

Sunset Boulevard

A HOLLYWOOD STORY!



a most
unusual motion picture

A Paramount Picture

the philadelphia story

Sirs: A community has character, reputation and feeling as an individual. The people of South Philadelphia deeply resented the contents of your interview with Mario Lanza ("Wonderful Madman," MODERN SCREEN, June 1950). After your magazine went on sale here, angry groups met on his old block, stood threateningly outside his uncle's grocery. Our section of Philadelphia has been greatly maligned as a breeding ground for criminals, a home of illiterates. Most of our citizens are high school graduates, many are college graduates. A meeting of the city council was held to discuss the effects of this interview, and I have been commissioned by local civic leaders to write to you, hoping you will remedy the harm done.

Walter Palumbo
President, South Philadelphia
Chamber of Commerce

Sirs: Until now I was totally unaware that I lived in the "slums" and that Mario Lanza had such a low opinion of his neighborhood. A miracle has not occurred since the 13th century and I do not consider Mr. Lanza's rise from the so-called gutter anything inspiring.

Mary P. McCarthy
Philadelphia, Pa.

... Lanza says: "I have an Irish wife and an Irish daughter. Every Italian should have an Irish wife and there would be less trouble in the world." Does Lanza believe that Italian women, including his own mother, are a race of shrews capable only of causing unhappiness?

Editor
Il Popolo Italiano
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs: I was never so insulted in all my life.

Paula Marini
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs: I was reared in South Philadelphia and compared to Mario Lanza, I look like I need vitamin pills ... I never find it necessary to slug my way through the streets ...

M. Kelly
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs: To Mario Lanza: Don't ever say you would like to punch Italian street singers in the nose, because the beauty in their voices comes from the heart ...

Olga di Giovanni
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs: (The Lanza Story) states that South Philly has never been noted for its production of musical talent. How about Marian Anderson?

Dolores Crocetti
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs: I'm not only speaking for myself, but for others here in Philly. In our school every other girl had your magazine ... We think it's a disgrace ...

Anita Ligambi
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs: Mario Lanza says he hates Italian opera singers ... What about Caruso?

S. Di Palma
Chicago, Ill.

MODERN SCREEN received similar letters from thousands of fans in Philadelphia and throughout the country. Mr. Lanza says there has been a great misunderstanding. He asked permission to write his own version of growing up in South Philadelphia which will appear in next month's MODERN SCREEN. Incidentally, Mr. Lanza's next film is *The Life of Caruso*.—Ed.

"Your beautiful cards are just what my friends are looking for!"
MRS. BERGMAN
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

NO WONDER SO MANY FOLKS

Make Good Money

In Their Spare Time ... Without Taking A Job or Putting in Regular Hours ... And WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!

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—Mary Pasciucco, N. Y.

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Please rush—for FREE TRIAL—sample boxes on approval, money-making plan, extra-profit cash bonus offer. Also send FREE Book of easy ways for anyone to make money.

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modern screen
readers spotlight

new faces

Every movie-goer is a talent scout and our readers have an uncanny knack for picking tomorrow's stars.



Can you tell me something about the girl who played in Not Wanted? She's very cute, a good actress and I think she looks so much like Ida Lupino. I'm sure she's on her way to stardom. Jean Hoffer, Madison, Wisc.

Sally Forrest used to be a professional dancer and you probably saw her in many MGM musicals. She was fired, however, in an economy move and Miss Lupino hired her for her low-cost production of *Not Wanted*, which turned out to be a big hit. Sally was born in San Diego on May 28, 1929 and has brown hair and green eyes. Her next is *Mystery Street* with Ricardo Montalban.



Whatever became of Kathleen Ryan? She was so good in Odd Man Out, but then I didn't see her again until Give Us This Day. She's not very flashy looking, but I think she's a fine dramatic actress. Mary Brennan, Schenectady, N. Y.

Kathleen Ryan has the lead role in United Artists forthcoming *The Sound of Fury*. She was born on October 6, 1922 in Dublin, Ireland, attended the University of Dublin and then the famous Abbey Theater. British Director Carol Reed discovered her there and that was the beginning of her career. She's red-haired, hazel-eyed, married to Dr. Derry Devane and has a young daughter Barbara.



Could you give me some vital statistics on Keefe Brasselle? My family and I agree that his fresh good looks and acting ability will definitely land him on top. I hope Hollywood producers will be able to use him to advantage. Gerry Vornier, Brigham, Utah.

Keefe Brasselle is another of Ida Lupino's discoveries. He's been in Hollywood for some time, hoping to get a break in movies, and living on tea and cereal when she offered him a starring role in *Not Wanted*. The rest is history. Keefe was born in Elyria, Ohio, is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. You'll see him soon in *A Place In the Sun* with Monty Clift.

Stuck!



The No. 1 catch of the town, hers for a whole evening on their first big date. She dreams this is to be the beginning of a real romance. But how wrong can a girl be? Once he gets her back on her own doorstep, he'll never darken it again . . . and she won't know why.*

How's your breath today?

Never take it for granted. Never risk offending others, needlessly. Halitosis (unpleasant breath)* is the fault unpardonable. It may be absent one day and present the next . . . without your realizing it.

So play smart. Rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date when you want to be at your best.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful. Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution. It freshens your breath . . . not for seconds, not for minutes . . . but usually for hours.

*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC . . . IT'S

BREATH-TAKING!

The Admiral was a Lady but she taught
these ex-GI's maneuvers they'll never forget!!!
...it's really in a wonderful sort of way!



ALBERT S. ROGELL AND JACK M. WARNER
PRESENT

EDMOND O'BRIEN
WANDA HENDRIX

in
The Admiral
was
A Lady

All about ...
the ex-Wave
with no place
to go ...
and the guys
who helped her
get there ...

fast!

"Where's
Henry!!"



with
RUDY VALLEE

Johnny Sands • Steve Brodie • Richard Erdman • Hillary Brooke • Richard Lane • Produced and Directed by ALBERT S. ROGELL • Co-Producer Edward Lewis • A Roxbury Production • Released thru United Artists



the truth about the bing crosbys

They lived in obscurity,
immune to the sea of
gossip around them,
until the shadow of
divorce broke
through the wall.

BY LINCOLN EDWARDS

■ The phones rang all day. Finally, at seven o'clock, the telephone operator at the Hotel Ritz in Paris broke down. "*Bien*," she said, "I will try and find him."

In a matter of minutes, Bing was speaking. "What's that you say?"

"They're saying back in the States," the reporter repeated, "that you and Dixie are getting divorced. How about it?"

Crosby snickered. "Look, chum," he said, casually, "they're always saying something—either I'm dead or divorced or throwing shoes. I've heard this story at least 35 times in the past ten years."

"But your lawyer said you and Dixie were separated."

"Which lawyer?" Bing asked, "I've got four of them, (Continued on page 74)



the men I love

by Esther Williams

■ Benjie is one year old!

It hardly seems possible that 12 months have passed since Benjie arrived to brighten our lives. And yet Ben and I can scarcely remember what it was like without him. That little character has become the most important thing in the world to both of us.

"Character" is right. What a guy! When the three of us arrived in Honolulu aboard the *Lurline*, I was being interviewed on the radio with Benjie in my arms. Suddenly he reached over, grabbed the microphone and let loose a stream of baby talk. I can't understand where he gets that ham, unless maybe from his father and mother.

He really had a time in Hawaii. After we got settled in our house at the base of Diamond Head, we had a press conference. Benjie was there and he stole the show. He posed for pictures for over an hour, and next day he was smiling on the front pages of the newspapers.

Our biggest thrill was when we flew to the island of Kauai to start *The Pagan Love Song*. When we arrived, we were greeted by a native musical group, a bevy of hula dancers and the mayor of the principal city. Ben and I received the traditional flower leis and kisses. But the highlight came when Benjie was presented with leis and kisses by little hula girls who were from six to 12 years old. He was very appreciative and loved every minute of it.

It was in Honolulu at the age of seven months that Benjie took his first ocean dip. The water is as warm as the air, so I was able to take him right into the surf. I was afraid he would be bothered by the waves, but I'm proud to say he wasn't frightened in the least. He loved the whole idea and complained bitterly when I had to take him out.

By now you may have the impression that I'm pretty proud of (Continued on page 60)

Benjie's the one
I talk about, and Ben's
the one who
listens. But someday
Benjie will be
old enough to hear
about his dad . . .



Benjie sailed with the Gages to Hawaii where Esther made a movie.



There was time for romantic tête-à-têtes—after Benjie turned in.

THE HIGH COST OF LOVING

by Hedda Hopper

In Hollywood it doesn't pay
to have a hasty heart,
because parting is
such expensive sorrow.
And everytime
you say goodbye,
you say it from
the bottom of your wallet.

FORTUNES ARE FADING
FAST FOR THESE
HASTY LOVERS—
CAUGHT IN THE TANGLED
WEB OF ALIMONY.



Dick and Nora Haymes

SWEET as they sound, those three little words, "I love you," can be mighty expensive in Hollywood. Believe me, the tender passion can make things plenty tough when it isn't the McCoy. And, as for the philanderers I see around me tangled in the sad straits of alimony, I think a good tune to hum might be that old ditty, "Don't sweetheart me—if you don't mean it!"

Hollywood love is the best bargain in this weary world when it's genuine. But when it's a tawdry imitation—the deal's a gyp. That's what some of the hasty star buyers at the heart counter are finding out, day by day, and they're taking the rap where it's most painful—in their puffed up, but not so bottomless pocketbooks.

Some of it's a racket, and some of it's right. Some get exactly what their foolish hearts deserve and others are wrapped up and taken like Richmond was by General Grant. But any way you look at it the cost of reckless loving if you're a movie star, male or female, is coming very high. What should be the most beautiful experience in a man or woman's life is only too often, these days, turning into a bankrupting booby-trap.

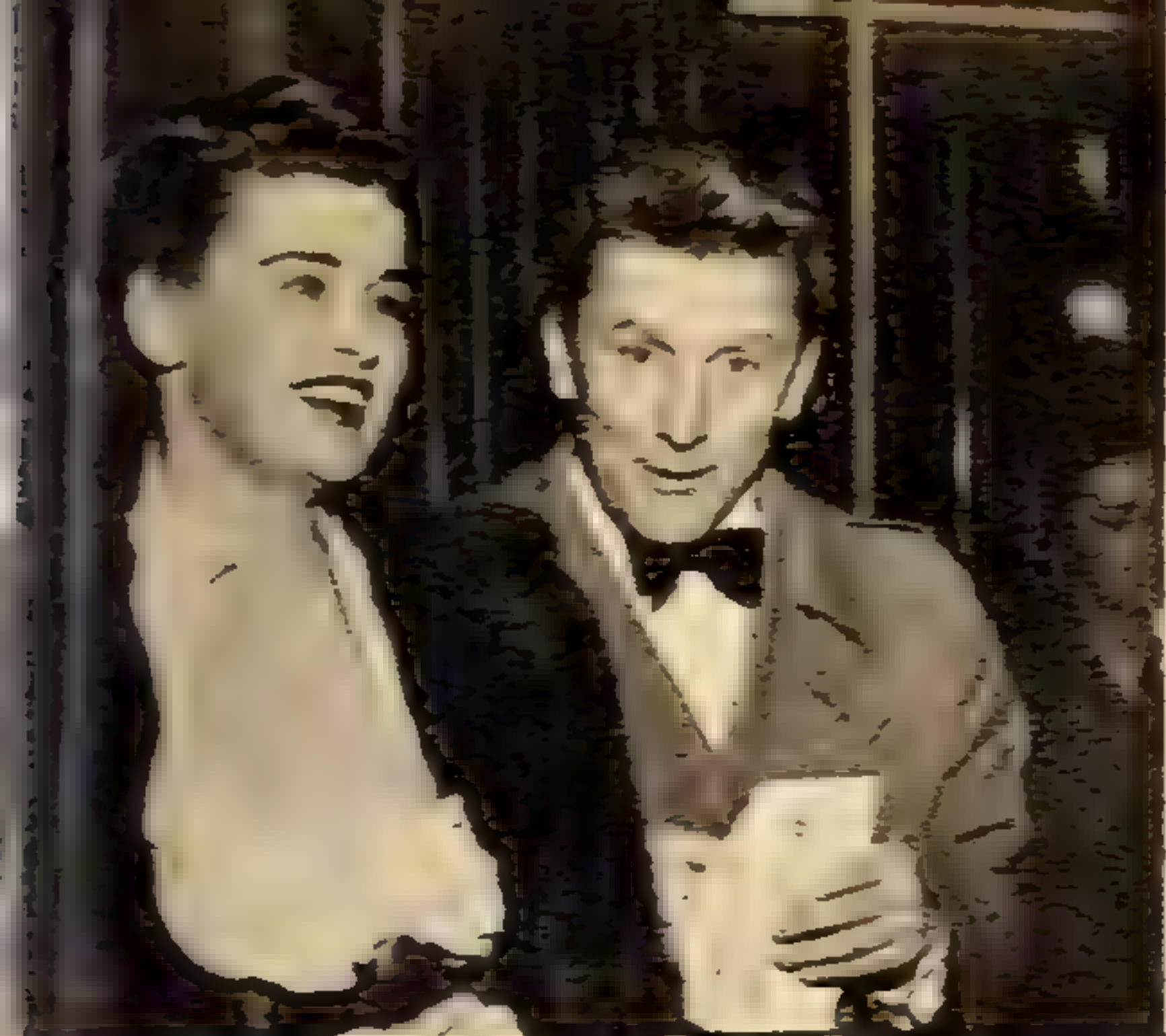
Just take a look around. In the direction, for instance, of one of the gayest blades of Hollywood, Errol Flynn himself. Errol played the role of *Don Juan* once on the screen, and he never quite got over it. So, just recently, impulsive Errol was crying "Help!" in court through his lawyers, and begging the judge to cut down the overdue bill for his oh careless love! The cares turned up, all right, and they're pretty expensive ones, too.

Errol confessed he collected \$200,000 every year, which would help the average family man meet his rent and milk bill and have enough left over for a movie on Saturday night. But Errol's not the average man, and he has two separate families in his past with more than milk bills to prove it. To one ex-wife, Lili Damita, he pays \$18,000 a year alimony until she dies or remarries, also \$5,200 a year to support their boy, Sean, also \$11,000 more on those sums for income taxes. Add \$550 a

The Fred MacMurrays

THEY'VE STAYED
HAPPILY MARRIED—
AND SAVED
—FOR THEIR KIDS,
FOR THEIR FUTURES.





Kirk and the former Mrs. Douglas



Errol Flynn and Princess Ghica



Frank Sinatra and Nancy



Ty Power and former wife Annab

month to Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes, the second Mrs. F., for support of Deirdre and Rory, which totes up roughly \$3,500 a month to pay for his past before he can plan his future. Yet at the same time Errol asked to have all this cut down to size. he was vacationing with the girl he wants to marry next, Romanian Princess Irene Ghica. And if right now his lusty baritone is crooning her a mournful chorus of "I can't get started with you," it's because, frankly, he can't afford to. And isn't that a pretty pass for a Don Juan?

How did the O'Flynn ever get himself in such a fix anyway? Well, even as Errol cries "Uncle" and begs for relief, complaining that his first wife, Lili Damita, "has travelled extensively throughout the United States and abroad and has lived in an extravagant manner . . ." you might say, "Look who's talking." Because elegant Errol has just returned from an extensive cruise of his own around the Mediterranean on his private yacht, gadding about the capitals of Europe and hobnobbing with royalty, which doesn't come cheap.

So part of the Flynn's dollar gap troubles you can chalk right up to what us old fogies used to call "Going Hollywood," which is spending more than you make, as Errol has always done, with his grand tours, his boats, fancy cars, wardrobes designed for a Duke of Windsor, a magnificent Hollywood home which he seldom uses—and so on.

Errol's first, Lili Damita, was once the toast of Paris, and she soon took to toasting Errol by conking him on the head with champagne bottles, in their frequent domestic free-for-alls. But the throbbing lumps on his noggin he got from that didn't compare to the severe headaches he began feeling when he took off down that lonesome alimony road. Even that didn't cure Errol. Right away he plunged again into a second hasty marriage with the pretty ex-hat check girl, Nora Eddington.

By now, of course, Nora is Mrs. Dick Haymes, and the second time Errol got off much easier, with no alimony, only support for his kids, through a slight misconception on Nora's part that the new spouse she was getting was a solidly set and pros-

perous star with unlimited checks rolling in from radio, movies and records. I'm afraid Nora found out that Dick's radio checks shrivelled and his movie and record ones, too, as the Haymes vogue waned and contracts were cancelled—and so what do we see?

Well, last December the first Mrs. Haymes tripped into a Los Angeles court with claims adding up to \$31,963 and slapped attachments on what was left of those record and radio rewards owed to her home-hopping hubby. Turned out that to switch his wayward heart from Joanne to Nora, Dick had signed on the dotted line to pay Joanne from \$9,600 to \$14,000 a year, depending on his earnings. Besides which he was to foot the family medical and dental bills, establish insurance policies guaranteeing the education of their three offspring, Richard, Helen and Barbara—besides divvying up the community property. On top of all that there was a sad story of two or three years back tax bills which the Treasury Department was getting a little nasty about. If you ask me, the whole weird family scramble adds up to quite some price tag on easy-come, easy-go marriage, and one which in Dick Haymes' case, certainly, he hasn't a prayer of paying. And whatever made him think he bad?

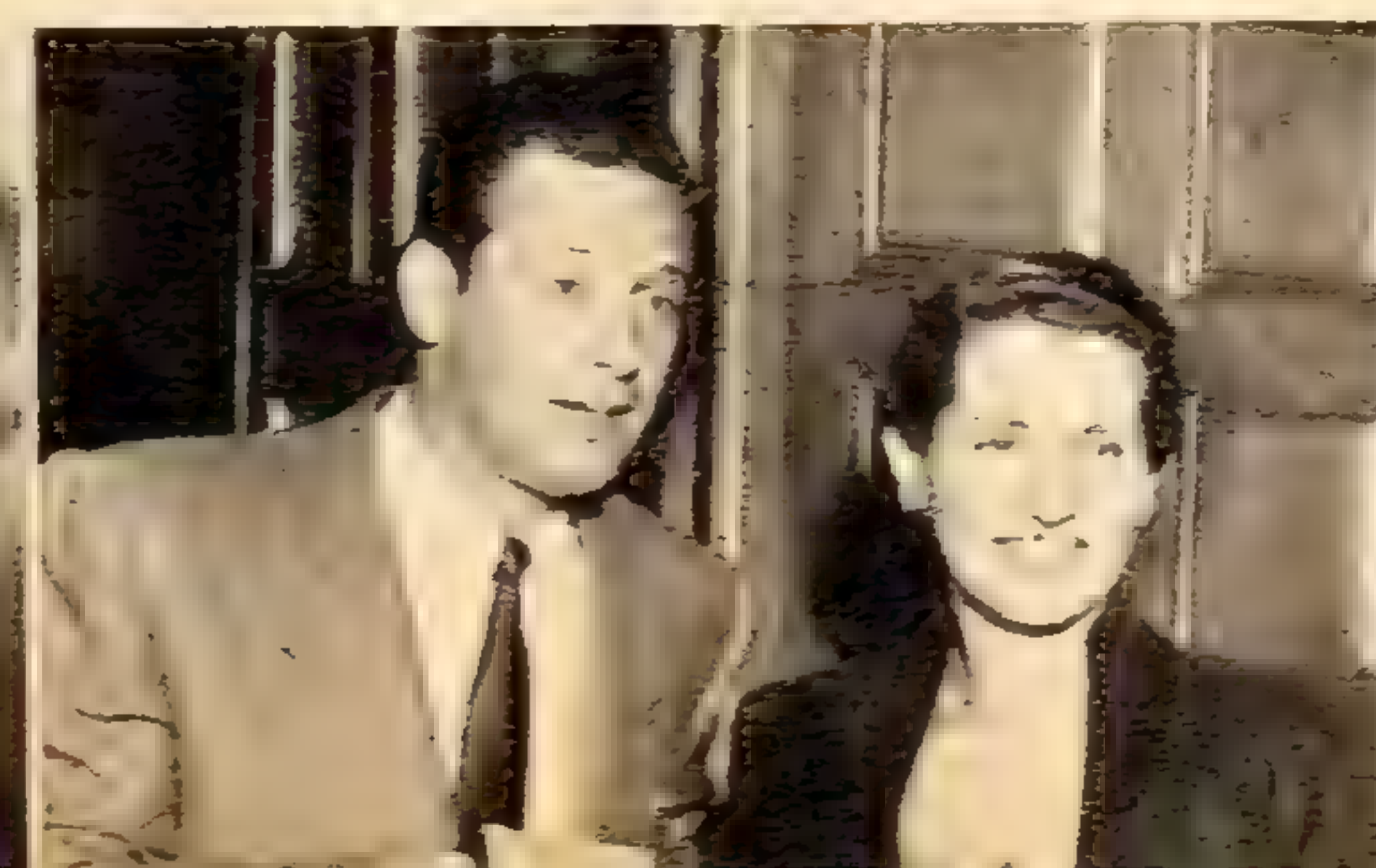
THE most fantastic thing, to my Yankee mind, about the money messes the stars stick their feet in is how they can figure they've got the price. Look quickly, at Frank Sinatra, although it's not as easy now as it used to be to find Frankie's familiar face in every direction, and when you do, it wears a strained and worried look. With good reason.

Just a few weeks ago, Frankie showed up in Spain, following his lady love, Ava Gardner, snapping and belligerent to newsmen, but carrying a \$10,000 emerald pretty for Ava. The question in my mind wasn't would he get the girl but how Frank Sinatra could afford a bauble like that, or even the trip to Spain! Because Frankie, sad to state, has mighty few dollars he can call his own; in fact, he's up to his bow tie in debts which may take him until he's old and gray to (Continued on page 92)

Gary Cooper and his wife Rocky



Bill and Brenda Holden



The George Murphys



Mr. and Mrs. Fred Astaire



He talks rough, he
acts tough, but he plays
croquet as good as poker.
Wayne's the kind of guy
you'd walk a mile for.

by TOM CARLILE



Esperanza (he calls her Chata) and John rewind some film he shot in Mexico. He's producing a bullfight picture there for Republic, and is currently in MGM's *Jet Pilot*.





Since their marriage in 1945, Duke's become a home guy, leads a quiet life with Chata in their San Fernando home. (He's expert at chess.)



Duke was discovered by director John Ford in 1927. He's now at work on his 145th role and signed for the next three years.

wonderful lug

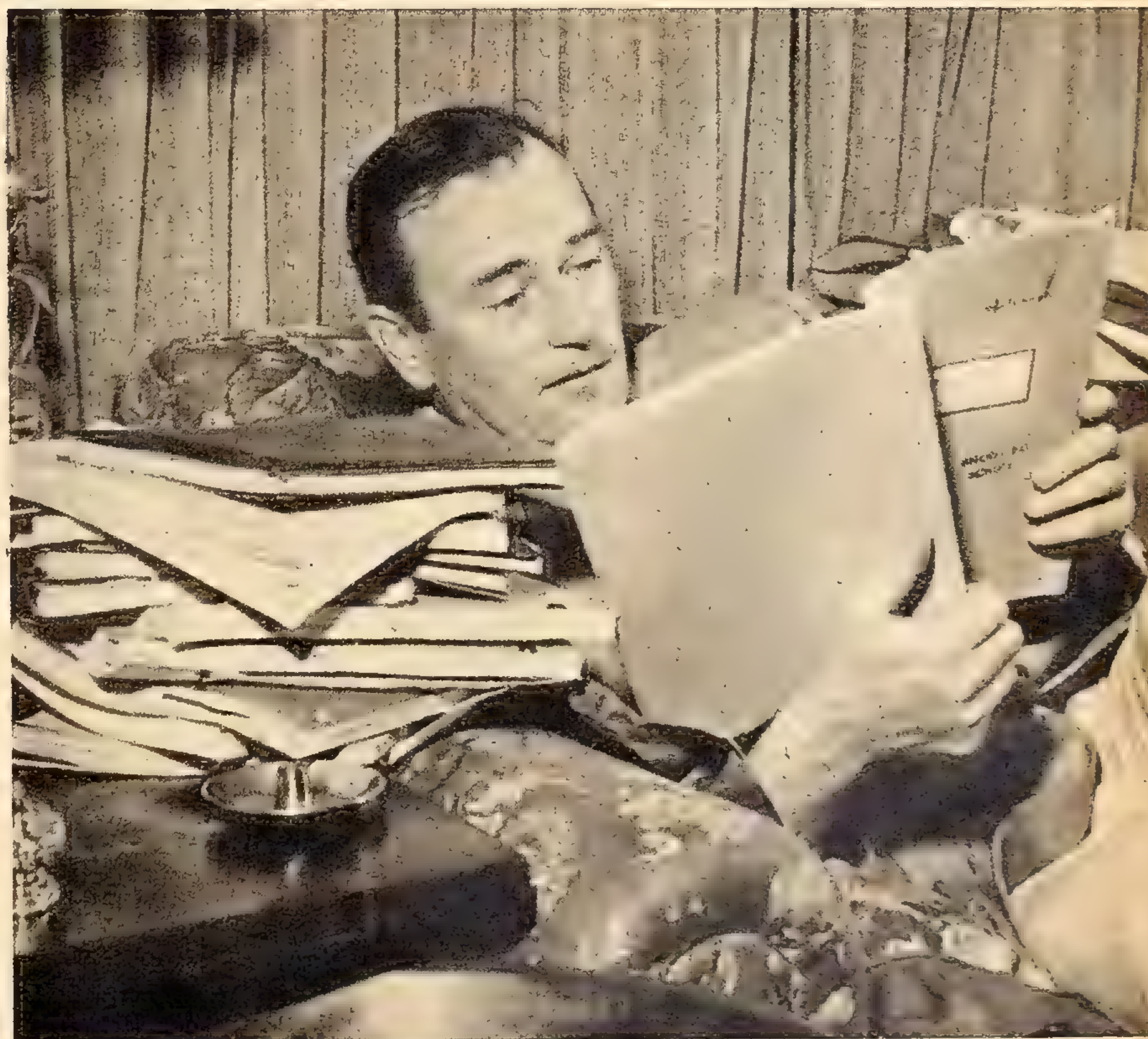
■ When John Wayne, otherwise known as Duke, came to Hollywood, there were few who would call him polished, and fewer still who would call him an actor. He sat a horse well, he looked good in leather pants, but he delivered lines like a Western Union messenger.

People thought of him as a slam-bang roughneck who liked to fight, use colorful language and sit up all night playing poker. He did—all three. But at heart, he was a gentleman, and this is what people never knew.

Duke took a lot of ragging in those early days. Once, when he'd begun to get leading man roles, he was assigned to play a suave, young society lawyer. This wasn't exactly up his alley, but it was headed straight for his wallet, so he made the best of it.

The first day, he forced himself into a tuxedo and patent leather pumps and tried looking nonchalant. Every time he stepped out of camera range he'd tug at his collar and make faces.

The director who went with the movie wasn't very democratic. He'd obviously been born with a black tie in his mouth and scorned those who weren't as fortunate. "Too (Continued on page 71)



He likes to deep-sea fish, used to go deer hunting. Lately he enjoys milder pleasures—like all-night poker, croquet with Chata.



House of memories



The Crosbys lived here with much laughter, and many dreams, and a gracious ease. These are the first pictures ever taken inside their house. They may also be the last.

by Marwa Peterson

■ They've been living in their Holmby Hills house for ten years—that's a lot of memories. They moved in when Gary was only seven, the twins were four, and Lindsay was two. (The pictures at the left show how the boys and their folks look today.) The kids grew up there; they played baseball in the living room, left for school and vacations, but always came back. There were good times, funny times, sad times, and the house grew mellow with them.

Now some say that the Crosbys are separating (*for the facts about this read the story on page 25*). Only the Crosbys know what their immediate future holds. The house may remain as it was with the same people in it; the house may be changed, but already it has a history, a history of family life.

Bing Crosby always took kidding about a lot of things—his hair, or lack of it; his clothes; his singing—"Do some work this week, Pop, or Gary won't give you an allowance," his oldest son might tell him.

But there's one subject that Bing doesn't like to have ribbed—that's his home. Even his script writers know that the house is forbidden gag territory. So much of the Crosby life has been made public property that the house represents their last bit of privacy. The Crosbys don't



Dixie shortened the legs of a breakfast table, uses it as a coffee table between the sofas.



Welsh dresser shelf lifts up for TV set.



A movie screen lowers from the cornice.



This is how the Welsh dresser looks when not in use. Bing's favorite chair is close to it.





Circular carpeting and a graceful furniture grouping set off the elegant, winding stairway.



Bing hates floor lamps so the cabinet behind the Queen Anne table conceals a lamp, as does the antique lavabo over the piano. The family uses the table for cards and homework.

give many parties and very few people have actually been inside the place.

The pictures on these pages may surprise some readers. Unlike Bing's flamboyant wardrobe, his home is simple, unaffected and comfortable. From the very beginning it was equipped for a family of four fun-loving boys and their comfort-loving father.

With the professional help of George Hall, one of Hollywood's finest decorators, Dixie worked long to make the house livable and lovable. It's a never-ending job.

A year ago, for example, the boys decided that they must have a television set. Little

The spacious foyer with its antique lowboys is used



House of memories



Lindsay, the youngest, claimed, "We need it for professional purposes."

"Have you gotten your father's okay?" Dixie asked.

Lindsay smiled. "Not yet, but we're working on it."

A few weeks later Lindsay was asking again. "Pop says we need one, too." That was enough for Dixie. She went to work. She had a television set installed in a cabinet that she knew would match the other antique pieces in the living room. As a result, the Crosby TV set is cleverly concealed in a functional and extremely hand-

some Welsh dresser. The dresser contains all the media for an evening's entertainment. In addition to a TV set, it boasts a radio, phonograph, and motion picture screen.

(If you own a large cabinet or breakfront in your own home, you might very well adapt the idea. Rather than get a new piece of furniture for your TV set, perhaps you can build the set or have it built into something you've already got. Such a device will not only save you space but also money, since TV sets without cabinet and table are fairly reasonable.)

Dixie runs her home to please her men. When Bing says he'd like a lot of horse prints around the house—horse prints are what he gets. Dixie takes him at his word, and that's why practically every picture in the house features an equestrian study of sorts. The boys are getting older and if they ever decide to throw parties in the living room, Dixie's ready. The wall-to-wall carpeting there is actually three rugs that can be rolled back promptly for dancing.

Naturally, Dixie has a whim or two of her own. For *(Continued on page 94)*

as an addition to the living room on the rare occasions when the Crosbys throw a party. Oil paintings of the boys (left wall) are by Paul Clemens.





Surrounded by clowns, John Bromfield, Corinne Calvet, Yvonne DeCarlo and Rock Hudson enjoy a little horseplay at Clyde Beatty's Circus.

CIRCUS DAZE!



The lions roared, the
acrobats soared, the clowns
had us in stitches. But then
we had to run—for our lives!

BY BEVERLY OTT

THE IDEA belonged to Yvonne DeCarlo. "Let's go to the Clyde Beatty Circus," was the idea.

"Clyde Beatty?" said Corinne. "What is ziss?"

"Only the greatest lion-tamer in the world, that's all," said Yvonne.

Corinne was impressed. "*Allons!*" she said. (I didn't study French for nothing. That means "Let's go!") So we all went—Yvonne De Carlo, Corinne Calvet, John Bromfield, Rock Hudson and I.

It was the circus' last day, but Yvonne was no slouch, she dashed all over town and finally got the tickets at a couple of drugstores. All we others had to do was be at the main entrance by seven.

I was there, clutching my pink candy. The Bromfields were there; the whole city of Los Angeles seemed to be there, but not Yvonne, or Rock, or the tickets.

"What'll we do?" asked John.

"Search me," I said.

"Why?" said Corinne. "You have lost zee teekets?"

"Ha," said I, and casually detached my pink candy from someone's elbow.

"Let's not stand here," said John. "Let's look for them." So we stalked off into the crowd. I went one way, the Bromfields went another and we almost didn't meet again. Half an hour later, I was back at the entrance. Rock was out searching for me, and John was off looking for Rock.

After a while they both wandered back. Then we counted each other and proceeded to the sideshow. The sideshow took place in one big tent, and it was about as crowded in there as the subway is at rush hour.

"Why don't one of you big, strong, handsome men put me on his shoulder?" I said coyly.

The big, strong, handsome men looked at me stony-eyed.

"Anyway," I said, spitefully, "we have only ten minutes to see this before the big show begins."

A kind man stepped up out of the crowd. "Why don't you come back *after* the main event?" he suggested. He turned out to be the manager, and gave us a card to admit us later. "Be sure and come right back, though," he warned. "We're moving on tonight."

There was still a little time left before the big show, so we wandered into the animal tent. "Smells good," I said, wrapping a handkerchief round my face.

"Oh, look at those beautiful lions," said Yvonne.

"Be brave," said John, as he pushed me toward one.

"Stop it!" I screamed.

The lion yawned. "Gosh," said Yvonne. "I'll bet you could put your head in his mouth."

"I'll bet," I said. "Isn't it a shame he's behind bars?"

(Continued on page 85)



The Bromfields, Rock and Yvonne admire an elephant who's dressed for the parade. Elephant was insulted when Yvonne gave him one peanut.



The girls are apprehensive, John and Rock seem fascinated by sword-swallower Alex Linton. Alex comes from a long line of swallows.



Snake-charmer Barbara White charms her audience, too. Rock asked Yvonne if she wanted to borrow a snake for a movie. Yvonne declined.

third in a series

what
the
stars
believe



I was afraid to be happy

■ Meeting me after a long separation, people I've known in the past sometimes say, "What's happened to you? You look radiant."

"I'm happy," I say.

Perhaps they wonder what has made me so happy—a new love interest, a great new picture, my joy in my children . . . They're on the beam if they think that the children have given me great happiness. But beyond them, the happiness and serenity I have found are due to a philosophy I discovered in the last few years, which has revolutionized my way of thinking about many things.

Up until a few years ago I was one of the most fear-ridden people in the world. I had been brought up with every fear known to man—fear of people, fear of mistakes, fear of failure, fear of heights, fear of the things people might say or think about me. I was as self-conscious as any ten people can be. I was scared and introverted.

So many children grow up as I did. Constantly they hear their parents' admonitions, "Ah, ah, ah, don't touch. You'll burn yourself." "Don't go near the pool. You'll drown." "Don't climb up there. You'll fall."

We grow up fear-ridden. Whenever someone suddenly shouts at a child, "Don't do that!" panic hits the pit of the child's stomach. *(Continued on page 100)*

. . . until I found courage in prayer, and faith in myself.

by Joan Crawford

by helen rose



JANE POWELL DRESSES FOR GLAMOR

I REMEMBER the first time I met Jane Powell. She was 14, and new to Hollywood. Mr. Kress, head of MGM's wardrobe department, brought her to me and said, "Helen, she's yours." That was six years ago, and I've been designing Janie's clothes ever since.

Styles change, and so did Janie. At first she wanted to wear peasant skirts and blouses all the time, because she loved them. Later she learned better. She learned that clothes should create the effects you want—of youthfulness, of sophistication, of glamor; she learned that the smart dresser is the girl who is fashion-wise without sacrificing her individuality.

Janie might have loved those peasant outfits but she kept them for brunches at home, for picnics, for afternoons at the movies. As she grew older she began to dress with an eye toward glamor. That doesn't mean she decked herself out in rhinestones and ruffles. Not Janie. She always had good sense about clothes and knew that the cut and fabric could suggest so much more than flashy doodads.

I think one of the reasons Janie learned so fast about clothes was her limited budget. Of course, her MGM contract paid her a good salary, but her parents wisely saw to it that she didn't have more clothes than any girl of average means could afford. Janie had to find clothes that served more than one purpose and were of such good material that they'd last.

I well remember the day Janie found two (Continued on next page)

JANE POWELL'S WARDROBE



A

A. For parties Jane chooses electric blue taffeta combined with net.



B

B. The skirt of her smart wool bolero-suit is blue—her best color.

Designed for Jane . . . design

"darling" date dresses and took them both home. Her mother said she needed only one and to take her choice. Janie was really miffed at the time, but it taught her a valuable lesson which she hasn't forgotten even today. There's nothing getting limp in her closet from not being worn.

Only the other afternoon she was telling me about the clothes she'd bought for her last personal appearance tour. Janie had designed a full skirt which her dressmaker made up for her in blue taffeta. A match



C. Her green wool coat sports a diagonal beaver collar—for height.

D. She dresses up at home in a red-white-and-blue polka-dot housecoat.

E. Separates can be switched easily—like this white blouse, gold skirt.

er fall . . . clothes with a delicate charm, colors that blend with the honeyed shades of her hair.

ing blouse with a boat neckline and tiny cap sleeves turned the outfit into a dress. The blouse was waistline length and had a wide velvet sash attached to it which easily covered the waistband of the skirt.

For a second outfit with the same skirt, she had a pink cotton lace blouse cut with a sweetheart neckline and tiny sleeves. This blouse fitted across the hips. To make the pink blouse really "belong" she wore two pink roses tucked into the folds of her skirt. Sounds simple, doesn't it? Well, it is. And

it's an intelligent way to stretch a wardrobe.

With great glee, Janie told me of another find. "Now I have *four* outfits," she said, "for the price of one!" She did, too. These turned out to be a green velveteen suit with a cotton lace blouse, and an extra red jacket—all bought on sale. (Janie can't resist a sale.) The suit as it is makes one outfit. With the cotton lace blouse and skirt she can wear it out in the evening. A weskit from another suit with the skirt and a tailored blouse makes still another en-

semble. And the red jacket with the green skirt makes a tailored fourth.

I always know what to expect from Janie when she comes in for a wardrobe fitting. The door bursts open and before I look up she says, "Hi, kiddo. Got the coffee on?"

She's been calling me "kiddo" for six years and I can't break her of the habit, but that's my only complaint. She usually carries a paper bag under her arm. This last time it was full of banana puffs. (She'd made them the (Continued on page 78)

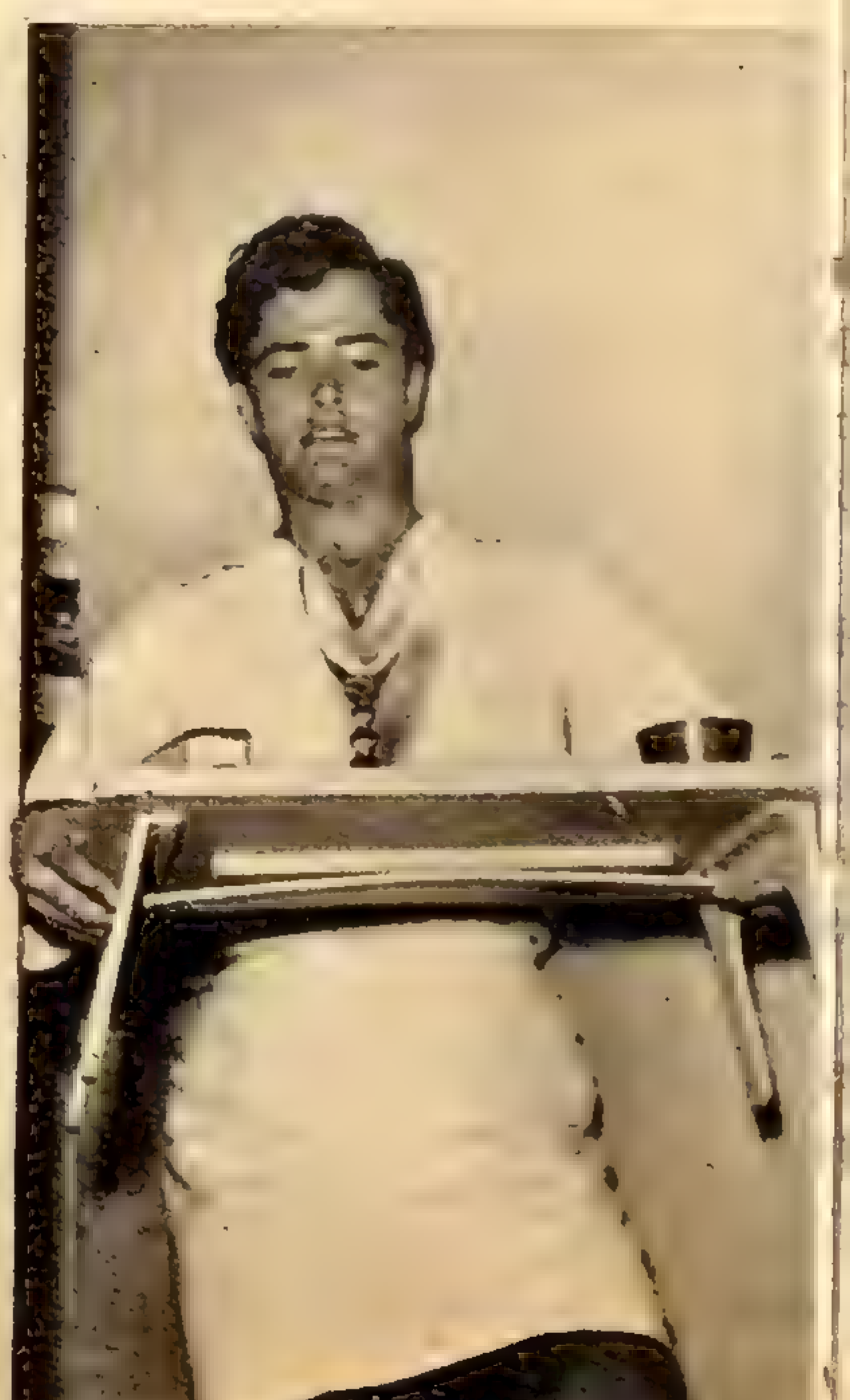
Each day he'd come
to visit his baby boy.
And later—his voice
full of hope, and
a little fear—
John Derek would
say to Patti,
“Our son’s fine . . .”

BY SUSAN TRENT

O ur son



He'd hardly been near a kitchen before, but John took over the cooking chores when Patti was confined to bed awaiting her baby.





While little Russell was on the way, the Dereks stocked up on toys. John played with 'em for hours!

The nurse at the desk looked up as John Derek passed. He smiled briefly, his eyes troubled, and hurried down the corridor of the Children's Hospital.

Each day he'd come, hopeful, afraid. He'd enter the room at the end of the corridor and slip quietly into a chair beside the bassinette. It was as if he believed that, in some way, he could give his son part of his own strength.

He'd watch the small fist curl, he'd wait eagerly for signs of a change, an improvement. For over a month, in incubator and

in hospital room, the baby had been fighting for his life.

From the time he was born, Russell Andre was on the critical list. The doctor had doubted that young Mrs. Derek would ever have a child. The fact that she did seemed miraculous enough—even though Patti was confined to bed four months before his birth.

It wasn't all sadness, though. You couldn't find two prouder people in the world than John and Patti.

"I hope it's a boy," he said. "Then I'll

buy myself a big set of electric trains."

"Do you think she'll be beautiful," Patti asked, "or will she look like you?"

"Do you think he'll be brainy," John laughed, "or will he act like you?"

He took her on a shopping tour. "Maternity dresses," he announced to the floor walker, "—for my wife."

"I think black," said Patti.

"I think green and plaid and polka dots," said John, "to go with your hair."

Her hair flashed red in the sun, and they'd take walks (Continued on page 73)



Why

If a girl's pretty,
that's not bad.
If she's sweet,
that's okay, too.
But where can you find
a girl who has everything?
Gentlemen, look to your left.

BY CONSUELO ANDERSON



Eight-year-old Terry loves his mom because she's a pal—always ready for a bike ride or a ballgame.



Agent Marty Melcher, whom she'll marry in February, says Doris is wholesome.

men love Doris Day

■ One look, and that'll tell you. Two looks, if you're a wolf. Anyway, it's easy to see why men love Doris Day. If you're a brother, you want her for a sister. If you're a husband, you want her for a wife. If you're crazy, you don't want her.

Bob Hope, on whose show she's been singing these past few years, thinks she's too normal to be true. "There are some girls," Hope says, "who attract only men. They're usually the slinky siren type. There are others who attract only women. Doris attracts both. The girls like her because she's natural, pretty and friendly. The men love her because she's beautifully built, she sings like an angel, and she gives the impression that she'll remain faithful to you forever."

Mike Curtiz, Warner director who gave Doris her first break in pictures, and who is notorious for his use of the English language, says, "Doris is sexy but in an un-saxy way. Her sax sneaks up on you."

It sneaked up on Marty Melcher and got a strangle-hold. He's going to marry her come February. The plot of their romance could make a movie. . . .

A few years ago, Doris Day married George Weidler, a saxophone player, brother of Virginia Weidler. George was 21, Doris was 23. It was her second marriage. Her first had been to Al Jordan, a musician in Jimmy Dorsey's band. When she was only 18, Doris had given birth to a boy, and now her mother was looking after him in Cincinnati.

Doris loved George, but their marriage didn't get off to a good start. They had no place to live. The housing shortage seemed to be centered in Hollywood, so the

newlyweds bought a trailer and parked it in a celery field.

Doris didn't mind as long as George didn't. This was life, she thought, and there wasn't much dust in the trailer, and anyway things would get better.

George got a job at CBS, and Doris sang on the Sweeney and March program, and things could be worse. Only not much worse. They began to fight.

Well, one night, Doris was singing in the Little Club in New York (she'd been booked there for a month.) Picture this particular night. . . .

She's crooning a flock of love ballads in that soft, breathless style of hers, and the "spots" light up her golden hair. The audience sits enraptured while Doris sings "This Love of Mine." And her own thoughts are back in that celery field in California, back in that trailer, back with her husband George. . . .

The manager comes up and hands her a letter. Doris opens it eagerly. It's from George. She reads the first few lines. She puts the letter down, unbelievably. But the words jump up at her—"I think it best that we get a divorce." She can't believe it—this boy she loves, he doesn't love her anymore.

Back she went to California. George and Doris talked it out.

"We're still good friends," George said to her.

"I don't want to be your friend," she said. "I want to be your wife."

"Our marriage can't last," he said. (Continued on page 81)

He may not
have been a beautiful
baby, but do
the ladies care?
They've got
this boy tabbed as
their hero, their heavy-
weight dream . . .

By Lou Pollock

Get a load of DOUGLAS!



Jan Sterling became Mrs. Paul Douglas on May 12, in Los Angeles. (He proposed to her on Humphrey Bogart's yacht.) It's Jan's second marriage, the fifth one for Paul.

■ Paul Douglas is Hollywood's latest dreamboat. Nobody knows why. His profile is about as classic as a St. Bernard's. He's 43, he weighs 200 pounds, he talks loudly, and not always grammatically.

Nevertheless, women love him. Five women loved him extravagantly enough to marry him. There was Elizabeth Farnum, there was Susie Wells who is now the wife of a playwright, there was Gerri Higgins, there was Virginia Field who is the mother of his five-year-old daughter, Maggie. And now there's Jan Sterling, his bride.


There are countless other admirers who never get near enough to introduce themselves, let alone propose. But they write to him all the time, and usually they say something like—"You're not handsome, but you're such a big, satisfying man."

"Heaven forbid that I should consider myself a lady-killer," he growls. "But it must be that I'm close to what women think they can get." Women, he might be inclined to add, have good judgment. He isn't bragging. He just feels that if a man doesn't think he's appealing he might as well lie down and die.

It would be very foolish of Douglas to lie down right now. In less than three years, he's made seven movies; all of them were hits. And you can bet that talent scouts all over the country have added a new item to their shopping lists. It probably reads—heavyweight extrovert, can bulk in the wrong places, may be more earthborn than parlor-bred.

This doesn't mean that Douglas is uncomfortable in the presence of polite society. He's been a successful public figure for the past fifteen years, and most of that time his figure was in the midst of the champagne set. But no matter how many checks he picked up in the Stork Club, he never picked up a phony accent.

(Continued on page 89)



**June gets a big
welcome from
the Arkansas
governor's son**

Back Home in Little Rock

See pages of exclusive photos following June and Dick Powell on a sentimental visit to his home town —>

Back Home in Little Rock

by carl schroeder and jane wilkie

There are old friends, new friends, roses, cheers, and the Powells will never forget those good people, that wonderful town . . .

■ It all started with *The Reformer and the Redhead*, in which they co-star.

"We're going to première in Little Rock," said Dick.

"Little Rock?" said June.

"That's Arkansas, that's my hometown," said Dick. "That happens to be the best little town in the U. S. A. More questions?"

"One more," said June. "How'll we get there?"

"We'll fly," said Dick, and June's heart sank. Flying only petrifies her. "You know what'll happen," she said. "I'll die—like the last time."

Dick laughed. Last time they flew to Salt Lake City. When the order was given to fasten safety belts because they were coming in for a landing, June shuddered and complied. Forty minutes later, they were still up in the air, and June, her eyes tightly shut, called for the stewardess. "What's the trouble?" she asked in a small voice.

"Nothing to worry about," said the stewardess cheerily. "We're just looking for a hole to go down."

Cautiously, June opened one eye and peeked out the window. What she saw was the kind of thing that makes pilots grow old. Rain and sleet poured past the window pane, and beyond that, nothing.

"Why," said June, "isn't it beautiful. Look. Richard! You can't even see the wing-tip! Look at all that swirling snow! Isn't it wonderful?"

Dick clapped a hand to his forehead, and just then the pilot found a hole and dived through it toward the ground. June saw the earth for the first time in hours, and immediately started trembling with fright.

Well, they took a plane at 2:30 in the morning, and June didn't quite die. At 7:30 the same morning they arrived in Dallas, Texas.

"Why don't you come over to my apartment," invited Cissie Hallmark, the stewardess. "I'll make us breakfast."

"Love to," said Dick.

"I don't know," said June. "I'm not hungry."

"You know, she's never hungry," said Dick to Cissie. "At least, not when she should be. She'll eat five meals one day, and the next two days she won't eat anything."

"Now, Dick—" said June.

"When she's about to faint I'll tell her, 'Go ahead, eat something. Eat an egg.' 'No,' she says. 'So I go into the kitchen and fry her



June grins as Dick plants a kiss on the cheek of a Rose Festival beauty upon their arrival in Little Rock.



After the rehearsal, the boys ask Dick to sing their favorite—"Over The Seas Let's Go, Men." He obliges.



June and Dick entertain guests at a Festival luncheon singing "Have I Told You Lately That I Love You?"



June and Dick congratulate each other on the reception they've received from an appreciative audience.



Most of Little Rock came out to greet them. Rose Festival girls gave June a bouquet.



Wearily, the Powells relax in the home of Mrs. Kate Mehaffy, their hostess, wife of a prominent attorney.



Dick supervises a rehearsal at the Little Rock Boys' Club. He's a lifetime member.



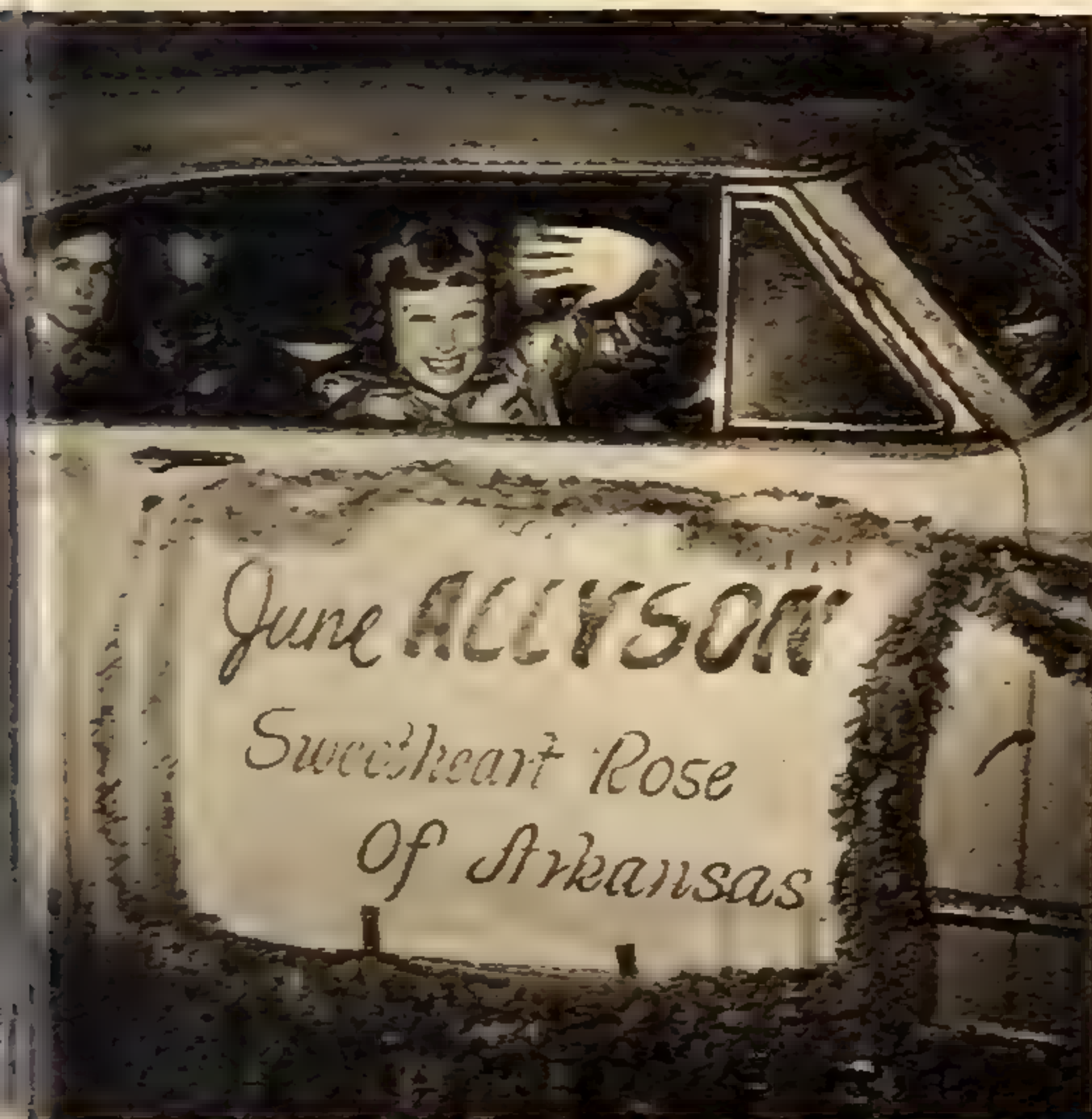
Looking a bit nostalgic, Dick shows June the house on Schiller Avenue where he was born.



Dick judges a flower show Friday afternoon. After he awarded the prizes, he autographed dozens of programs.



This is typical of the greeting he got from old friends who knew him when . . .



After the luncheon comes a big parade—and the big rain. June waves to the wet crowd.



The audience gives the Powells an ovation as they come on stage at *The Reformer* and *The Redhead* premiere.



Governor McNath presents June with a certificate making her an Arkansas citizen.



June holds Bruce, youngest of the governor's children. That's the governor, his wife and son.



Dick and June are guests of honor at a stately luncheon given by the governor and Mrs. McNath at their home.



The finale: A gay ball at Robinson Auditorium—the Powells lead the grand march.



Next stop: Tennessee Children's Home. June and Dick drive over from Little Rock for a visit with the kids. They make plans to adopt one of their own.

an egg, and she eats it, and then she says, 'Gee, I feel marvelous.'"

"Okay," said June, "Let's go get breakfast."

They went over to Cissie's place, and consumed a platter full of scrambled eggs.

"June, dear," Dick said suddenly. "You look green."

"Isn't that funny," said June. "I feel as though I look green. I feel awful."

"Well," said Cissie, getting up. "We mustn't let that plane leave without us."

"No," said June bravely. "That would be terrible, wouldn't it? Wouldn't it be terrible if the plane suddenly took off, and there we were stranded—without a plane."

They drove back to the plane, and got on it. All the way to Little Rock June looked green. "Planes don't agree with me," she said brightly to Dick. "I keep telling you."

Dick could only shake his head and pat hers until they got to Little Rock. At Little Rock she felt a little better. A band was there to greet them. Governor Sid McNath was there to shake their hands, and Rose Festival Queen Margaret Ann Stubbs and her court were there, too.

The Rose Queen gave June a big bouquet, and Dick graciously kissed the Rose Queen, several times.

"A fine thing," laughed June. "On our second honeymoon. Or is it our fifth?"

"Our fifth, dear," said Dick, kissing the Rose Queen's ladies-in-waiting.

To be exact, their fifth is on the nineteenth of August. Their first was a surprise to a lot of people who said it wouldn't last. He was so much older than she (he was 40); he liked to sail; she liked not to; he was serious; she was gay.

To them, though, the age difference was a big joke, and Dick did most of the kidding. During the first year of their marriage, June was on the verge of becoming a hypochondriac.

"Ye Gods!" Dick said, one evening. "To look at the pills in your dressing room you'd think you were headed for an immediate decease."

June sniffed. "You should talk. You take twice as many pills as I do."

"But I'm twice as old as you," said Dick, and it broke her up.

In five years, he became gayer, she got more serious; he still likes to sail; she still likes not to, but they get along fine.

But to get back to Little Rock, to the airport, to the Governor—the Governor invited (Continued on page 91)



Dick and June are frequent visitors at the Tennessee Children's Home where they adopted their daughter, Pamela. Mrs. Alma Walton, who arranged the adoption, lets them visit with each of her tiny wards.



Babies at the home are from one day to three years old and parents are carefully screened before they can adopt one. Later, June discovered she was pregnant, but she still has future adoption plans.



His wife,
his bankbook,
his smiling face—
Dan Dailey owes it
all to horses—
but not the kind that
run at Santa Anita.

BY HOYT AND ALICE BARNETT



Both Dan and Liz are expert riders. They made their first date at a riding show, he courted her on horseback, and now they're planning to buy a ranch. On rainy days they spend hours with their collection of model jumping fences.

hoofer





Dan and Van Johnson rehearse their routine backstage at the recent Friars' Frolic where they exhibited their dancing talents.



He always did say Liz had a tin ear, but that doesn't stop Dan from playing his trombone with gusto. Liz is just pretending to be in pain, anyhow. She recently bought him a home recorder.



Dan makes like Krupa in his music room, which he insulated himself. When he's not riding, he's here.

on horseback

■ Greet Dan Dailey with, "Hi, Dan, how's the world treating you?" And he'll come back with, "What do you mean, treatin'? I'm payin'."

You don't have to wait for a bell to ring when he cracks wise. And when he dances you don't have to call out the steps. He's hep. He's hep to a lot of things. He knows the difference between a debenture and class A voting stock; he can reel off yesterday's market quotations; he has his family's future wrapped up in a warm annuity.

Most of all, he's hep to himself. He's the first to admit he isn't perfect. If some of the mistakes he made had come earlier in life they might have frightened him out of a couple of years' growth. But now he's ahead of the game, and he'll tell you he owes it all to horses (not the kind that run at Santa Anita).

"Horses," he says, "are to ride. Never heard of a horse betting on a man, did you? Horse sense—that's what they've got."

Dailey, who isn't even part horse, has some of it, too. And horses have been involved in every important aspect of his adult life. When he lived in New York, he used to ride early in the morning, and so he couldn't stay up late in the all-night joints. Later, in Hollywood, he rode to get away from talking shop.

He made his first date with Liz at a horse show, (she rides like a champ). He courted her on horseback when they rode together through the San Fernando Valley. When he was in the Army, had received his commission as a battalion

commander, and was stationed in Kansas, he and his wife would get up early on Sunday and ride some more.

"There was something wonderful," he says, "about being able to ride in the quiet evening with my wife—right in the middle of a war. We didn't feel like talking, or even thinking about what was ahead, for we knew I'd be transferred soon. It was just us—the horses—the evening."

Later, when Dan III was born, big Dan introduced him to horses as soon as he could holler, "Whoa!"

If you think Dailey is crazy about the animals, you're right. But he's even crazier about what they can do for him. "Thinking comes easier," he says, "when you get away from the strain and confusion of your work. And when you don't feel like thinking all you have to do is go out and put a horse over a fence or two. When a horse is moving toward an obstacle, you don't brood about how you should have played a scene yesterday, or worry about what some friend said the other evening when he was swacked. The fence ahead is an important piece of business, and it concerns you and your horse. Nobody else."

When Dan gets back from such a ride, he may be tired, but the cobwebs have been blown out of his head. He tries to keep them out.

"When I first came to Hollywood," he says, "I felt really lucky to be making three-four hundred a week. It was good money, and it still is a long way from bad."

"I knew there was bigger money around, but I didn't figure to get it. Ten years ago, big money (*Continued on page 87*)

hard-shelled shelley and



Left: Shelley, here on the set of *Winchester 73* waited a long time for stardom. *Below:* She said no when Farley Granger proposed, but they're still pals



Holding a well-worn copy of Shakespeare, ambitious Shelley studies with her speech teacher, Margaret Hendergast McLean. She attends daily drama classes.

the perfect catch

Turns down

Farley Granger, lets her temper flare—that's Shelley, the prima donna, or is it Shelley, the perplexed?

BY LESLIE SNYDER

Shelley complains because she can't afford a pool—or a mink coat, even though she's making more money than she ever did in her life. (Her life started thirty years ago.)



Romantic rumors flared recently about Shelley and baseball's Gene Bearden above. But Shelley has another man on her mind. He's Bill O'Brien, young Paramount screenwriter.

THE night Farley Granger asked Shelley Winters to marry him she laughed softly, and with an unusual tenderness in her voice said, "No."

Shelley couldn't really explain to this handsome, romantic young man who is considered just about the only really perfect catch left among Hollywood bachelors that she was practically in love with someone else. Instead, she said, "Let's not spoil a beautiful friendship," and let it go at that.

It's true that speculation about them has gone on for a long time, and that Shelley and Farley have been together at least once a week for months, but none of her intimates would care to stand on their heads waiting for the two to marry.

And why don't these intimates think that Shelley will ever become Mrs. Farley Granger?

A certain amazing young Irishman, tall, black-haired, husky, intelligent, is the why. Liam O'Brien is his name. Bill to his friends. Liam, the boy who studied to be a priest. Bill, the man who turned to writing, discovered Hollywood while Shelley Winters discovered him. Bill, who wrote *Chain Lightning*, the Humphrey Bogart thriller and *Beyond The Sunset*, the new Glenn Ford picture, is a charming introvert who plays tennis, reads and works from 7:30 to midnight, gets up early and hits the creative ball at Paramount.

When Shelley thinks about Bill her eyes go dreamy. Of a Sunday morning she sometimes pounds on his front door, wakes him up and scrambles eggs for breakfast before their tennis match. Later in the afternoon they may be found sitting for hours in his living room reading everything from Lil Abner to Franz Kafka. Yes, this is the recipe for quiet romance, but friends are terribly afraid it will never come off.

Shelley will have to find herself first, an admission that she has made, although painfully, when she asked aloud the question, "Why am I so unhappy?"

The girl friend with whom she was sun bathing beside a swimming pool high above the Sunset strip sat bolt upright. "Unhappy! What have you got to be unhappy about?"

Shelley reached for a towel, wiped tears from her eyes and said, "I don't suppose you will understand. That's the trouble. No one seems to understand; or tries to. They just sit around and call me temperamental."

Shelley looked out over Hollywood, and said quietly, "I wish I could explain. I've worked almost all my life to be a big star. I've gone without meals to pay for dramatic lessons. Now here I am, making more money than I ever dreamed of, and what have I got? Do I own this swimming pool? No. Sure, it's nice to know people who have a swimming (Continued on page 95)



Hollywood

HERE'S AN AIRY VIEW OF SIX STARS

■ The men in the helicopter up above are Bob Beerman and Bert Parry, Modern Screen's living photographers, and the pilot. "Is this trip necessary?" Beerman screamed as he was lifted into the machine.

"I quit," said Parry. "You think I have to do this for a living? I retire. Finis."

The smiles still on their happy faces, our boys soared into the wind over Hollywood. "Take pictures," we'd told them, "of the homes where the stars won't let you in."

So they took pictures. Two hundred feet above Clark Gable's home, one elbow resting on a cloud, Bob took a picture of Gable's house. Set far back from the road, and hidden by all sorts of shrubbery, passersby can't see it. But Bob did—and all the rest of the twenty acres, including citrus grove, pool and playhouse.

Then, zooming to 800 feet, the helicopter fluttered in the air above Holmby Hills. "Hold it!" Bert shouted, and here you have the Toppings' \$100,000 estate with its pool and bathhouse (inside there's a double fireplace and sliding doors—this we got from our ground crew).

Only from the air can you see what a dream place Alan Ladd's house is. The land slopes wide and easy; the swimming pool's king-size. Ladd lives at the edge of Bel Air, and Robert Stack lives next to him. We got Stack's house for you, too.

At a fast 30 mile an hour clip, the helicopter headed for Franklin Canyon where Joan Evans lives with her parents. "Aw," said Beerman, "let's go home. None of those dolls are out sunbathing."

On the way back, Bob took the first exclusive shot of Harry James' new mansion which looks like a castle. There it sits on the opposite page. Take a good look. Our boys have just soaked their feet in cement.



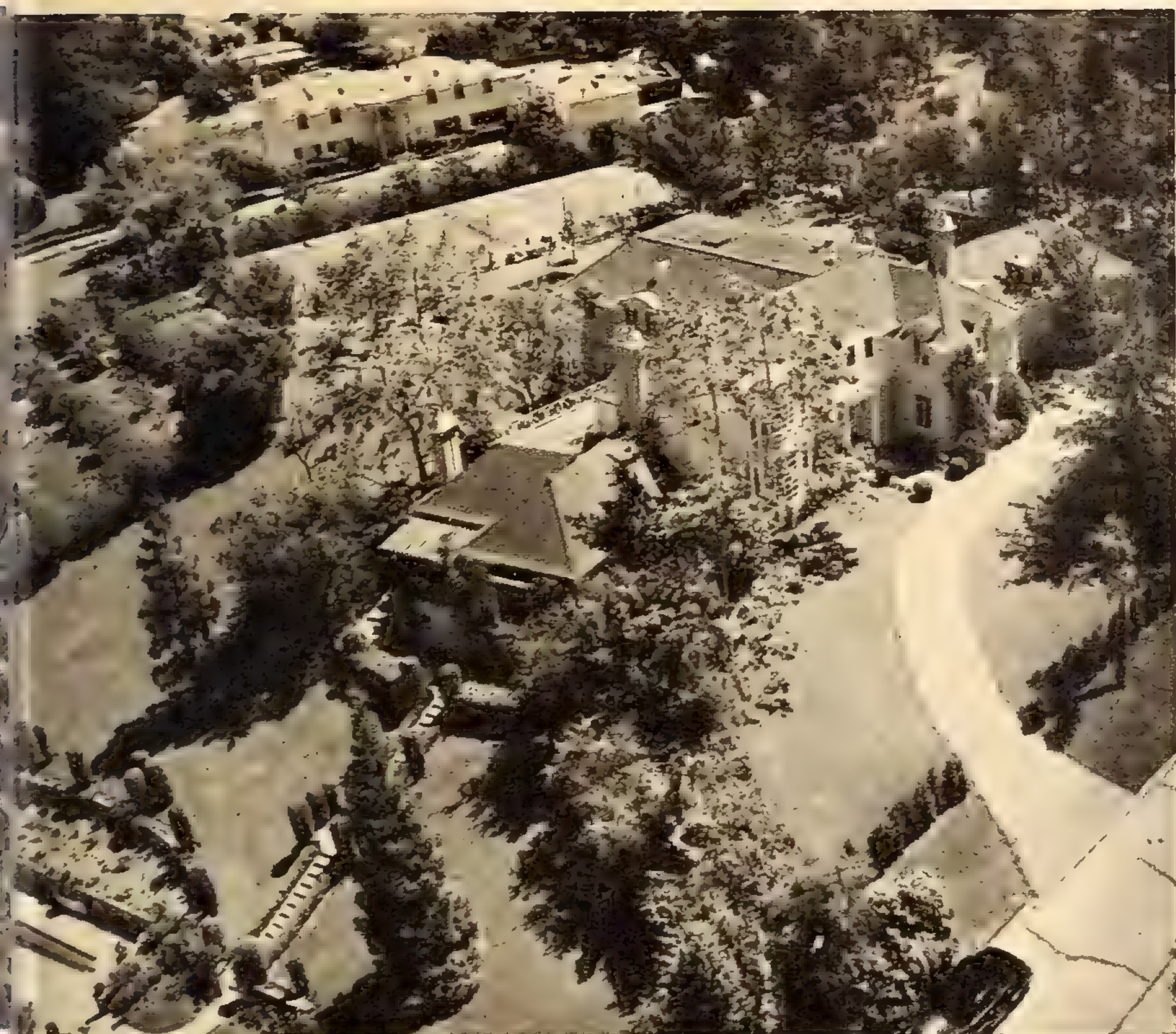
Alan Ladd's new Bel Air home is easily recognized from the air. The modern H-shaped house, with its huge swimming pool, lies on sloping land. This is obviously wash day for the Ladds—note line of laundry at the right.



Surrounded by dense foliage and a five-acre grove of citrus trees, Clark Gable's San Fernando Valley home is set way back from the main road. Mrs. Gable is re-landscaping the grounds. The swimming pool left is a new addition.

by helicopter

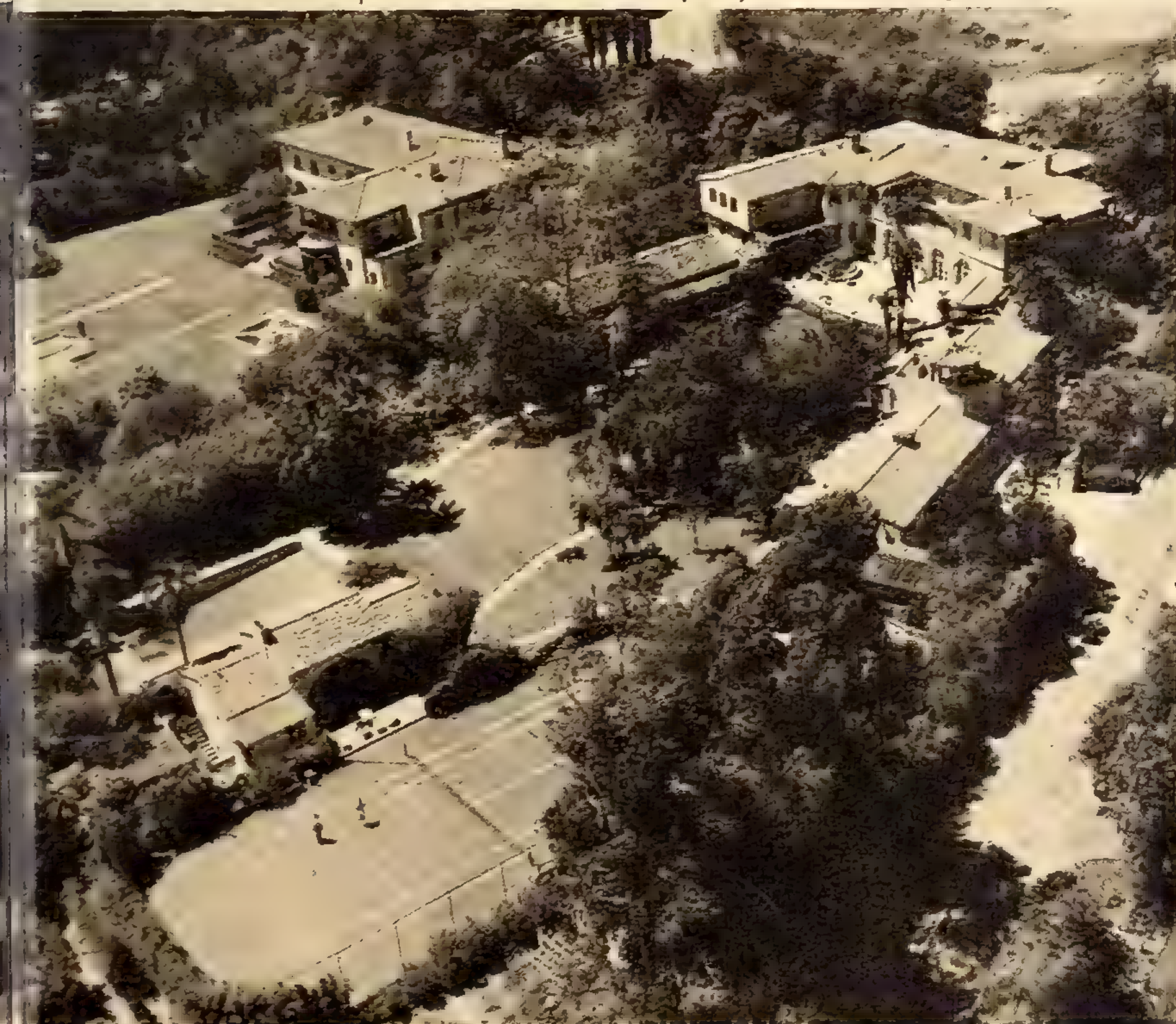
HOMES—THE HOMES CAMERAMEN HARDLY EVER GET INVITED TO—BUT OUR BOYS ALMOST DROPPED RIGHT IN!



Lana Turner's mansion is one of the showplaces of Holmby Hills and there's nothing small about it—even from way up high. There's a bath house under construction near the pool and Lana is rapidly informalizing the gardens.



Almost hidden by the heavy woods around Franklin Canyon, Joan Evans' house is built right into the hillside. "The view is terrific," Joan says. Parents Katherine Albert and Dale Eunson live with her.



Bob Stack paused in the middle of a tennis game when MODERN SCREEN's photographers appeared overhead. Walks shaded by lovely old trees lead to the swimming pool—the house *upper right* has a flagstone terrace.



Betty Grable and Harry James' new home looks like an old manor house. Supposedly brought over brick-by-brick from Scotland, it came furnished with a ghost. The Jameses haven't met him yet.

he's not the man I married

by sue carol ladd

After his marriage, Alan lost his shyness, found new interests—like building furniture (here with George Montgomery and Sue)



He's gone and left me—

the Alan Ladd I used to

know. But the new

Ladd's even better—

he's the one I dreamed about . . .

■ An old friend from Minneapolis, whom we haven't seen in years, visited Alan on the set the other day. Afterwards he came over to me looking a bit perplexed.

"That's not the Alan Ladd I know, is it?" he asked.

"Of course it is," I laughed. "What do you mean?"

"The Alan Ladd I remember was a shy fellow who never said a word if he could skip it," he replied. "But this man is perfectly composed, talks easily and talks well. I went to him thinking I would have to force the conversation as before. It wasn't necessary at all. No, he's not the Alan Ladd I know."

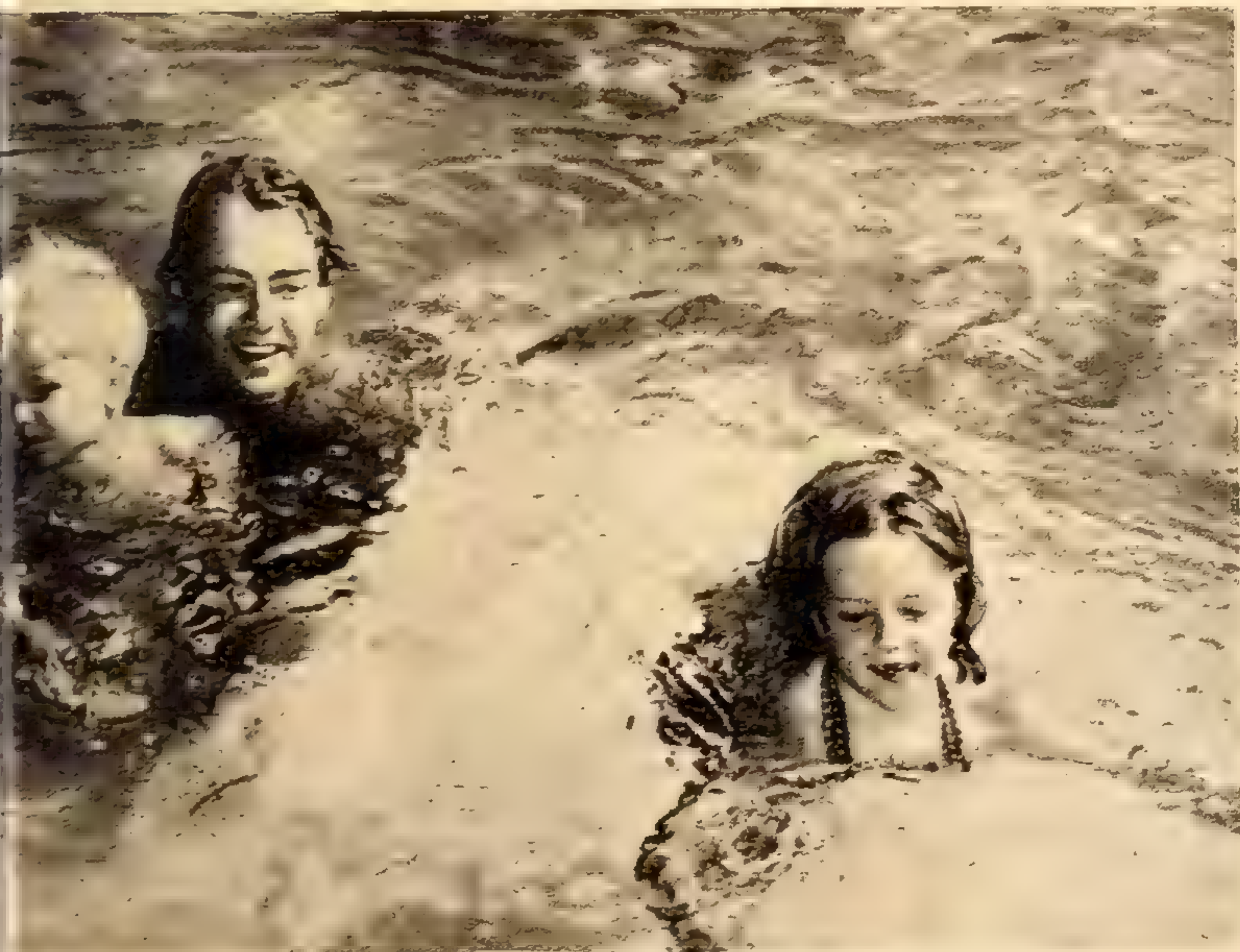
I got to thinking about this after our friend (*Continued on page 97*)



Alan was west coast diving champ while still in his teens, but until recently he was an easy prey to sickness.



When his San Fernando ranch was built, Alan personally supervised its construction, even helped with the bricklaying. Here, he and a friend study the blueprints.



Silent and withdrawn at one time, Alan is now an affectionate father, always ready to romp with Alana and David.

the men i love

(Continued from page 27) my one-year-old. Well, I am. In fact I have to restrain myself from boring my friends to tears with tales of the amazing B. S. Gage. That's why I'm glad MODERN SCREEN gave me this opportunity to talk about Benjie's first year. If it gets too boastful for you, too, please turn the page. I'll understand.

FIRST I want you to know that I realize I'm no child psychologist. Every mother has her own ideas about bringing up children and I'm no exception. I'll admit I have some strong notions. Because I waited so long to be a mother and was once disappointed, I had a lot of time to think about how I wanted my child to grow up. I wanted so much to help our baby build a strong body so that he could meet any physical challenge in his childhood and his later years.

I remember the first time I dipped him into the bathinette. I expected him to hate the water—and he did. All babies do at first. The best way I could think of to make him enjoy it was to make it seem like a swim instead of a bath.

I put my arm under his stomach and cupped my other hand under his chin to keep his face out of the water. That left him free to kick and splash. And did he! By the end of the bath, I looked as though I had just stepped out of the MGM pool.

I could brag and say that Benjie inherited his love of water from his amphibious mother. But I really think it was because he found out the bath was fun. It was so much fun that in a few days he was kicking the bejeepers out of his bathinette. In three weeks I had to switch him to the big tub.

Holding him up in the tub was back-breaking for his ma, so I tried something different. I filled the tub up just a few inches and let him float on his back unaided. Benjie was even more delighted with this method and churned up a healthy spray.

Soon he was skittering all over the tub like a little fish. At four weeks he was splashing around in his wading pool. It was the delight of my life, but I didn't dare brag about it. I could see myself trying to convince people that my son was swimming at a few weeks of age.

I could just see them nod unbelievably and say, "Yes, Esther, we know."

The swim worked so well I thought I would try other body-building exercises. He did pull-ups to develop his arms and shoulders. He would tighten his little hands on my forefingers and pull himself up to a sitting position. Before he was more than a few months old, he was bouncing in his teeter chair, another exercise we found excellent for building up his legs. We looked for toys that are designed for physical development, rather than rattling toys that a baby shakes a few times and then drops. Above his bed we fastened a little punching bag which he soon began pounding with an agility that would make Kirk Douglas proud.

I DON'T want to convey the impression that Benjie's first year has all been rosy. Ben and I have had our trials as well as our triumphs. Our first big problem was finding a nurse.

It wasn't easy. We went through six nurses in as many weeks. As I've said, I had definite ideas about bringing up my child. I found some nurses didn't agree with my ideas. One day I found a nurse gazing over my shoulder as I was dressing the baby.

"I'll take care of him for awhile," I said. "Why don't you rest or read?"

She was insulted. "I am in charge of the nursery," she snapped.

She was soon packing her bags. I tried another and another and another. Finally, I was so desperate that I told the studio I couldn't go to work until I found a nurse I was satisfied with.

Luckily she came along. This one understood exactly what I wanted—a nurse who would be anonymous, who would be a good friend to my baby, but not another mother. She knew not to compete with me for Benjie's affections, as the others had done. And she knew that when I was home, she could get lost—I would take over.

Soon the system was working out well. I assumed charge the moment I got home from the studio in the evening. The first thing was the bath.

I liked the idea of an evening bath. It had been a pet theory of mine for a long time that the hour before bedtime was a trying period for both baby and parents. By that time the baby is played out and slept out. He's irritable. So why not have a warm, pleasant bath to sooth and exercise him? Then a big dinner and he'll be happy to see his bed.

that blonde
beauty
lana turner
on the
september
cover of
modern screen
on sale
august 8

This evening recreation works out well for everyone but Ben. It's 8:30 before I'm able to pay any attention to him. He practically has to make an appointment to see me before Benjie goes to bed.

But, of course, he understands that the evening period is the only time I get with Benjie when I'm working. Being a working mother has its disadvantages, but there's a good side. Before Benjie arrived, my mother and I worked out a plan so that I could have my baby's love and affection even though I had to work all day. If I could represent fun and recreation to him, besides being in complete charge of all his care whenever I am home, then nothing would be lost by being a working mother. Benjie starts making joyful sounds the moment I turn on his bath water. He has a happy swim and then comes dinner. And knowing what an active boy he is, you can realize how he loves to eat.

YES, now Benjie and I have become good friends. But it wasn't always so.

In our first weeks together, it looked as though he would be boss. He ordered me around like a traffic cop at rush hour. He

is a determined little guy and when he didn't get what he wanted, he yelled for it. I was frantic.

His biggest beef came after his bath. His man-sized appetite wouldn't wait until I dressed him before dinner. He yowled until he was dressed and eating.

That had to stop. So when he came out of the bath, I didn't wait to dress him. I wrapped him in a towel or a robe and stuck his dinner bottle in his mouth. That calmed him down in a hurry—and soothed my jangled nerves. It does make sense after all. It is rather wonderful to eat something loose and comfortable. Maybe he had the best idea in the first place; I was happy to concede.

After that problem was solved, the balance of power shifted to his mother. I decided not to let him take advantage of me. Believe me, it's a struggle. Benjie knows what he wants when he wants it. I'm sure he gets that from his pop.

Ben's mother told me that Ben was a positive boy when he was young. He was the kind of child who would hold his breath until he got his way. Benjie is his father's son. But, like his father, he also has a sense of humor and that saves the day on many occasions.

Benjie can be kidded out of a snit. When he starts getting riled about something, it has been agreed that no one is to use a sympathetic tone with him. Nobody says, "Poor lil fella" or anything like that. We all say, "Come on, turn it off, Benj; that's enough noise out of you."

And it works. Pretty soon a little kidding makes Benjie realize he's being silly and he starts laughing with us.

This past year has brought more joy and happiness than any Ben and I have ever known. It has shown us that two can be company, but three make a lot more fun. We have a thousand memories that will stay with us always.

FOR instance, there was Benjie's first plane ride. Ben had been invited to play in Bing Crosby's golf tournament at Del Monte. Ben is a bug for golf and was very anxious to go. I wanted to go along, too, but what about the baby? We decided to take him along. So we packed diapers, blankets, baby clothes, etc., and flew up to the tournament. Benjie, who was only four months, had a wonderful time. When the plane got a little rough, he was delighted. He was sure the pilot was making the plane bounce just for him and laughed gaily while his mommie got quite airsick.

And there was the boat trip to Hawaii. Benjie loved it, and he took to the islands like a native. The natives took to him, too. Whenever I was out without him, people would come up and ask, "Where is Benjie today?" or "Did Benjie have a dip this morning?"

I was happy to see that he likes change. He likes new people, too, but he's no pushover; he sizes a newcomer up before he turns on that incandescent smile.

He has stamina and endurance, but he's not jittery. He has a temper and what a temper! But he can be humored out of it. He's sturdy but he's affectionate, too. He has a laugh that ripples through the air and eyes that dance with delight.

I know this has been a terrible exhibition by a boasting mother and I hope you will forgive me for carrying on so. I'm sure that Benjie isn't any more unusual than any other baby anywhere. But come on and admit, you proud mothers of your first-born—wasn't this the way you talked when given the slightest opening? Ben and I hope with all our hearts we will have a few playmates for Benjie so that we can get a normal parental perspective. Please be patient with us until we do.

THE END

(Continued from page 31) bad we can't get you up a saddle for this shot," he'd say to Duke, or, "Sorry if the clean clothes bother you."

Duke would smile good-naturedly and keep his mind on the script. The script was so terrible, though, he felt he had to complain. There was one scene in which his girl friend got mad at him in a night club and stalked out on the arm of a gangster. Duke was supposed to run after her, get shoved out of the way by the gangster, and then inquire politely of his girl friend, "Where are you going with me?"

"This is silly," Duke said to the director. "Indeed," said the director. "And just what would you do?"

"Why, I'd belt the guy when he shoved me and tell the girl to come back and stop making a fool of herself," said Duke.

"Well, you're not playing yourself in this now," sneered the director. "You're playing a gentleman."

Duke looked at the man coldly for a minute, then he grinned, "Okay, Jack," he said. "You're the doctor."

This happened a long time ago, as things are measured in Hollywood. Today, directors pay attention when John Wayne makes suggestions. And none of them could be foolish enough to imply that he isn't a gentleman. Except John Ford. Ford calls Duke a shirt-tail bum 12 times a day. But that's different. First place, Ford didn't learn how to speak in Sunday school. Second place, he doesn't mean it. In fact, Ford's the fellow who gave Duke his first acting job. The year was 1927, Duke was prop man on the set of *Men Without Women*, and Ford was directing. One morning, a bit player failed to show up, Ford looked Duke's way and shouted, "Drop that tack hammer, you big lug, and get in there."

Duke got in there and he gave a tremendously bad performance. But since that day, Ford's watched over his acting career like a mother hen. They've made a lot of hits together—*Stagecoach*, *The Long Voyage Home*, *Fort Apache*, *She Wore A Yellow Ribbon*—Duke would drop any other part to work in a Ford production. As far as he's concerned Ford can call him any name in the book.

It took a long time for the rest of Hollywood to learn about the kind of gentleman Wayne is. The rough-neck reputation stuck with him no matter how many times he tipped his hat. He's a great one for a moose hunt, people used to say, but keep him out of the drawing room.

Certain aspects of Duke's behavior, at least as they were reported, didn't help to correct this impression. Take, for example, the rough and tumble fist-fights he's had, on occasion, with Ward Bond.

"I've seen them mix it up until I thought they'd kill each other," a cameraman at Republic Studios says. "They'd start arguing out on location and it would end up with them both swinging from the ground. They didn't stop with just a bloody nose or a black eye. They kept lugging until they both were worn out."

Invariably, these tussles made dandy stories for the columns. And a lot of people got a chance to cluck their tongues and confirm their belief that Duke was nothing but a rowdy. Very few bothered to examine the fact that the fight was just another chapter in a good-natured running battle that has been going on since Duke and Ward were in college together.

"We've been beefing ever since 1928," Duke says, with (Continued on page 71)

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Tinted make-ups cling through the liveliest sports...

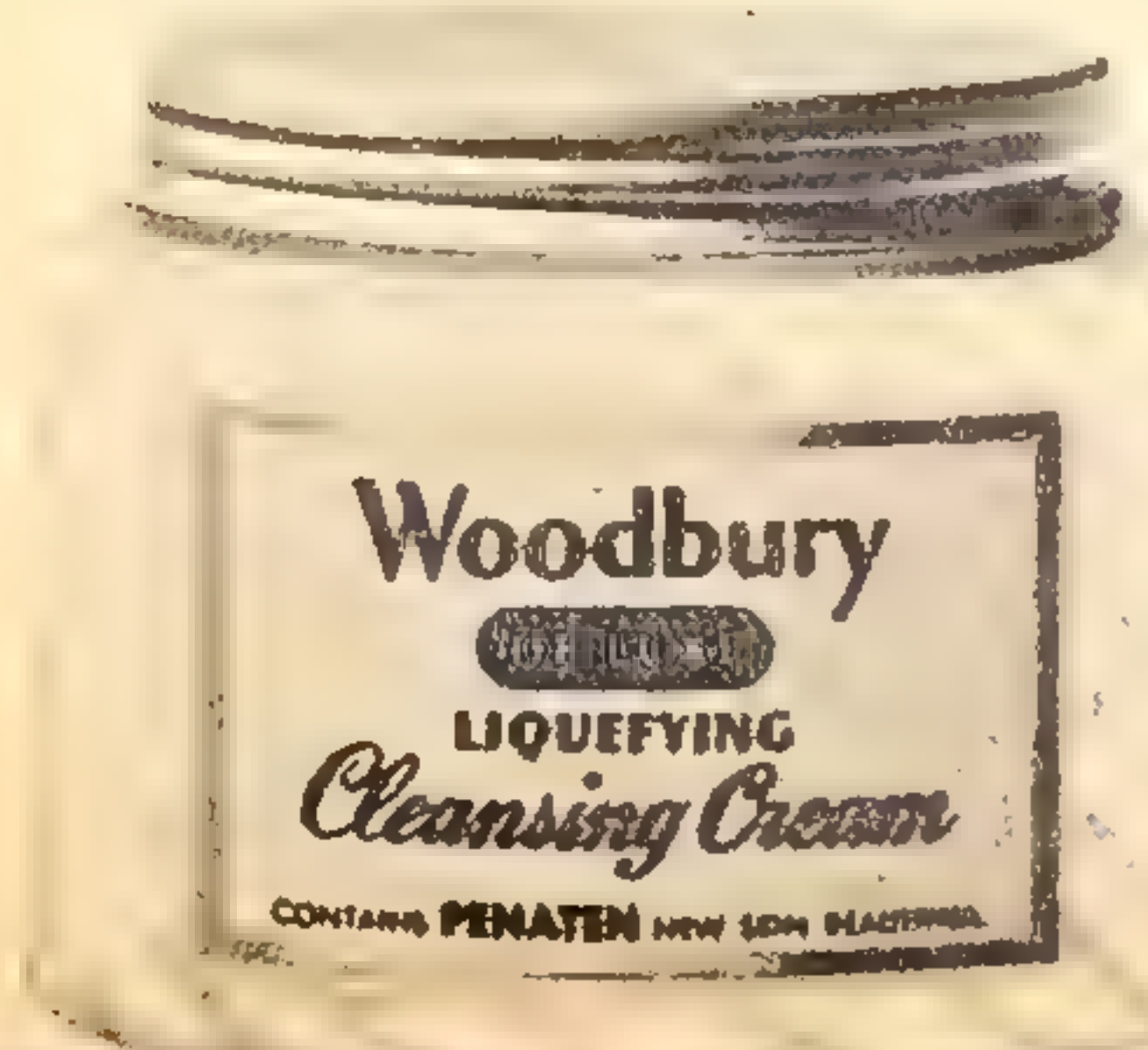


But you need this cream to remove them thoroughly

You can breeze through a whole afternoon of tennis, and still be a queen on the courts—thanks to those new tinted make-ups.

And it's that same clinging quality that makes these cream, cake or liquid make-ups so difficult to remove!

You can do it in a few seconds, though, with wonderful Woodbury Cleansing Cream. It works so fast yet so gently . . . because it is specially blended to remove tinted make-ups (and ordinary make-up). It penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN—the miracle ingredient that carries cleansing oils *deeper into the pore openings*. Your skin looks baby-fresh again—almost instantly—when you cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream! 20¢, 39¢, 69¢ plus tax.



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because it contains
PENATEN**

fall is closer than you think

by connie bartel, fashion editor

■ Every August store windows suddenly break out in a rash of furs and tweeds and jerseys. And every August, wiping off a sun-struck brow, and wringing our linen summer cotton, we ask stores: "Who buys fall clothes when the temperature is scorching 90°?"

The answer is: "All girls who are hep to smart shopping." And it's true. The stores point out, first, that by mid-summer you're pretty tired of your vacation wardrobe. You're in need of a psychological lift. You crave new colors, new textures, new styles—even if it's still too hot to wear them.

Second, Labor Day rolls around awfully fast, once August begins—and unless you shop ahead you're caught wearing your old pastel shantung in the first cold snap when you're dying for a bright wool.

Third, and most important reason of all—late summer is when you get the absolute pick of fall fashions—the newest, smartest, mostest and bestest.

So, assuming you're as hep as the newest one, in this issue we present fall fashion. Beginning with the coat Denise Darcel wears opposite, and the wonderful wools on pages 66 and 67, we show clothes for you to snatch now, and have ready the instant it gets cooler. And on pages 64, 65 and 68—we show jump-the-gun fall designs that are in smart rayons to wear this minute, and all through the winter as well.

Denise Darcel looks to fall in red chinchilla

■ Denise Darcel, the French firecracker you're currently seeing in RKO's *Tarzan and the Slave Girl*, looks very ooh-la-la in a blazing red cavalier coat that's luscious to the touch, and expensive to the eye.

The shoulders are smartly rounded, the cuffs are pointed, and the buttons are smoky pearl. And—big fashion deal—there are two flapped pockets on one side, one on the other. (For a better view of the flaps, be sure to turn to page 70.)

The fabric is all-wool chinchilla—deep, soft, and feels-like-money. Also in green or navy. Sizes 10-18. By Conad \$35

At Gilchrist's, Boston.

For how to buy, see page 70.

Bag by Roger Van S.

Hat by Cabulets

**modern
screen
fashions**



Fall is



Double march of buttons—just to emphasize the dashing lines of this crisp gabardine and make sure nobody will miss them. Wonderful dress to show off your gloves and jewelry. Burlington's rayon sheen gabardine. Flint grey, dark green, scarlet, royal and black. Sizes 10-18. By Town and Country—\$10.95. How to buy, see page 70.

closer than you think



Far left: The suit with the reversible weskit—to two-time your audience and double your impact. It's grey flannel; the vest is plaid on one side, solid grey on the other—studs are removable. One-button jacket has flap pockets plus watch pocket. Burlington's Southdown rayon flannel. Also nu-brown. Sizes 10-18. By Overland Garment Co.—\$25. How to buy, see page 70.

Left: The suit with the horseshoe neckline—which is as new as a neckline can get. Burlington's rayon tweed, with push-up cuffed sleeves and a slim, slit skirt. Best suit we know to show off blouses and sweaters. Blue, grey or tan. Brief sizes 10-18. By Carmen Classics—\$14.95. How to buy, see page 70.

Not a minute too early for rayon gabardine—flannel—tweed.

Fall is closer

The velvet touch—big news for fall, and super-smart to wear right now, in advance. Slim, beautifully cut wool plaid dress, with hip pockets concealed in trouser pleats, modified dolman sleeves—and velveteen collar, cuffs, belt. Peacock and black plaid brown and rust; red and black. Sizes 12-20. By Henry Rosenfeld—\$17.95. How to buy, see page 70.



ferguson

han you think

All-wool houndstooth check three-quarter coat with separate zip-in rabbit fur lining. Coat is lined with rayon satin; zip-in fur is faced with rayon satin.

Also comes with wool zip-in lining. Russet and green; or red, green blue with black all-wool checks, by American Woolen Company.

Also green, wine, grey, taupe, black or brown broadcloth.

Sizes 10-18 and 9-17.

By S. & S. \$39.95.

How to buy, see page 70.

The horseshoe neckline—in a bright wool jersey blouse with a plaid wool skirt. Blouse has cuffed collar, bracelet sleeves; skirt is fly-fronted, belted in jersey. Heavenly together, and mixable with other tops and skirts, too.

Fuchsia blouse with navy and fuchsia plaid; rust blouse with rust and brown plaid. Sizes 10-18.

By Gail-Bruce—\$12.95.

How to buy, see page 70.



Not a minute too early for wool plaid—checks—jersey

Fall is closer than you think

Nice to climb into sleek dressy black again—after a summer of pastel pretties. Woman-of-the-world suit in smooth black faille . . . with a shawl collar to show your jewelry, two rows of buttons to slim your hips. New for fall—short sleeves; right for fall—slim skirt. In Hess, Goldsmith's Embassy rayon faille. Also navy, rust, wine, green. Half-sizes 14½-22½. By Rite-Fit.....\$7.95. How to buy, see page 70.

Not a minute too early for sophisticated city black

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Complete your dreams of Back-to-School
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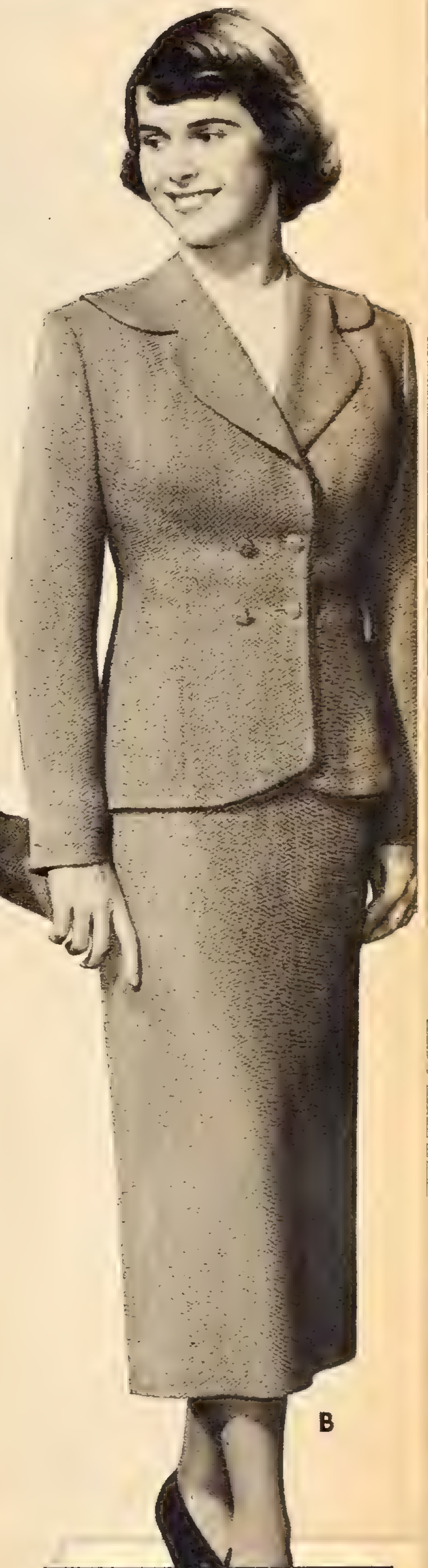
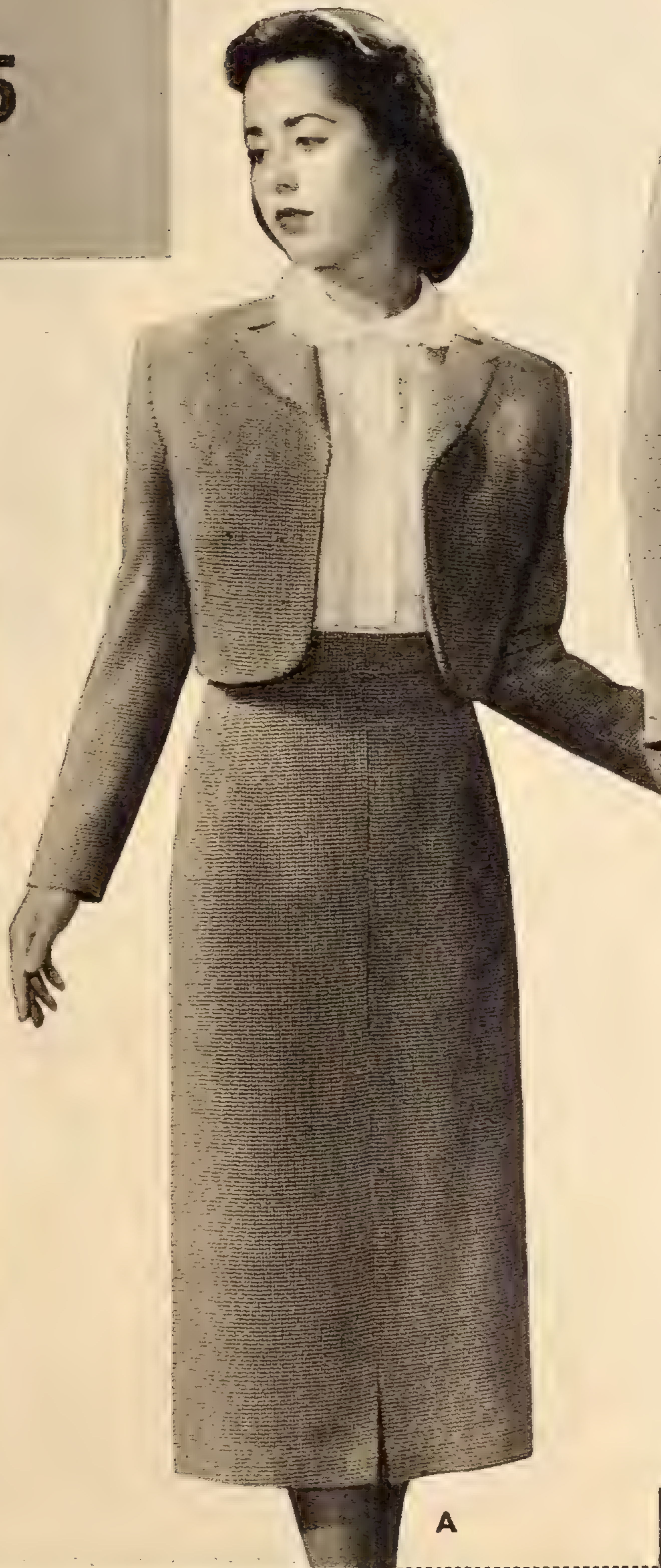
\$**16⁷⁵**

styled
for your
future

A. This "Date-Getter" is tailored in the Season's art Rayon Hounds-Tooth Check, or Rayon Sheen Gabardine. The Bolero is beautifully lined and this Suit meets the finest tailoring standards. The Hounds-Tooth colors are Black and Brown. The Gabardine colors are Black, Brown, Burgundy, Dark Green, Football Tan, Kelly Green and Bright Red. Sizes are: 9 to 15 in Juniors; Misses—10 to 18.

B. This "Darling of the Campus" will be the pride of your heart! Beautifully lined and tailored in Brown or Grey Rayon Nailhead Sharkskin, or Rayon Sheen Gabardine, in colors shown under Suit A. Junior Sizes only—9 to 15.

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Bright red chinchilla coat worn by Denise Darcel in color photo (page 63)
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Another view of the bright red coat Denise Darcel wears in the color shot on page 63—especially to show you the high-fashion pocket flaps and the way the collar flips up.

Double march of buttons gabardine dress (page 64)

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Reversible weskit suit (page 65)

Misses' Suits Second Floor

Horseshoe neckline suit-dress (page 65)

Misses' Dresses Second Floor

Velvet touch plaid dress (page 66)

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Houndstooth check three-quarter coat (page 67)

Junior Coats Second Floor

Horseshoe neckline blouse and plaid skirt (page 67)

Misses' Dresses Second Floor

Faille suit with jet buttons (page 68)

Women's Dresses Second Floor

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Continued from page 61) a laugh, "that was back when John Ford asked me to ask some fellows from USC to act in a movie called *Salute* which he made at the United States Naval Academy. I had to give the jobs to guys from my fraternity. But Ford wanted Bond, and the only thing I could say would stop Ford from hiring him. When we got back to Annapolis, Ford made me room with Ward Bond. We got even. We've had some pretty heated arguments since. I was awfully sorry when Ward hurt his leg a couple of years ago. Now it isn't fair for me to hit him anymore."

Ward and Duke have always been good friends, despite their sparring. Back in 1943, when Duke was separated from his first wife, Josephine Saenz, he moved into the Hollywood Athletic Club, where Bond was staying, so they could continue their workouts in the gym.

"For a while there," says a mutual friend, "Duke and Ward quit slugging each other. It got too tame. In those days, their favorite entertainment was testing each other until one could drive his fist farthest through a wooden door."

ALTHOUGH Duke has never got into any nightclub beefs in Hollywood," one of his marlin-fishing buddies reported, "he's had a couple of pips in Mexico. One night, he was sitting in a little saloon, running his own business, when a drunk pulled a knife and started shouting that he could lick anyone in the house. It made Duke so mad he took the guy's knife away and threw him clear over the bar. But when he didn't get up, Duke walked around and helped him. A few minutes later, he was buying the guy a drink and apologizing for being so rough with him." Perhaps the biggest reason why Hollywood has been inclined to think of Duke as a rough-neck results from his reluctance to talk about himself. His own publicity representative, who has worked with him for 15 years, usually has to find out the news-worthy things that happen to Duke from other people.

For example, when Duke was recently named by his fraternity as a Significant Figure, an honor shared by President Grover Cleveland, humorist George Ade, Postmaster Patrick Hurley, cartoonist Milton Caniff, and less than 50 others, his press agent heard about it first from a fellow Sigma Chi, not Duke. Last year, he financed a series of educational shorts for his student, Sid Davis, and didn't mention it until the first one was completed. And very few people know that Duke each year puts up a \$1,000 scholarship for some deserving student at USC.

"Duke cares almost nothing about publicity," his press agent says. "He's so easy to please that sometimes I hate to take his money."

Most of Duke's reticence about his accomplishments stems from his desire to remain a natural and unaffected human being. Even now when he's riding the crest of the biggest wave in his career, Duke, a veteran of 145 screen performances, knows all can end with a crash and roar at any time.

"I just happened to be lucky enough to give five good action pictures in a row," says Duke. "I hope I can find five more."

Duke learned a great deal about the dangers of self-advertising very early in life. When he was a boy in Glendale, the kids in grade school started a fad of throwing cheap perfume on everybody, and, to protect himself, Duke borrowed a bottle of asafetida from his father's drug store. (And compared to asafetida, a junk smells like Chanel #5.)

"It worked just fine as a defense measure, and I thought I was pretty smart to

have thought of it," Duke recalls. "But one day, a kid asked to borrow it, and during recess he threw some on a girl. That caused an awful stink, in more ways than one. The teacher didn't have to bother asking who it belonged to. My dad's label was right there on the bottle. I don't think I'll forget how to spell asafetida as long as I live."

Fraternity life at USC was an emphatic curb on budding egos, and it helped no end to instill the modesty which is almost an inherent part of Duke's personality. When Duke was proposed as a candidate for president of the freshman class, his frat wouldn't let him run. "Guys get too cocky when they get honors before they earn them," they told him. That influence carried over long after Duke had become an established actor in Hollywood.

VERY little has been printed, and hence very little is known, about Duke's home life. Since his marriage to Esperanza Bauer in 1945, Duke has given up most of his roistering and is living a peaceful and contented life on a rolling knoll in the San Fernando Valley. Their home is a pleasant ranch style building surrounded with hundreds of roses which Esperanza, whom Duke calls "Chata," has coaxed into beautiful bloom. Except when he's making a movie, or working at his office at Republic Studios, Duke doesn't stray far away these days. He's even rigged up a small gym in his garage so he can get his exercise at home. Because of his busy schedule, Duke hasn't had much time for the deep sea fishing he loves. Nor has he been hunting since he mistook Ward Bond for a rabbit and accidentally shot him with a charge of buckshot.

"I haven't been deer hunting for years," Duke says. "The last time was on opening day in 1947, when I went up to Huntington Lake station and found that 15,000 hunters had checked in. With that many out banging away, I decided to stay at the bottom of the hill and wait for a deer to be scared down. After sitting on a log for half an hour, I finally saw a couple of guys in red hats and shirts come busting through the brush and I asked them if they'd seen any deer. 'Sure,' one of them said, 'we saw one buck and three possibles.' 'What's a possible?' I asked him. 'Well, we saw something moving in the brush and shot at it.' That ended my deer hunting. I packed up and came home and I haven't gone back since."

Usually, it is next to impossible to reach Duke on weekends, for then he has a standing date with Toni, Patrick, Michael, and Melinda, the children of his first marriage. Sometimes it takes the judgment of Solomon to pacify the whole brood. A few weeks ago, when Ralph Edwards asked Duke to present a Seeing Eye dog on his show, he took his kids along to see the broadcast. They almost started a riot over who was going to hold his hands as they walked into the studio. Duke finally settled it by deciding that Toni and Michael got the inside track going in, and Pat and Melinda coming out.

The crowning characteristic of Duke's personality is his fierce loyalty to his friends. Now that he's an established star, he has little patience with the glad-handers and backslappers anxious to cash in on his success. But the men who have been his true friends over the years will always be able to consider themselves richer for knowing John Wayne.

Five years ago, when things were slow in Hollywood, Duke nagged his business manager, Bo Roos, to take over Ward Bond's affairs. Bo finally consented and has since set up a sound investment schedule for Ward that will leave him something to show for his (Continued on page 73)

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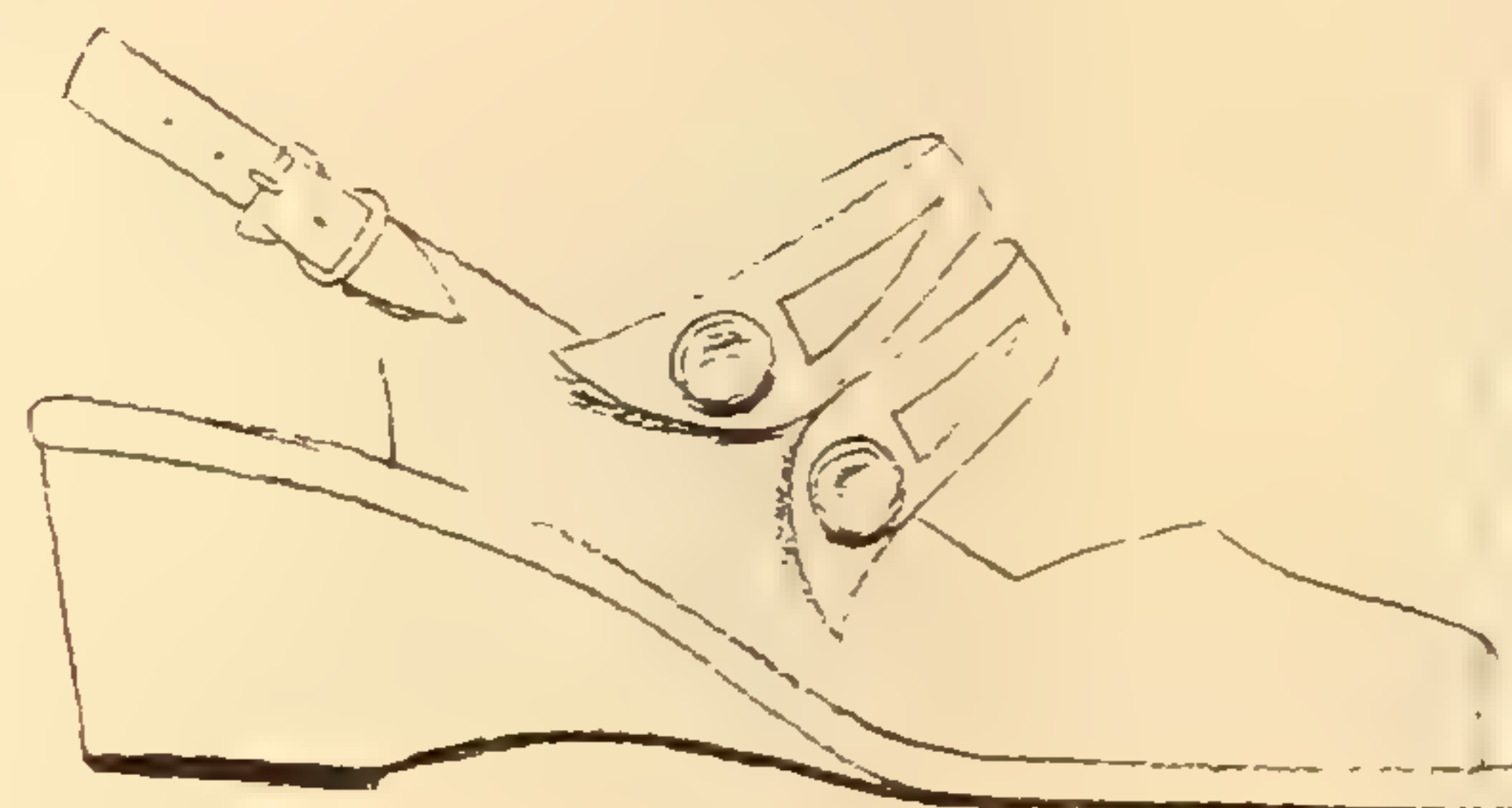
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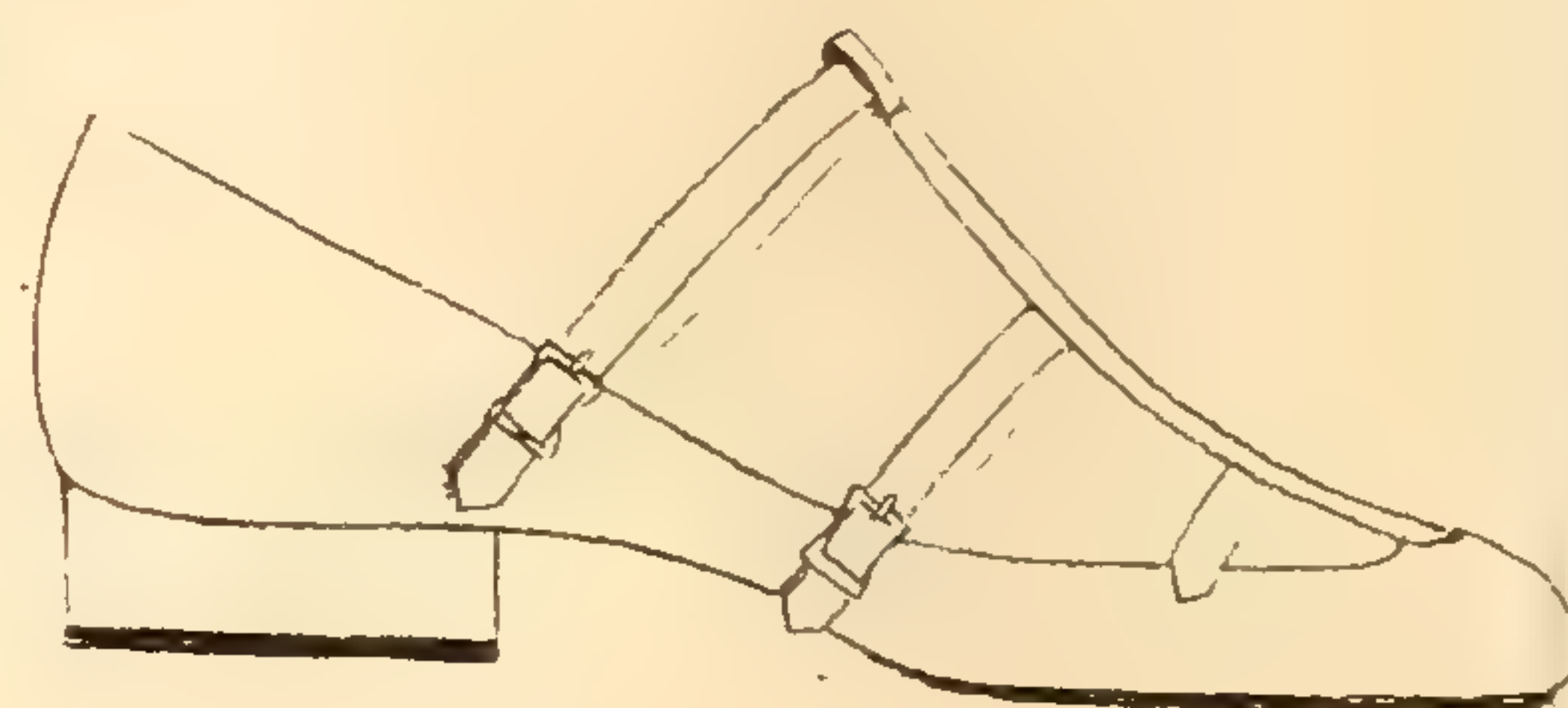
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(Continued from page 71) long career.

And during the war, when Duke's press agent was called into service, Duke insisted on paying him his full salary while he was away.

THERE are a good many other instances of Duke's loyalty, far too many to list here. Suffice it to say that John Wayne hasn't forgotten any of the people who helped him to become a star. And ever since *Red River* and *Fort Apache* started an avalanche of coins at the box-office last year, Duke has become the most impressive new star in Hollywood.

Duke has been a long time arriving at this enviable state, but there isn't a person whom he's met along the way who doesn't feel he deserves it. Most of them would add that he deserves it because he is a real gentleman. A few others, however, would refuse to give up their opin-

ion that he is simply a lucky rough-neck.

A few weeks ago, Duke was walking down Beverly Drive with Bo Roos. In the middle of the block, Duke saw a man standing on the curb, laughing hysterically at a woman who had locked bumpers with the car in the parking space behind her. The more she struggled, the harder the man laughed.

Duke came up alongside him, grabbed his arm, and hotly asked, "What's so funny, bud?"

The man stopped laughing immediately, and took off in a frightened hurry. Then Duke walked over and helped the lady get her car untangled. She thanked him politely and then drove away, convinced that there was at least one gentleman left on earth.

So there is—Duke Wayne. Or maybe you think he's a lug. It all depends on the way you're looking. THE END

OUR SON

(Continued from page 43) arm-in-arm, Patti wearing green or plaid or polka-dot, catching admiring glances.

A change came over the Derek world. For one thing, people stopped whispering about their marriage going to pieces. And John changed—in little ways that only a wife would notice.

"Funny," she said. "I don't trip over your clothes any more."

"I hang them up," he answered proudly.

He changed in other ways, that people noticed. "He acts like a family man," friends said. "He doesn't even lose his temper."

When the doctor ordered Patti to bed, she worried about John.

"Go see a movie," she'd tell him some nights.

"I have to wash the dishes," he'd say.

"You washed the dishes."

"I have to dry them."

He'd sit alongside her, and they'd make plans. "I think we'll buy a ranch," John would say. "Let him grow up in the open spaces."

They'd looked for houses all over Hollywood, preferring those within driving distance of Columbia Studios. But all the houses that were close were too expensive. For a while they dreamed of buying a huge red barn that had once belonged to Edgar Rice Burroughs. The agent told them the price. "For a barn!" said John. "For an old red barn that cows don't want anymore!"

"Maybe in five years," Patti said to the agent. "You can offer it to us again."

They decided how they'd bring up the baby. "We'll teach it to swim before it walks," said Patti—"like Esther Williams' baby. I remember when I was three they tied my ankle to a beach umbrella while every one else went swimming."

"We'll teach him how to ride," said John, "and sail."

"And then he'll grow up and some girl'll get him."

"A girl like you . . ."

"We'll have to teach him how to get along with people," Patti said. "If he gives away a toy, for instance, it stays given—the way my mother taught me."

WHEN Patti was four she'd impulsively donated a large rocking horse to a playmate. Two minutes later, she wanted it back. But her wise mother said no. She made Patti wipe away the tears as the other young lady dragged her trophy across the lawn. Patti's mother was firm. "You'll have to learn, darling, to be responsible for your actions."

"Responsibility and thoughtfulness for

others," John nodded. "Say, do you suppose you can teach a baby to be thoughtful enough not to cry at night when I've got a five o'clock call in the morning?"

The months of waiting went fast, but sometimes, when John did the cooking they seemed as if they'd drag on forever. Most of the time he used a frying pan, because it looked easiest to handle. He'd raid the spice cupboard (because Patti likes spicy foods) and liberally empty its contents into the pan along with a steak. When the steak began to diminish in size, he'd take it out of the pan and serve it to Patti on a tray.

"Good?" he'd ask.

"Out of this world!" she'd say. "Let's see—cinnamon, paprika, poultry seasoning, celery salt, nutmeg, dry mustard. Darling!—tabasco, too! May I have some more salt?"

Gaining considerable confidence, John tried to expand his menu.

"What'll you have tonight, honey? More steak?"

Patti shook her head. "Tonight I want pickled pigs' feet."

"I'm good," said John. "But I'm not Oscar."

"In the refrigerator, darling, you'll find a dozen cans. All you have to do is open one."

He opened several, and gave them the Derek touch. And pretty soon, they got a housekeeper to do the cooking.

The waiting time ended the night John followed the ambulance to the hospital. Russell Andre Derek was delivered by Caesarian section. As soon as he could, John went in to see Patti.

"It's a boy," he whispered, "and he's beautiful—like you."

Patti smiled. "How is he?"

"Our son? Our son's fine," John said, and forced a grin on his lips.

A day and a half after his birth, Russell was placed on the critical list and taken into surgery.

He survived a delicate operation, and Patti was pronounced well enough to go home to their Encino bungalow. John, who'd been assigned a role in *The Hero*, came home several times a day to be with her. Then he'd drive to the hospital.

Three weeks after his birth Russell was brought home. However, the following afternoon, he began to choke. Only the presence of mind of his nurse saved his life. She pressed her lips against his and forced her breath into his lungs. Then the doctor took him back to the hospital.

Together, Patti and John resumed their vigil, waiting, praying. Somehow, through the sharing of their anxiety they've found new strength in each other. Somehow, out of their sorrow, there comes the promise of happiness. THE END

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the truth about the bing crosbys

(Continued from page 25) haven't seen any of them in months. I received a letter from my wife yesterday. She didn't say a thing to me about a divorce."

Six thousand miles away, another battery of reporters were querying Mrs. Crosby. After searching for Dixie all up and down the Pacific coast, they'd located her in Carmel. "You and Bing separated?" they asked.

"What does Bing say?" Dixie countered. "That there's nothing to it."

"Then, that's it," Dixie agreed. "I don't know how this thing got started, anyway. People say it came from our lawyers. We've been working out a trust fund for our boys. Maybe that's how it started. Maybe someone misinterpreted that for a property settlement."

That's all Dixie would say. A day later, the reporters couldn't find her. A friend in Carmel said that she'd been very much upset by a phone call from her eldest son, Gary, away at prep school. "What's all this stuff in the papers, Mom?" he'd asked. And Dixie had said, "It's nothing, Gary. It's not true. Don't worry." Then, she'd gone up to Spokane where the Crosbys are thinking of putting up a new summer home.

How come if there was nothing to it, if the Crosbys were enjoying a normal amount of marital happiness the story broke in the first place?

That was the question the whole world asked.

ACTUALLY, a rumor got under way that Dixie was angry at Bing for not taking her with him to Europe. Since it wasn't a business trip, she figured she might just as well go along. Bing, in fact, has admitted: "Yes, Dixie is cross with me for not taking her."

From that statement, the rumor grew that Dixie had gone to her lawyer, told him that she and Bing were separating, and asked him to work out a settlement on their community property.

When reporters sought to verify the tale by phoning Dixie's attorney, he said, "We have nothing to say at this time," the inference being, of course, that perhaps they'd have something to say at some future date.

Bing's attorney, Jack O'Melveny, was then phoned. "We understand," one reporter began, as if the Crosby separation were an accomplished fact, "that the Crosbys have agreed on a property settlement. What is it?"

"There has been no property settlement of any kind," O'Melveny explained, and then he sought to calm the troubled waters. "There are some strained relations," he conceded, "but the whole matter is in abeyance until Mr. Crosby returns from Europe late in June. We hope then to effect a reconciliation."

No one expects a reconciliation unless there's been a break. Had Dixie and Bing broken? More to the point was this question: Was the Dixie-Bing relationship any more changed or strained than it had been in the recent past?

It has been no secret in Hollywood for some years now that the Bing Crosbys were not the most idyllically happy couple in the world.

As a matter of fact, it has been a source of constant amazement that this knowledge has never before become public property. Everyone just seemed to take for granted that Bing and Dixie and their four boys constituted the typical happy American family, and that Bing was the

traditionally perfect American husband.

In the past five years, Bing's seldom been seen with his wife. Just a few months ago when he walked into Ciro's with Dixie, the patrons were so surprised that they were on the verge of declaring that particular night a holiday. The photographers all over town were quickly notified, and they rushed to the night club. Bing, who's sensitive about his balding head, was annoyed at the number of pictures taken. He dislikes being photographed without a hat, and few such photos of him are in existence.

Dixie's friends are certain that she's very much in love with Bing, always has been, and always will be. This is understandable. Crosby is charming, versatile, unselfish, natural, intelligent, and great fun.

UNFORTUNATELY, his interests are so diversified that he spends very little time at home.

This was all right with Dixie when the four boys were young, and she had her hands and time completely filled by them. Now, however, she's got more time for Bing. Their home in Holmby Hills (see page 32) is beautifully and comfortably furnished, but it's been many months since all six Crosbys were gathered there together. In essence, Dixie would like to see Bing more often.

She won't come right out and say this. In fact, she will say virtually nothing about her marriage to Bing except, "It's wonderful," but you can find plenty of people who know the set-up, and knowing it, will tell you that Dixie would like fewer nights to spend alone.

On Bing's side, it must be said that everything he has done, has been done for the members of his family. In an effort to provide them with a financial security which he as a boy never knew, he has worked or invested as few entertainers ever have.

More than 70% of the \$1,200,000 a year he earns, goes to the government in taxes. He also has a tremendous overhead that he must work to meet. Working takes time, and that time is the crux of the "strain" that exists between Bing and Dixie. Under his present setup, Bing has too little time. He utilizes most of it to earn money. (He's just finished *Mr. Music*.)

FEW fans realize it but practically everything costs Crosby more. When the twins were born, for example, Bing received a bill for \$4,000. "Tell you what," he said to the doctor, "I'll play you a round of golf for half or double." He won the round and paid \$2,000.

Oddly enough, when Dixie first met Bing some 21 years ago, she never expected that too much work would turn out to be one of his troubles. No one else did, either.

Several fellows took a long, deep look into the Crosby background and came up with the information that he'd once been jailed in Portland for not paying his bill at a Chinese restaurant, that he had once been jailed in Los Angeles for driving a car while alcoholically stimulated, and that a truancy report in the Spokane Board of Education files carried the notation: "Boy's mother came for him and promised to keep him out of trouble."

Despite this information and countless other warnings, Dixie continued to see Bing. She was very much in love with him, and he was trying to substantiate her faith by getting a start in motion pictures.

Bing was jobless at the time Dixie gave up her career and married him. They had no money for a honeymoon. Sue Carol, who is now Mrs. Alan Ladd, was then a beautiful (Continued on page 77)

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Elizabeth's Honeymoon Story

by
sheilah
graham

Of all the days of their years—they'll remember these—the secret golden days of their honeymoon.

■ Never in any girl's secret heart is there a time more precious than her honeymoon. It is then, for a short while, that the world is barred from her life, and she can revel in a delicious sort of selfishness with the man she loves.

That is how it is with Elizabeth Taylor. Gone are directors, cameras, publicity men. Gone too, briefly, her beloved mother and father. We all know how she feels and I am certain the public is content to leave intimate contact with Mr. and Mrs. Nicky Hilton to those properly anointed people, the waiters, bus boys, bell hops and hotel managers whose job it is to serve but never really see the long parade of honeymooners.

I say the time has come for awhile to leave Elizabeth Taylor alone, but happily she didn't leave me alone and I know she will forgive me if I reveal the exclusive, factual story of the honeymoon as I observed a portion of it and as she told me more, shyly drawing aside the curtain of her rightful privacy.

For more than five years, I've been a neighbor of the Taylor family. I live on Maple Drive in Beverly Hills. They live a block away on Elm. We've been good friends. In the summer we've been beach neighbors at Malibu. I watched Elizabeth grow up, chatted with her over the back fence and (Continued on page 83)



Liz and Nick drove to Carmel for a preview honeymoon—real one's in Europe.

(Continued from page 75) young star in her own right. She cheerfully loaned them her own house while she went East. This was way back in 1931.

Bing and Dixie were very happy and very carefree. Bing is a shrewd investor nowadays. But back in 1931, money was made to be spent. Life was short, love was with him, and together he and Dixie would enjoy it to the full. He was in his twenties. His brother Everett was managing him, and if he had any worries about making a success of his marriage, he certainly never showed them. He was confident something would turn up, and as luck would have it, something did.

Brother Everett talked Jack Kapp of Decca Records into letting Bing record twelve sides at \$125 a side. (Today these records are considered collector's items and each pressing is worth \$25.) He then broke up Bing's honeymoon by dragging him off to New York and getting him two jobs: one at CBS for \$600 a week and one at the Paramount Theater for \$1,000.

Thus, a few months after his marriage, Der Bingle, the boy of whom so many had warned Dixie—"He's a loafer. You'll starve if you marry him."—this boy was earning \$1,600 every seven days.

In 1931, Bing wasn't nearly the nonchalant sophisticate he is today. He used to turn to Everett in amazement and say, "Everett, please take care of this money. I'm sure this luck can't last."

BUT it did last, and as Bing's success grew, so did his family.

With the birth of their boys, Bing and Dixie were seen together less and less. This was to be expected. Raising four boys is a full-time job. When the sun set, Dixie was tired. Bing has never been a socially-minded creature, and he, too, when the day's work was done, would come home, flop down on the sofa, light his pipe, and relax. Almost never did the Crosbys make the nightclub rounds. But they spent the evenings together.

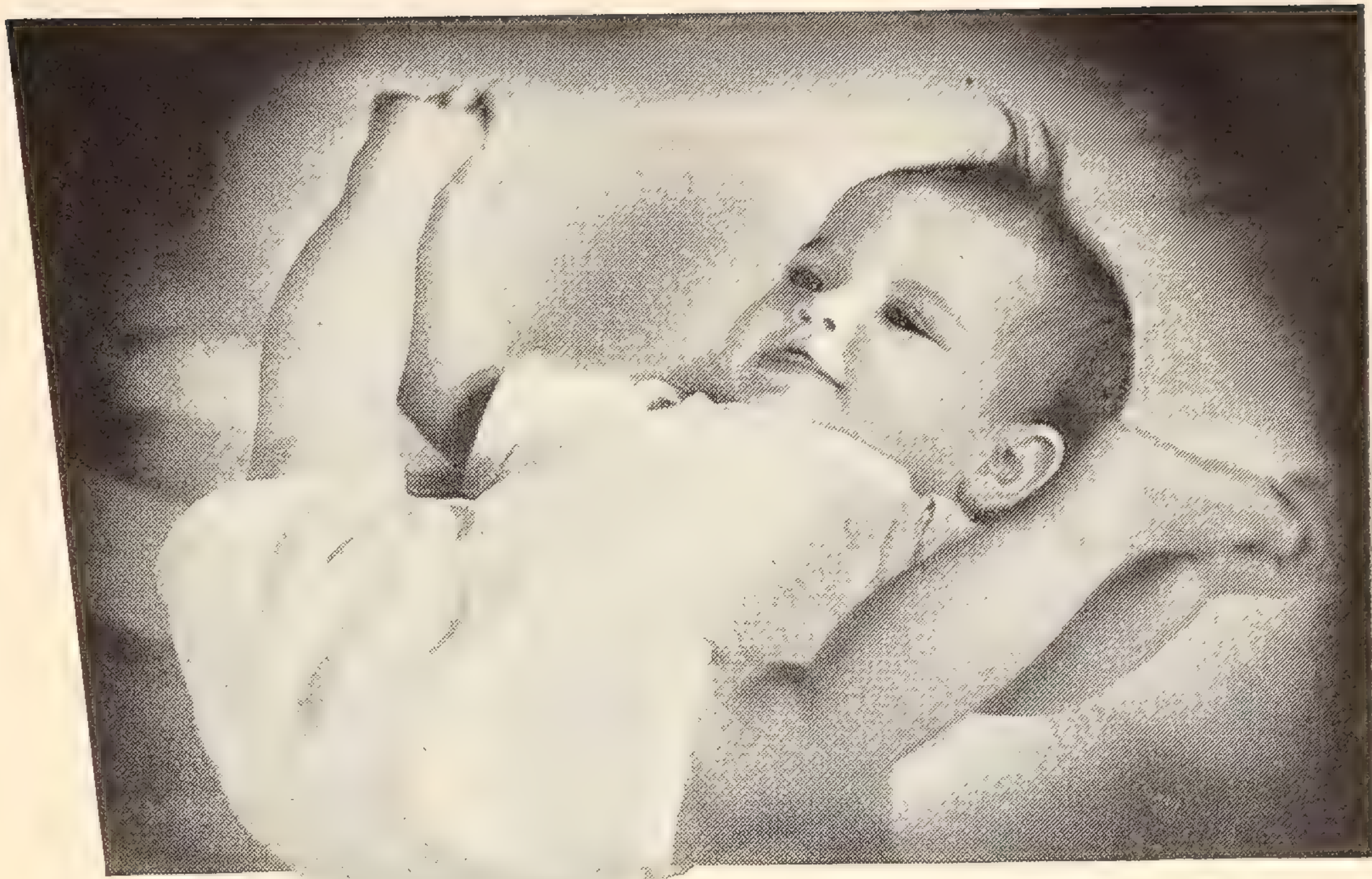
Bing, who's always been a fine golfer, would play 18 holes whenever he could, and on many occasions, Dixie found herself a golf widow, but she never minded, because the boys provided all the daytime company and excitement she could afford.

When they grew up and went off to St. John's Military Academy in Los Angeles, she found some respite, but not much. Gary began to play the trombone. The twins took up the trumpet, and Linny discovered great enjoyment in pounding the drums. The tennis court in back of the house was used for football, baseball, and basketball. The boys invited home such schoolmates as Donnie and Ronnie Ameche, Les Gargan, Mike Geisler, Phil Harris, Jr. and young Mike Farrow. The house became one happy shambles.

As soon as Gary grew out of one stage, the twins would grow in. Once they stopped being trouble, Linny made a fine substitute.

Watching their youngsters grow and develop, Dixie and Bing found these the happy years. Occasionally, Dixie came down with some illness and had to be hospitalized, but for the most part, the Crosby menage was regarded as an extremely model one.

BING's career was progressing at its usual incredible rate. From an individual who could sing in a simple, sincere manner, who could "throw lines away," who could charm a nation with his voice and wit, Bing Crosby developed into big business. That's what Bing is today—big business. How many people make their living through him directly or indirectly is difficult to say. One researcher esti-



"How does she do it?"

**"Doesn't matter how many times a day I need it,
Mother always has a 'change' ready. . .
I don't know how she does it!"**



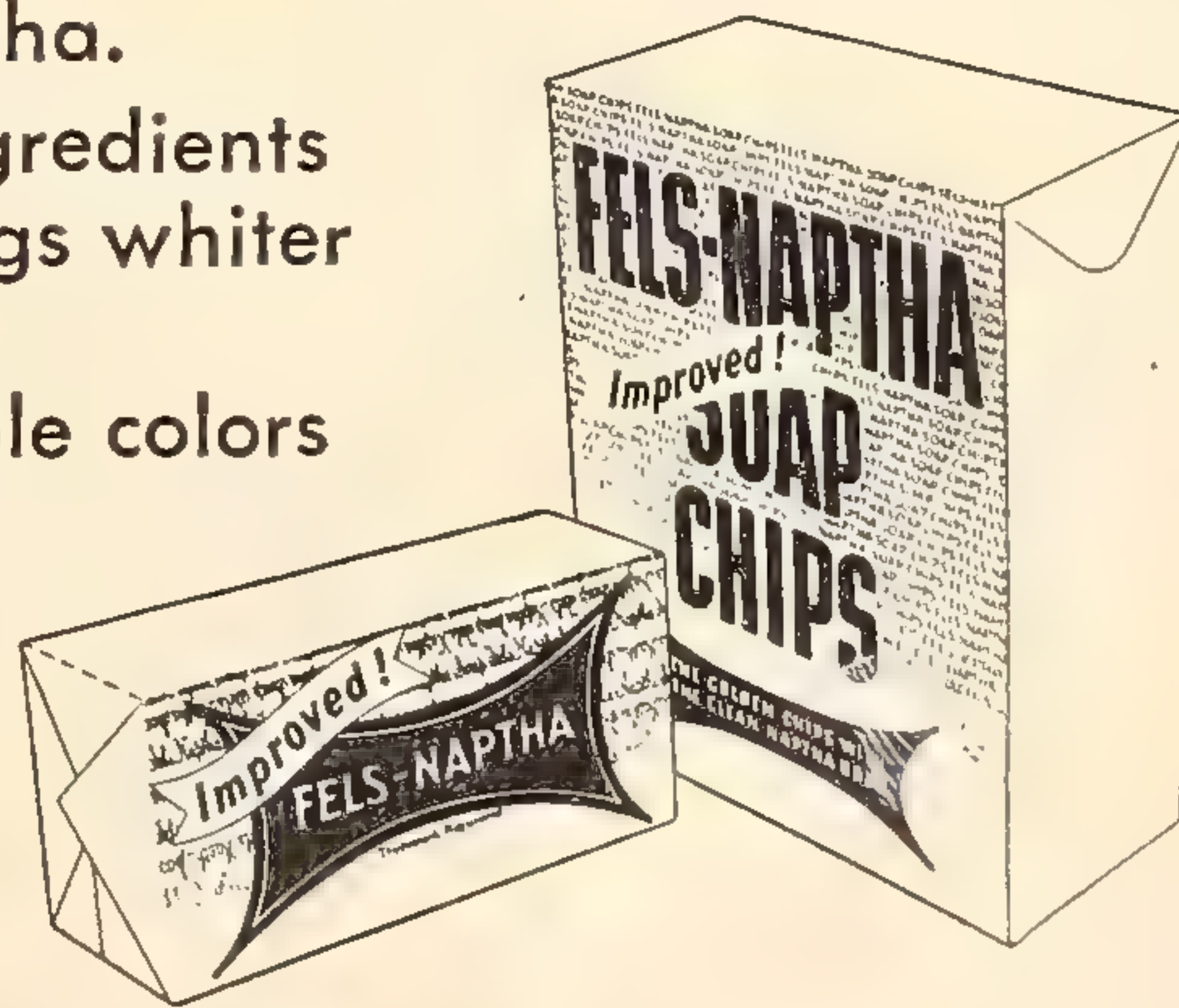
Your Mother's a smart woman, Baby. She washes your diapers with Improved Fels-Naptha Soap. You can thank Fels-Naptha for getting *all* your things so clean and sweet it makes you feel good, just to put 'em on. And there's so much EXTRA washing help in Fels-Naptha, it's easy to have fresh clothes ready whenever you need them.

Mother — Remember This:

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Look for
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at your grocer's—NOW!



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ERADICATES "TATTIE-TALE GRAY"

DO YOU WONDER OR ARE YOU 'HEP' TO the extra advantages of this INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE?



This Greaseless Suppository Gives Hours of Continuous Medication!

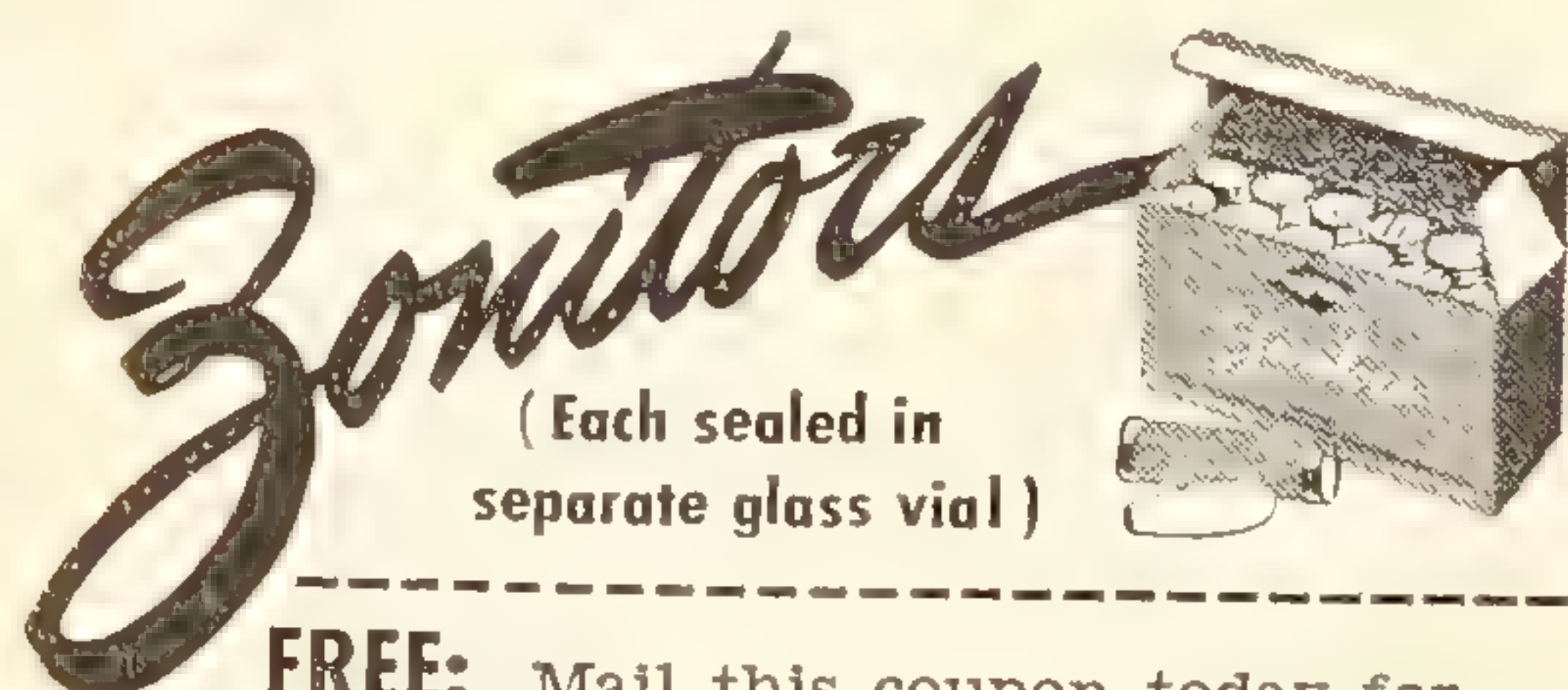
Young wives are simply *gleeful* about Zonitors—because at last they have a more convenient, less embarrassing method for intimate feminine cleanliness yet one that gives *powerful germicidal and effective protection for hours*. And Zonitors are positively non-poisonous, non-irritating—they are safe to the most delicate tissues.

Easy To Carry If Away From Home

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless snow-white vaginal suppositories. They come twelve in a package and each separately sealed in a dainty glass vial. So easy to slip in your purse. No mixing or extra equipment required.

What Zonitors Do . . .

Zonitors are so easily inserted, and they *keep on* releasing powerful germ-killing and deodorizing properties *for hours*. They help guard against infection and kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can *depend* on Zonitors to *immediately* kill every reachable germ and stop them from multiplying. Be sure to use Zonitors—the new, *modernized* method.



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*Offer good only in U. S.

There is nothing wrong in big business per se, but when a whole empire revolves about one man, then that man's wife is bound to suffer. Dixie Lee Crosby is the case in point.

To ask a man like Bing to give up his golf, to give up his motion pictures, to give up his ranch or baseball interests is like asking a mother to give up her child.

Dixie will never ask Bing to give anything up. He must do it because he wants it. It must be of his own accord. Dixie realizes this.

What is even more important, Bing does, too. Not that he will ever publicly acknowledge the existence of any strain between him and Dixie. He will carry on as he always has, seemingly indifferent. He will not try to compensate for the emergence of this "breakup" publicity by posing with his family in any series of happy home-life layouts. He is much too sharp for that.

He will go his own way, saying nothing

of his private life. Over the years it's been his policy to offer no refutation to his critics. Last year, for example, a national magazine published an article in which the author maintained that Bing had lost his voice and for artistic purposes at least, was washed up.

Many persons urged Bing or his brother Larry, in charge of the Crosby public relations, to offer a stinging rebuttal. Bing would have none of it. Say nothing is his dictum, and the criticism will die. Say something and you increase its momentum.

Dixie believes in an identical policy.

In the months to come therefore, silence will be the keyword as regards the Bing-Dixie relationship.

Bing was genuinely alarmed at the worldwide shock created by the separation story. You can bet your last copper that he will take corrective measures. In his whole, hectic, thrill-jammed life, Der Bingle has never made the same mistake twice.

THE END

jane powell dresses for glamor

(Continued from page 41) night before especially for us—me, and Brucie and Kathryn, her fitters.)

TALKING and laughing still, she slips out of her smart little suit and marches right to the closet to hang it up, and then she says, "Kiddo, this dress is going to be blue, isn't it?"

"Of course," I tell her. "You know I always include at least one blue dress."

Janie adores blue—maybe because it's her most becoming color. I remember how disappointed she looked when we were working on her clothes for *Nancy Goes to Rio*. I'd included all the other colors so becoming to her blonde hair and tanned skin—pink, yellow, gray, lavender, cocoa and white, but nothing had been said about blue.

She'd been fitted to all the dresses and was ready to put on her street clothes and her smile had faded a little. So I nodded to Brucie, and Brucie brought out the blue dress. The light went on in Janie's eyes. The dress was a simple gingham one with embroidered organdy, but to Janie it was "The" dress of the picture.

One of Janie's new suits for fall will be blue. Janie has designed her own clothes for years, but this time we worked them out together. The suit (sketch B) has a blue and white wool bolero, with the blue in it picked up by the bright wool skirt.

Surprisingly enough, boleros are very becoming to Jane. Most little girls have to be extremely wary of boleros or they risk looking like penguins. When cut a few inches below the bust-line, though, they make the legs look longer and consequently add height to the entire figure.

Another nice thing about a bolero and skirt suit is that either can be worn separately with no loss of attractiveness.

In the midst of the fitting, Janie shot out her hand and said, "Look, kiddo, what do you think of my sensational nails?"

"Sensational," I said, and they were—long, beautifully shaped, and with a pink coral polish. It was only two or three years ago that Janie stopped biting them down to the quick. That was B.G. (Before Geary). Love can certainly have a wonderful influence. It even influenced Janie's choice of clothes. You can't wear a sweater and a skirt to a dance can you, when you're with an older man? (Geary was all of 22.) So Janie learned another valuable lesson when she started going out with him; she learned *where* to wear her clothes.

You don't find her getting all gussied up in an evening gown for an informal party. She's more likely to choose a dress like the one in sketch A. That one's an electric blue taffeta combined with net. Black is too solemn for anyone of Janie's size and age, but dark blues, dark greens and cocoa are fine for informal evening clothes.

JANIE doesn't have many evening gowns, the Steffans don't do much night-clubbing, but Janie requires long gowns occasionally for premières and personal appearances.

In the summer, she prefers white in those wonderful, feminine fabrics like marquisette, organdy, net or voile. In the fall and winter she's more careful in her choice of materials. Brocade, as she will tell you, makes her look like an "over-stuffed davenport." But taffeta, combined with net makes her look like a Dresden doll.

Like all girls, Janie discovered that when there's a man in your life, you dress to please him. Geary doesn't care much for slacks. Janie has one pair of black velvet slacks which she wears informally at home. "They're not bad," says Geary hesitantly, but Janie knows he prefers skirts. What can be more feminine than the lovely, full skirt of a housecoat? Janie, herself, can't resist them. And Geary knows, when she wears one, that she's dressing especially for him.

This year, Janie and I got together and thought up the housecoat in sketch D. It's blue with red dots, and the lining is red with white dots. A little cape forms sleeves in the front. Geary ought to like that fine.

Another thing made especially for Geary is the gold wool skirt and white blouse in sketch E. Geary likes anything as long as it's yellow. "I'd wear yellow even if it made me look like a custard pie," says Janie. Fortunately, it's a wonderful color against her skin and hair.

Geary's birthday present to Janie last year was a yellow bathing suit.

"However did you know what size to get me?" she asked.

"Well, I asked the clerk to show me some yellow bathing suits, and I kept saying 'no' until she got down to the smallest one in the store, and I said, 'That's it!'"

It couldn't have fitted her better. But Geary was lucky. Not many stores carry size 8.

So Janie simply had to get one golden skirt for fall. Not many girls of Janie's

size can wear a blouse and skirt successfully, because the blouse won't stay tucked in. That's because tiny girls usually have very little space at their waist. Their hips begin before their diaphragms have a chance to end. But Janie's proportions are so exact that she has a completely normal waistline, and a blouse and skirt always look neat on her. Another reason for this may be that Janie always stands up straight. She would love to be statuesque.

Janie wears high heels to appear tall, but I think she should wear them because she has exceptionally pretty feet and ankles, and she knows how to handle them. I mean, she doesn't keep her feet pointed to ten minutes of two, and she doesn't thrust one hip in the air and forget about the other. She simply keeps her feet easily together so she has balance.

This desire of Janie's to be taller is only a small part of her ambition. She's never seen herself on the screen without exclaiming, "Why didn't I fix my hair differently?" Or, "I should watch the way I pronounce my words," and she goes home buzzing with plans for improvement. Janie knows that it takes more than clothes to make a woman glamorous.

I don't think I've ever seen a girl as organized as Janie. Her self-improvement plans aren't idle chatter. Geary has to read plays with her to improve her diction.

When she goes shopping for food, she carries a list. And when she shops for clothes, she has a list, too—a whole inventory of what there is in her closet that's useable and how it can be combined to make another outfit.

Janie buys clothes only twice a year. This makes for a well-coordinated wardrobe. She never buys more than one suit or coat a season. This fall she'll wear the green wool fitted coat in sketch C. It has a diagonal beaver collar because the angled line will give her more height than, for instance, a Peter Pan collar.

If her clothes budget can stand the strain, she'll get herself another suit this fall. (She hopes Geary just might like to give her one for Christmas.) We've already discussed the design and color. It would be a soft brown wool with a line of beige running from the shoulder into tiny pleats at the hip line of the jacket. It's the kind of suit that would be just right early in the season without a coat, and under her green coat later on. If she doesn't get the suit, though, Janie won't mind—but she can dream, can't she?

All I know is, she can dress, too—like a dream. THE END

FANCY PANTS

Jane Powell's thoughtfulness for other people is sometimes tinged with teasing. Recently Ricardo Montalban, her co-star in *The Tender Years*, hurt his back badly enough to necessitate a brace. In a dream sequence in the picture Janie wears a fancy pink satin corset complete with pink tulle picture hat, long white kid gloves, black silk stockings, shoes with rhinestone heels and a ruffled umbrella. When she heard about Ricardo's accident, she packed up the hat, gloves, hose, shoes and umbrella and sent them to Ric with this note:

"As long as you're trying to steal my thunder with the corset department, you might as well have the rest of the props. Hope you get well soon. Love. Your theatrical partner."

Only Janie would think of a thing like that!—Helen Rose.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE DEODORANT YOU'VE EVER USED!

Only New ODO-RO-NO Cream gives
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- 1 Stops perspiration quickly and safely.
- 2 Banishes odor instantly.
- 3 The only cream deodorant that guarantees full protection for 24 hours.
- 4 Never irritates normal skin—use it daily. Can be used immediately after shaving.
- 5 Absolutely harmless to all fabrics.
- 6 New, exclusive formula. Never dries up, never gets gritty or cakes in the jar as ordinary deodorants often do.
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Rely on the new Odo-Ro-No Cream, made by the leader in
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*The deodorant
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GUARANTEED FULL 24-HOUR PROTECTION!

More cream for your money. New 25¢ and 50¢ sizes, plus tax.



Frank flew to Ava's side in Spain, where she's making a movie. Here they have tea with Mrs. Frank Grant.

Is it love—or a
strange interlude?
Nancy keeps
faith—and in her
heart she
prays that Frank will
come back.

By SALLY BURNS



Bull fighter Mario Cabre, starred with Ava in *Pandora* and *The Flying Dutchman*, publicly declared his undying love for her.

TRAGIC TRIANGLE

FRANK SINATRA wears his heart on his sleeve. He always has, and he always will.

It's part of his lack of discipline, part of his willful, charming, generous nature.

He loves and he hates quickly. He went out with Ava Gardner twice, he forgot he was a married man, and he fell for her the way coal shuttles into a cellar basement.

Ava suddenly received a beautiful little spinet piano, and everyone knew at once: Frankie had fallen in love. His studio denied it. "Why," one exasperated publicity woman demanded, "do people go around making up these stories? It's silly and it's stupid."

A day later, Ava and Frank were photographed in a Houston, Texas, restaurant. Frank had been crooning at Glenn McCarthy's Hotel Shamrock, and Ava had flown East to visit him. She didn't fly for the exercise, and she didn't fly because she likes to see Grand Canyon from the air. She flew to Houston, because she loved Frank, and loving him, she wanted to be near him.

When Ava took that trip, she knew full well that she was taking a chance, risking her career, her good name, her good reputation. But she took it anyway. When you've spent a lot of time with a man, and he leaves, there comes into your life this horrible void, and you simply must see the object of your heart again. You are all desire and emotion and the common-sense considerations of the day never figure in your thinking.

There are many people who know Ava very slightly, who misinterpret her flip manner for one of nonchalance. These are the persons who would have you believe that the love affair has always been one-sided. These are the gossip-mongers who spread the ridiculous story that Frank tried to commit suicide in the Hampshire House in New York. "Oh, yes," they said, "Ava told him they were all washed up, and then Frank said, 'If you leave me, I swear I'll shoot my brains out,' and she said, 'Good (Continued on page 101)'"

why men love doris day

(Continued from page 45) "I know it. It's just that I—I'm not in love with you anymore. I don't know why. You've been swell. I guess it's just me."

For a moment Doris couldn't speak. Then she said, "Anything you say, George."

So they separated, but life went on. Al Levey, an agent who once managed Sinatra, talked Doris into signing with Century Artists. "They can do a lot for you," he promised.

He didn't know it, but Century Artists gave her Marty Melcher. Marty and Doris had seen each other before. Everyone in the music business knows everyone else. But this was the first time they sat down and talked.

To Marty, though, Doris was just another client. A pretty blonde, yes. Charming, yes. Trusting, oh, yes. But just another client. Besides, he was married to Patty Andrews, of the Andrews Sisters, and he had his work cut out for him, managing her. His marriage, as it turned out, was heading for the rocks, and hit them last February.

Marty had been managing Doris professionally for two years when suddenly he discovered he was in love. "I can't tell you when it happened," he says, "but it happened."

He can tell you a lot about Doris, though. "Doris is a bubbler," he says. "She's light and gay and warm, and well, you know what usually happens to girls when they have a little success in Hollywood. All of a sudden they are saying 'cahnt' instead of 'can't.' They are saying 'petrol' instead of 'gas,' and 'mother' instead of 'mama.'"

"Not with my baby, no sir. Doris is as wholesome as a hot dog. Maybe you won't believe this, but her career means nothing to her."

Doris' husband-to-be is tall (6 feet 3), dark, handsome and convincing. Besides, if you don't believe him, you can always ask Doris. (And Doris' attitude may have a lot to do with Marty's love.)

"MARTY is right," Doris will tell you, "I think this singing and acting is a wonderful way to make a living. But I don't want to be a career girl forever. You never get to see your husband."

To anyone who's remotely interested, Doris will show the charm bracelet Marty gave her. "Isn't he considerate?" she'll say. "He takes care of everything. He really does. A few days ago I bought a house in Toluca Lake. It's colonial, and I've always wanted a colonial house. It has about nine rooms. Anyway, I'd had my eye on that house for nine months. I asked Marty if I could afford it. He said yes. So I bought it, and Marty went ahead and moved all the furniture from my old house to my new one. He didn't have to do it. After all, we're not even formally engaged."

The reason they're not formally engaged is simple. Doris' divorce from George Weidler didn't become final until June of this year, and Marty's divorce from Patty Andrews doesn't become final until February. But they don't make a secret of their love. It's in their eyes.

Another man who loves her is Terry, though he's only eight. But he has good taste, and she's his mother, besides. The people who work with her like her, too. Not only the stars, but the grips, the electricians, the propmen. They know a good sport when they see one.

ONE afternoon, Doris invited Terry down to the set of *Tea For Two*. Terry was particularly thrilled by one bit of action—the firing of a revolver with the blank

SO HUMILIATED WHEN SHE REALIZED the cause of her husband's frigidity

WHY, OH WHY,
DIDN'T I READ THIS
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Send for FREE BOOK telling about this grave womanly offense. Learn how no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet harmless!

Isn't it a shame when a woman doesn't realize how important it is to always put ZONITE in her fountain syringe? Failure to practice hygiene (internal cleanliness) often results in such needless tragedies—homes broken up, few social invitations, the feeling of being shunned without knowing *why*.

A modern woman realizes how important hygiene is to health, married happiness, after her periods, and to combat an offensive odor even greater than bad breath or body odor—an odor she herself may not detect but is so apparent to people around her.

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Kind to skin, chemically safe for clothes, it's the perfect cream deodorant... You'll adore Yodora!



McKESSON & ROBBINS
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

shells flying all over the set.

"That's awful keen," Terry said to one of the prop men. "Do you know where I could get some empty shells like that?"

"Sure," said the property man. "Just ask for Jack Warner. He's in charge of everything around here."

Jack Warner, of course, is the somewhat austere president of Warner Brothers. But little Terry didn't know that. Blithely, he ran around the studio asking everyone he met, "Where can I find a guy named Jack Warner?"

"What do you want Mr. Warner for?" a guard finally asked.

"Well," said Terry, "he's in charge of shooting blanks."

The guard almost collapsed in laughter. When Doris heard the story she howled, too. It never occurred to her to call down the prop man for taking advantage of her son's innocence. But when a former Warner prima donna heard of the incident, she said, "Heaven knows that Jack Warner has his eccentricities, but shooting blanks isn't one of them. If someone had told that to my child, I would've had him fired. Miss Day's son could put her in a most embarrassing spot."

Doris obviously didn't think so. She enjoys a good laugh anytime. And she can take a ribbing. Bob Hope, for instance, calls her Jut-Butt, which isn't very dignified, or even flattering. Doris doesn't mind. She does jut—in the right places—so Hope

can have his fun. And he likes her, because she lets him.

FAME did a funny thing to Doris Day. It showed her that she could do without it. Unlike other stars who started off poor, she doesn't clutch fame for all it's worth. She doesn't even know how much money she's earning, and she doesn't care. "Money," she'll tell you, "never brings happiness. In fact, almost the reverse holds true. People with the most money are usually the unhappiest."

"All I'd like," she says, "is to own a little income property, a motel or a small apartment house which Marty and I could manage ourselves. Right now, we don't have enough time for each other. We're both so busy running from studio to studio, we only get to see each other at night. By then, we're both pretty well fagged out."

Whether marriage will have any adverse effect on Doris' career, no one can tell. It certainly didn't harm Betty Grable who's a similar type. Betty received even more fan mail after she married Harry James.

Undoubtedly, the same thing will happen to Doris, because, as Jack Carson once said, "When you see this baby on film and hear her singing, you close your eyes and kid yourself into believing that she's singing only for you."

That's the kind of wishful thinking a girl like Day provokes. That's her kind of magic.

THE END

EASY MONEY!

Hot weather got you down? Feeling kind of low? We've got just the remedy to cheer you. How'd you like to make a little extra dough? Just sit down in some shady spot and fill out the questionnaire below. First read the stories, though, and tell us which ones you liked best. And we're also interested in knowing which stars you'd like to read about in future issues. So, hurry, hurry, hurry! We're giving away 100 crisp one-dollar bills to the first hundred people we hear from—and for free!

QUESTIONNAIRE

Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our August issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT of your first, second and third choices.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <i>The Truth About the Bing Crosbys</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Back Home in Little Rock</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>The Men I Love (Esther Williams)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | (Allyson-Powell) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>The High Cost of Loving (Errol Flynn, Dick Haymes, Ingrid Bergman) by Hedda Hopper</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Hoofer on Horseback (Dan Dailey)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Wonderful Lug (John Wayne)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Hard-Shell Shelley and the Perfect Catch (Shelley Winters)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>House of Memories (Bing Crosby)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Hollywood by Helicopter (Stars' Homes)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Circus Daze! (Calvet, Bromfield, De Carlo, Hudson)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>He's Not the Man I Married (Alan Ladd)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>I Was Afraid to Be Happy (Joan Crawford)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Elizabeth's Honeymoon Story (Liz Taylor)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Jane Powell Dresses for Glamor</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Tragic Triangle (Sinatra, Gardner)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Our Son (John Derek)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Why Men Love Doris Day</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Modern Screen Fashions</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Get a Load of Douglas! (Paul Douglas)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | <i>The Inside Story</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | <i>Tell It to Joan (Joan Evans)</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What MALE star do you like least?

WHAT FEMALE star do you like least?

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am..... years old

ADDRESS THIS TO: POLL DEPT., MODERN SCREEN,
BOX 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Elizabeth's honeymoon story

(Continued from page 76) noted the gleam in the eyes of young gentlemen as she grew into breathtaking, beautiful maturity.

That is why I felt extremely honored one Sunday afternoon when Elizabeth's mother called me to say, "Elizabeth and Nicky have just returned from Carmel. We'd love to have you come over and see us all." I scurried around, dressing my children in their Sunday best—four-year-old Robert, who still considered himself Elizabeth's best beau, and dark-eyed Wendy, who has loved the Taylor girl ever since she read Liz's book, "Nibbles and Me."

Nicky wasn't there when we arrived. Elizabeth was back in her own small bedroom preparing to step into her wedding gown.

"What's all this?" I asked in amazement. "Who ever heard of a bride putting her wedding gown back on during the honeymoon?"

Elizabeth laughed delightedly. "We're making history, aren't we?" she asked. "Sheila, we have an awful confession. In all the excitement no one took a proper wedding picture. So Nicky and I just decided that we'd have to have one. Now he's over at the Bel Air climbing back into his groom costume and all the family is gathering for the event."

Mrs. Taylor came in just then. "Elizabeth," she said, "your hair. It doesn't look at all like it did on the wedding day. Can't you do something with it for the photograph?"

"Not a thing, mother," Elizabeth said happily. "I just can't part it the way it was. My wedding picture will have to be in bangs, that's all." Then she confessed. While playing golf and riding horseback, not to speak of those long walks together on the beach at Carmel, the Pacific breezes had simply loaded her hair with fine grains of sand.

"Look at it," Elizabeth said. "It's completely unruly, but clean though, thanks to Nicky."

"Did he remember to get you to the beauty parlor?"

"Oh no. Not that—he washed my hair for me." Elizabeth blushed. "It was sort of a gag, really. Nicky needed a haircut. You know how it is around the set. Sooner or later you can't resist the temptation to grab a pair of scissors and cut somebody's hair. I've become quite proficient. So I gave Nicky a trim. When he comes in you'll see sort of a pink patch where he moved, I cut too close and he got a touch of sunburn. When I finished he insisted on turn-about, but I can promise you we won't do that always. We were just having a lot of that gay, silly honeymoon fun."

Now Elizabeth was ready to step into her gown.

Wendy stared at her, eyes widening at her beauty. "Geekins, Mommy," she whispered. "Isn't she lovely—and no makeup at all."

"Aha," Mrs. Taylor exclaimed, "you've put on some weight."

And Elizabeth had, just a little.

"Talk about weight," Elizabeth said. "This wonderful gown must weigh all of thirty pounds." She sat down at her dressing table and a faraway look crept into her eyes. She told me then, talking half to herself, things that no one ever knew about the wedding. She seemed a little more assured and worldly than she was when she was still Elizabeth Taylor exclusively.

"Sheila, this wedding gown is going to be put away in a trunk. Mother's going to



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keep it for me, exactly as it is—with the veil, petticoat, shoes and the little hanky her grandmother made for her to carry at her wedding. The flowers too. It's a little chapter—really the biggest—in my whole life, and I want it wrapped up and kept exactly as it was the day I married."

"That was some day," I ventured. "You know, we didn't have time to talk. I didn't even ask that old cliché—were you nervous?"

Elizabeth grinned. "Not at first, believe it or not. You know, I've hardly ever been on time for anything in my life, but the day of the wedding I was twenty minutes early. I read somewhere a few days later how cool I was. And I guess I was, up until the time the wedding march was supposed to begin and they discovered that the organ wouldn't play. I thought, 'It's terrible—no music for my wedding.' Then someone said everything was all right. We started to walk. After a couple of steps there were frantic whispers. We backed up. It seemed ages before the organist discovered that in his excitement he'd pulled out the electric plug.

"By this time I was completely lost. I don't remember starting up the aisle. I had one hand on daddy's arm and the flowers in my other arm. My dress was long, the petticoat longer. I felt sure that I'd fall flat on my face, and I kept kicking the dress as I walked.

"The rest was a complete dream. The words seemed to come from far away. And then Nicky kissed me."

"Ah, that kiss!"

"I know, Sheilah. I know."

So did all the guests. It lasted so long they began to giggle."

Elizabeth's eyes twinkled. "This is something I haven't told anyone," she said. "I was crying a little, I guess. And when Nicky started to kiss me, well I just didn't

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want it ever to stop. Then I heard Monsignor Concannon murmur, 'I think that's long enough!'"

AFTER that Liz confessed that she was jolted back into reality. She broke away from Nicky, just before they ran down the aisle, and kissed her father and mother.

So began her honeymoon.

Properly, a curtain is drawn on the memories of the next few hours as the couple was whisked off to Ocean House. Later, when the car in which they rode was returned to the Taylor home, Mrs.

Taylor looked in the back seat. There was the wedding gown, one sleeve standing up straight as though there were an arm still in it.

"That," Mrs. Taylor said, her eyes glistening, "was when I realized that I had really lost my daughter. I couldn't help it. I simply broke down and cried."

Next morning, Liz and Nicky overslept. They had to rush like mad to catch the plane for the trip to Carmel. In her excitement, Liz forgot the keys for her baggage and she also left behind her blue mink coat. Somehow, when they reached the hotel they managed to get their bags open.

Miles from Hollywood with the roar of the surf outside their small hotel suite, Liz carefully unpacked her beautiful starched souffle negligee with its big white lace pockets, her nightgown of white satin with its yoke of rose point lace and the little lace nightcap which Helen Rose, head designer at Metro had made specially for her.

At last, her honeymoon seemed officially under way!

There are times when even an alert, prying reporter feels shy, and I did in asking Liz about Nicky.

"What can I say, really?" she replied. "Now I know that he's a lot more wonderful than I thought he was. He's the boss, yet he's so thoughtful and considerate, always."

As for the way Nicky feels now about Elizabeth, he's terribly proud of her as a star. He has seen all her movies, and the only time they quarreled, but gently, was when they went to see the preview of *The Big Hangover*. Elizabeth thought she played the society girl in too snooty a manner. She doesn't believe that rich people are essentially snooty and during the film she had arguments with Norman



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Krasna, the director, over how the part should be played. Nicky, in this instance, more or less sided with the director, pointing out that she played it just right, going a little overboard to make the character strong. He does not, however, intend to fall into the same trap other husbands of stars have. He just wanted Liz to know that so far as he is concerned she's perfect.

FUNNY thing about the way Elizabeth feels about her man. She talks about him as though they have been together for years. Sometimes it is so obvious that the bride and groom do not really know each other and are ill at ease when others are around. On this particular Sunday when the honeymoon stood still for the wedding pictures, Elizabeth talked simply and charmingly about intimate details of her honeymoon.

She remembered that as a little girl she used to say to her mother, "I'll never leave you, never. Even when I marry I'll come back and live with you."

She knows now that she never will, but the love that has been between mother and daughter is the normal, natural type. It will never be upset. Every night while they were away they called Mrs. Taylor. Still, Elizabeth is gone from her family for good, that much is obvious. Before her marriage it seemed that while you talked to her she'd frequently go into a little far away trance. She wasn't "with you" all the time. Now she is.

Laughingly, Elizabeth recalled how her mother used to say to her, "Elizabeth, unless you learn to pick up your things you're going to drive your husband crazy some day."

"Mother," she exclaimed, "you'd never know it was me now, after all these years you have tried to reform me, telling me to put away my clothes, put the stopper on the toothpaste and not to squeeze it from the top. You'll be pleased to know I'm a changed woman. All that drilling finally hit the point."

"Is Nicky tidy?" I asked.

"Tidy? He hangs up everything."

"Does he do your dresses up the back?"

"Uh-huh. He buttons when I can't reach. Don't all men?"

"Tell me, did you always eat restaurant food?"

"Almost always. It's wonderful. But one night I insisted on proving that I could cook. I can't really, except fancy, ridiculous little dishes. Anyway, I like to toss off a little thing with crisp bacon and fresh tomatoes. Then I sprinkle cheese over the top. Nick thought it was perfect."

That reminded me. "We've been having terrible weather down here. So bad the

Chamber of Commerce has the shudders. How was the weather at Carmel?"

"The weather." Liz giggled. "We never noticed."

That led us off to more woman talk. Elizabeth believes in double beds. "We're always going to have one," she said. "You know, the great big kind, large enough to move around in."

WHILE we talked, she skipped from subject to subject. She always cuts her own hair by holding a mirror with one hand at the back and cutting with the other. She's going to teach Nicky. Despite her beautiful wardrobe, she's going to be happy when the honeymoon is over to get back into slacks. They took along four books on their honeymoon, but didn't read them. Elizabeth confessed that she hasn't had much time for reading.

It was heartening to learn that in all of her confused, busy new found happiness, Liz still thinks of others. Before she returned from Carmel she had a charm bracelet made up for her friend, Helen Rose—and the first item on it was a gold replica of the wedding gown Helen had designed.

Nicky and Liz are camera fiends. Elizabeth has her own Leica, and on the honeymoon they spent hours in the darkrooms they could find developing their own film. Mrs. Taylor gave them a three dimensional camera (on loan) with which they are taking pictures wherever they go in Europe. The golf clubs were left in California. Nick is a near champion type man with the clubs, shooting in the low seventies, and Elizabeth insists on taking lessons before she plays with him again. They went fishing several times. To date Liz says she is one sea bass ahead of her groom.

One small disappointment was the fact that they couldn't have the bridal suite on the Queen Mary. It had already been reserved by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. In England she visited old friends with Nicky, introducing him to her godmother and godfather, Mr. and Mrs. William Cazelett. In London they stayed at Claridges, famed as the last glamorous stopping place for exiled kings and queens.

Where will Mr. and Mrs. Nicky Hilton go next? Only they know the answer, but Elizabeth, who has driven the executives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer slightly batty because she waited so long to say yes or no to their offer of a beautiful new contract, gave me this tip: "When I come home I am going to do fewer pictures. I am Nicky's wife first and I always want to be able to travel with him. Because, you know, I love him."

THE END

circus daze!

(Continued from page 37) A few feet away, in the tiger department, Corinne and a tiger were gazing wistfully at each other. "Johne," said Corinne to her husband, "I theenk I will geeve 'eem a piece of candy bar."

The tiger's attendant strong-armed her. "You stay where you are, lady," he said. "We keep him locked up for your health, not his."

Corinne looked hurt. "Ees not healthy?" she said.

"It's like this," John explained as he led her away. "The tiger might like your arm more than the candy bar."

Next we came to the elephants who were wearing headdresses and standing very quietly to show them off.

Yvonne approached one elephant and offered him a peanut. He turned up his trunk disdainfully. Yvonne got the idea. She emptied the whole peanut bag into

her palm. The elephant came around. He didn't even want to leave us for the parade, but his trainer finally coaxed him.

We started following slowly when we heard a shout. "Tent's coming down."

I laughed. "They can't take a tent down over people's heads. Isn't that silly." Rock took my head and turned it around. Half of the canvas was already flat on the ground.

On our way to the main tent, the gentlemen bought us souvenirs. Corinne got a fluffy little fur monkey on a stick. Rock bought a whole winter's supply of peanuts. "Saves fingernails," he said.

"I'd like a whip," I said. No one heard me.

Well, we went inside, and took our seats, and I don't have to explain to you what a circus is like—all the bright lights and the color and the music. The trapeze artists swinging their lives away, and the tight-rope walkers leaving us breathless, and the trained seals playing on the xylophones. We just sat there speechless

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while Clyde Beatty put his wild animals through their paces. John and Corinne held hands, and Rock and Yvonne held hands, and I sat on mine.

THEN suddenly it was over and we all looked pale and tired. "I don't understand," said Corinne thoughtfully, "why they have three reengs when we have only the two eyes."

We puzzled that for a moment as we stepped outside the tent, and there were the clowns—fat, skinny, hilarious. They put on a private little show for us, but it didn't last long. "Everybody out of the way," someone shouted. "Tent's coming down."

Since there was only one tent left to come down, and that tent was still standing, we figured we stood a good chance of seeing the sideshow. It was good.

Alex Linton had packed his swords, but he got them out again. Then he swallowed them. It looked so easy.

"Healthy, too," said Alex. "My father swallowed swords, and lived to be 84."

Jose deLeon had a pet mouse and the mouse did tricks.

"Can you get that mouse to stand on its head?" I said. The mouse looked at me and scurried away. Corinne caught him. The mouse liked Corinne. John had to promise that the next white mouse he saw he'd bring home for a pet.

Between mice and snakes, I personally prefer snakes, if I have to prefer either. Barbara White was the charmer.

The snakes were huge and colorful. "Why don't you take one home?" Rock asked Yvonne. "You could use them in one of your Technicolor productions."

"If I could talk to a snake the way Barbara does," said Yvonne, "I'd think about it."

Barbara not only talked to the snakes, she charmed them—the way it said on the program—and she even scolded one of them. This particular snake kept leer-
ing at us.

"He's a new snake," explained Barbara. "He doesn't know any better."

After a while, Barbara put her snakes away. One by one she wrapped them up and packed them in a box. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the circus hands closing in on us.

"Run for your lives!" I said, starting to run.

Rock grabbed my arm. "What's the matter?" he said calmly.

"Tent's coming down!" I shouted. So we all ran—the five of us. Got out, too, in the nick of time.

THE END

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Yvonne DeCarlo and Rock Hudson combed L. A. for circus tickets—they got five here.

hooper on horseback

(Continued from page 53) was strictly for the pretty boys.

"I planned to do one picture, then go back to New York. You can work in burlesque no matter how you look."

But Dan listened to a friend's advice, hung on, and today, before Uncle Sam's cut and other professional expenses, Dan draws an annual paycheck that is very close to \$100,000

"A man owes it to his family to get ahead and stay ahead," he says. "It isn't that money, in itself, is worth so much. But it is the security that counts.

"Suppose an actor is up against it. Word gets around. Then a producer offers him a hundred a week. It's hard to say no when you're hungry. It's too tough on the wife and kids. But if this same actor had a few dollars in the bank, the producer wouldn't dare offer him only a hundred a week, and before the deal was closed, perhaps the offer would be up to a thousand. It often happens that when you haven't got a buck, it's hard to make one."

Dan traces the responsibility for his financial independence right back to horses.

"When I first started making a little money on Broadway," Dan explains, "I was on the same spot with all the others. We could head for a joint after the show, drink too much and sit there until dawn telling each other how good we were.

"But if you are going to get up early to ride around the park, you go to bed right after the show instead of spending your money in saloons. It costs a little to hire horses, even more to board them, but what you lose on the oranges you make on the bananas, and have fun to boot. You also avoid the danger of leaving your career on some bar stool."

When Dan reached Hollywood, he found even more opportunities than in New York to become a night club habitue.

"Or," says Dan, "if I didn't want to play the boob trap line, I could play gin rummy all night with my friends. And that can cost even more."

Dan feels, too, that an actor should cultivate friends outside of his profession. "This," he said, "is equally true for men and women in any field—engineers, salesmen, garage mechanics or school teachers. It gives you a chance to learn how others think and how they live. It keeps you from believing your own profession is the most important in the world."

AFTER Dan's stretch in the army was over (it ended at the Italian front) nothing seemed to suit him in civilian life.

"Sure, I was on MGM's payroll," he says, "but I wasn't working, and even if I had been making pictures, it might not have been so good right then, because when you get right down to it, making pictures isn't the most important thing—things like staying alive, having the liberty to express your thoughts, and working to prevent another war are very important, too," he adds, smiling wryly at his own understatement.

During those postwar months when, as Dan might say, things strictly were for the birds, he and Liz decided to buy a horse.

They went to an auction in Los Angeles where the army was disposing of surplus horses from the nearby remount station. They saw one they liked, and bought him for \$60.

This was an ordinary animal, with the army's surplus S branded on his jaw. But Dan and Liz knew what they were doing, and before they finished training him, he was an accomplished jumper. Liz used him for several months as she carried on

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her official duties as whipper-in for the local hunt club, and then they had a chance to sell him.

Dan, who seems to have inherited heavily from some Irish ancestor who horse-traded his way the length and breadth of Erin, likes to make a deal. He finally traded his \$60 horse for one that had cost \$1,300. Dan won't give the name of the horse he swapped; he doesn't want to hurt the new owner's chance of making a profitable deal himself some day.

Dan and Liz have made many horse trades since then, but never one they consider quite so good. "Sometimes we make a hundred," Dan says modestly, "and sometimes we lose a hundred, too."

Shortly before Dan Dailey III was born in September, 1947, big Dan and Liz became charter members of the West Hills Hunt club, which holds its hunts and point-to-point races on an 11,000-acre tract in San Fernando Valley.

Some of the club's activities are dangerous, and about once a year Dan's boss, Darryl Zanuck, feels he must dictate a letter to whoever may be Dan's director at the time, suggesting that jumping races and expensive movie-making don't really mix.

The director has yet to convince Dailey that Zanuck is right.

DAN feels he's fortunate, in many ways, that Liz agreed to marry him, and not the least of his good fortune is that Liz is such an enthusiastic and capable horse-woman. She's won as many ribbons and cups as he has, still she hasn't gone "horsey" to the extent of preoccupying herself with the sport to the detriment of her home. Dan, of course, can't spend too much time with his horses, since his work schedule leaves him only week-ends for riding.

Liz, however, does take advantage of the few hours each day when little Dan is in nursery school to exercise both her own horse, Stormy Weather, and Dan's Orange County.

So far, little Dan has had no real chance to ride—what boy has when he's less than three years old? But almost from birth, he's been around horses. Big Dan started by carrying his son into the stalls, introducing him to the horses, and demonstrating how to pet a horse, rub his ears and feel the angel-down on the nose.

"I was very happy," Dan says, "when little Dan immediately accepted the horses as his friends. It was exactly what I wanted, for I knew how much a common interest in riding had been responsible for keeping Liz close to me in our marriage, and I want all three of us to continue to enjoy this great sport together."

Little Dan is now large enough to ride his mother's horse if his father leads, and after he's had his short ride, he likes to stand and watch his parents. "Make him jump!" he yells at them. "Make him jump!"

Little Dan likes to feed the horses, too. Recently, after he had helped his father put Orange County into the stall, little Dan grabbed a chubby fist full of bleached hay and walked in beside the huge hunter, holding up his offering.

"The hay and little Dan's hair were the same color," his father explains, "and for a minute I thought Orange County might scalp the boy. But the horse worked his lips gently over the kid's blond hair, then reached for the hay. Little Dan laughed as though this were one of the nicest things that had ever happened to him."

DAN has developed another recreational interest designed to provide a common amusement area for his family. The interest is music. "Little Dan has a tin ear, though," Dan says. "Liz has a tin ear,

too. Can't carry a tune in a bucket."

But Dan doesn't allow this to get in his way. He has insulated the rumpus room, which is detached from the house, and many of the evenings since he took up the trombone have been devoted to jam sessions with his friends.

Liz, encouraging her husband, gave him a home recorder so that when he really wants to cut loose with his trombone, he can preserve the results for posterity—or for such portions of it that will be interested.

Although Dan is somewhat disappointed in his boy's tin ear, big Dan sees a dancing talent in his small son. "The kid's a natural," he says proudly. "I never saw anything like his rhythm. And he's only a little bit more than two-and-a-half years old."

Dan's big complaint is that he has so little time to spend with his son. Fifty weeks out of the year he works six days a week.

One morning this past spring, young Dan got up earlier than usual, and was standing by the yard fence, wearing his Hopalong shirt and his shooting irons, when his father started to leave the house for the studio.

"Where you going?" little Dan demanded, drawing a gun.

"To work," said his father.

"You think so?" said little Dan, drawing his other gun.

"Yeah, I got to," big Dan said, somewhat desperately.

"Why do you got to?"

"If I don't go to work, you won't have anything to eat."

Little Dan squinted up at big Dan and lifted the left corner of his upper lip. "I'm not hungry."

So now Dan is preparing for the time when he won't have to go to work. Almost since he and Liz married, they've wanted a ranch where they could develop their own strain of hunters.

Dan spotted such a place, but after careful thinking changed his mind and put the money into a large annuity instead.

"But Liz and I will have our ranch some day," Dan says. "We have our eye on just the place—about four and a half acres. We could use the house that's on it, and it wouldn't cost much to build a small stable. Then we could deduct from taxable income the costs of oats, the price of hay and the expenses of keeping up the fences—if we were really raising horses commercially."

How important it may someday be for Dan to have an income from horses is problematical. With his stocks, his annuities and an apparently unfailing popularity at the box office (his latest hit is *When Willie Comes Marching Home*) it seems unlikely that he ever will be short of money.

"But money comes and money goes," said Dan. "Many men have made millions then died broke. That's why I want a place where little Dan can learn that when the going gets tough, when it seems that everything is complicated beyond all reason, he can get on a horse and shake him loose—put him across a few ditches, over a fence or two. He'll find, as I have, that it's good for what ails him."

THE END

Paid Notice

Do Your Dates
"Fizzle Out"?

SEE PAGE 74

get a load of douglas!

(Continued from page 46) A lot of show-men were sure that Paul was ready for the movies a long time ago, but the movies needed a little preparation. The shades of Valentino still haunted the casting offices, and it took a while before a star was allowed to look like this man—big, satisfying, and not so pretty. Douglas bided his time, and when it came he made the most of it.

Take his latest movie, *The Big Lift*. In it, he plays the part of Sergeant Kowalski, an air force technician. Was he convincing? Well, there's the testimony of two U. S. Army M. P.'s stationed at Templehof Air-drome in Berlin, where the film was made last fall.

One afternoon Paul was wandering around the airport in uniform, his collar unbuttoned, when the two M. P.'s came upon him. They promptly arrested him for violating dress regulations. Not until William Perlberg, the producer, and George Seaton, the director and writer of the picture were summoned would the soldiers believe that Paul was just an actor and not an enlisted man.

"Does he really look like a sergeant?" the picture executives asked happily.

"Look like an army sergeant!" burst out one of the M. P.'s. "He looks like a thousand sergeants I've seen in this man's army!"

It takes a fellow whose actions are based on natural instincts at all times to be as convincing as this, which is probably Paul's secret. For a guy like him you've got to present stories which are believable and make sense in today's world. Hollywood is just getting around to doing just that.

WHAT those Army M. P.'s didn't guess is that Paul can also look like a bank vice-president, an oil-rigger or just your big Uncle Charlie. To his mother, when he was about nineteen, he looked like a fine prospect for a doctor or a lawyer. Paul became a radio announcer, instead. Everybody said he didn't look like an announcer until he started earning a thousand a week a few years later handling big time programs—Jack Benny's, Fred Allen's, the Fred Waring show and Burns and Allen's. Then they saw the resemblance.

But by this time Paul was way ahead of them—he was wondering whether he looked like an actor. He wanted to go on the stage.

"No!" he was told by all, including his best friend, Toots Shor, aggressive owner of a popular Manhattan restaurant who has given some of his customers the loudest advice they've ever heard.

So Paul wangled himself into the star part of *Born Yesterday* and proved to the tune of 1,024 performances that his pals were wrong again. That's when Hollywood, which had previously tested him and marked him impossible, decided that nobody knew as much about Paul Douglas' talent as Paul Douglas himself, and if he considered himself an actor there must be something to it. *A Letter to Three Wives*, *It Happens Every Spring*, *Everybody Does It* and *The Big Lift*, are samples of what there was to it.

Paul was no laggard in his personal life around New York, and Hollywood didn't change his habits. A few months ago Paul walked into Romanoff's in Beverly Hills and fell in love with a girl sitting with his agent, Louis Shurr. Her name was Jan Sterling and while Mr. Shurr was paying the check, Paul took Jan's arm and walked her out of the place. People who were present at the time say the agent looked round for Jan and Paul, shrugged his

shoulders philosophically when he realized what had happened, and then sat down again to read his newspaper. Greater love has no agent, says Hollywood, but that he give up his gal to one of his clients.

In justice to Paul for this ungentlemanly behavior it should be reported that he and Jan were not exactly strangers; that is to say, each bore an unusual relationship to the other although they had never met. All the time he was on Broadway playing the role of Harry Brock, the heel in *Born Yesterday*, Jan was playing the part of Billie Dawn, Brock's dumb girl friend, but not in New York. She was in the Chicago and road company of the same play. They got reports of each other and friends who saw both companies would describe how each acted and talked, so now it was almost as if they had known each other for years.

THEY had a lot to discuss. It started with the show and ended with themselves. This in turn wound up with a diamond bracelet for Jan, and an announcement that they were going to be married.

Somebody, curious about how Paul would go about a proposal, asked him when and how the wooing took place. He replied that it happened aboard Humphrey Bogart's boat, the *Santana*, one weekend.

"You know Bogart," said Paul. "He doesn't like to have his craft messed up so he doesn't allow any fishing aboard it. There being nothing else to do I proposed to Jan and she accepted me. I went and reported to Bogart about it but he told me not to come running to him with my troubles."

A lot of his friends didn't take the announcement of his engagement seriously and tried to get him out on dates where he would meet other girls. He refused. "I wouldn't dare," he told them.

"You mean you're serious about Jan?" he was asked.

Not even two words of his reply could possibly be printed but the idea of it was that there is nothing more serious in his life. The fact that they were married on May 12 by Superior Judge Edward Brand seems to bear this out.

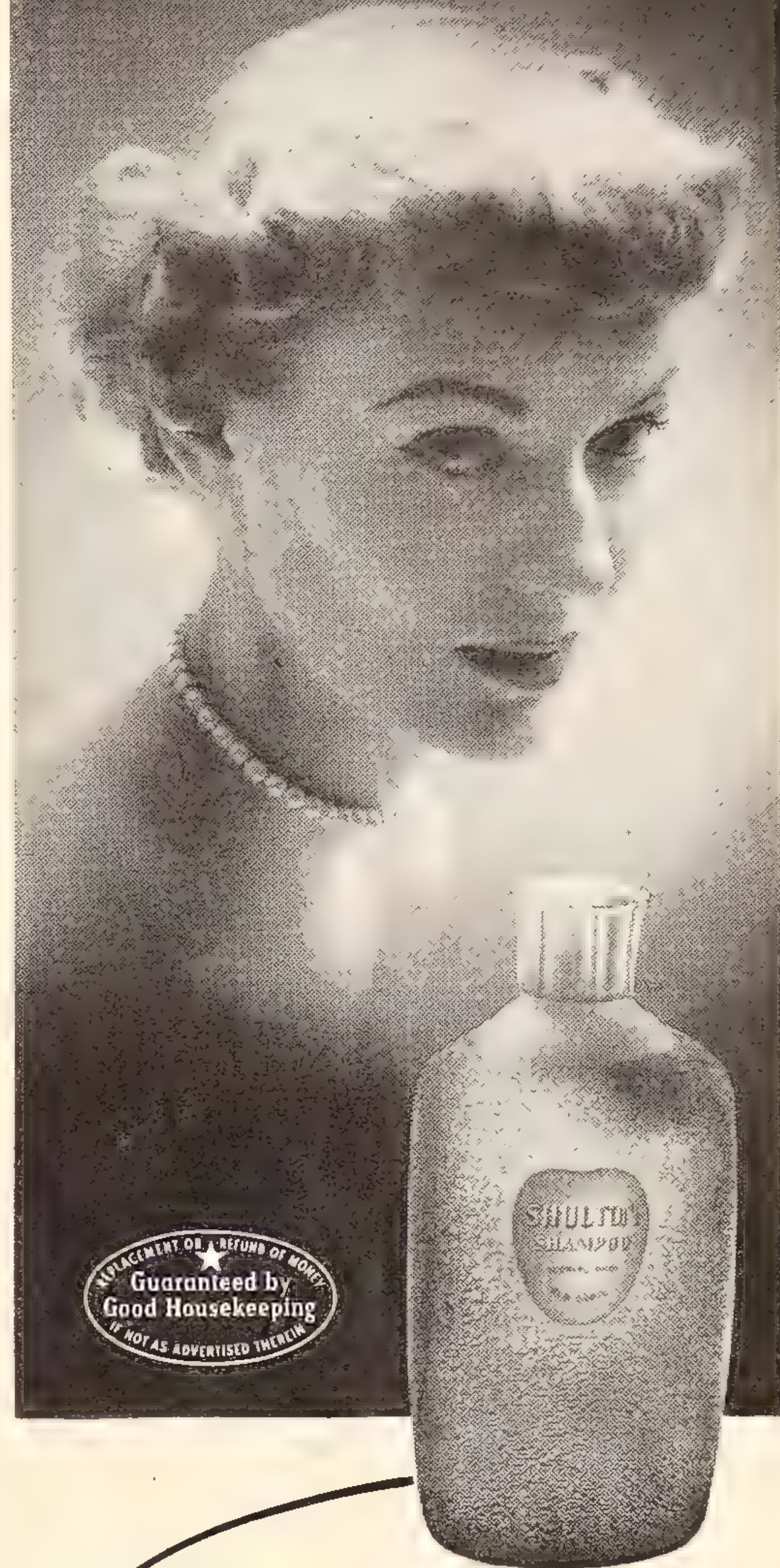
Having lived in hotels most of his life he rented a little house when he first came out to Hollywood. He promptly had to leave it and go travelling around the country on location trips. Eventually, after returning from Berlin, he gave up the house and moved into the Bel Air hotel. "Hotels are more permanent," was his explanation, meaning perhaps that hotels are where he always winds up.

With his marriage, however, he intends to get a home again even though he is a bit pessimistic about ever being able to live in it for any length of time. "With my luck Jan and I will buy a house, and then go away," he says.

When he's in Hollywood he turns up at the studio regularly whether he's shooting a picture or not. He's ready to discuss roles, read scripts or generally make himself useful. Evenings he likes to dine at the home of friends in preference to restaurants. Outside of driving a fast car and buying, not always wearing, loud neckties, he has no particular hobbies. He used to play golf but quit twelve years ago in the presence of Bing Crosby, Frank Parker and Bill Goodwin, who swear they will never forget the scene.

THE four of them were playing Lakeside (Paul was announcer for Burns and Allen then in Hollywood) and Paul, who was more strong than adept at the game, was spraying the countryside with wild shots. After holding up play most of the afternoon he grabbed his bag of clubs, and was about to throw it into a pond when he saw his caddy's horrified face.

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"I suppose you'd rather I give them to you," he snapped at the boy.

"I sure would," the boy said.

Paul slung the clubs toward the boy and yelled, "Take them! And never let me see them or you again!"

The boy obeyed. Paul turned and walked off the course never again to tread on another one to this day.

These days he isn't seen in night clubs either, or at gay private affairs. He doesn't think the night life of Hollywood compares even remotely with New York's doings. One night a friend saw him driving along the boulevard and hailed him to a stop.

"Ah-ha!" said the fellow. "Out for a big time, eh?"

Paul reached down beside him and picked up a letter. "Yeah," he replied disgustedly. "I've been driving around for a half hour looking for a mail box."

The fact that his friends were not exactly cooperative in Paul's new bid for domesticity, was merely a tipoff on what they think of him as a companion. They miss him. He may not always be pleasant, he has a temper, yet there is no meanness in him, and everything he says or does stems from a heart that is warm and sentimental. There probably isn't a person he knows, who hasn't seen him roar angrily at times. But by the same token, not one of them has ever suffered ill luck without Paul offering a helping word and hand.

Not all the stories about Paul are to his credit, but almost all of the unfavorable ones can be traced back to disgruntled people who never said more than "hello" to him before he made good and are irked because he doesn't let them say more than this now.

During the filming of one of his pictures he got to dislike one of the other stars who, he felt, was too much of an eager beaver in front of the camera. Word got

around to this fellow and he sought Paul out to apologize.

"I was wrong," he said. "But you'll have to forgive me. I guess I'm just nervous about making good. I can't stand the thought of failure. You see, when I was a boy, I was terribly poor."

Paul snorted. "Who wasn't?" he asked.

The other stared. "You mean . . ." he began. Paul cut in. "I mean, who wasn't? I didn't have what with when I was a boy. Ask ninety-nine out of a hundred people stars or anybody else and you'll find it the same story. If people can give that for an excuse for acting the way you do then we'd all be cutting each others' throats!"

SOME of Douglas' friends think he's casual about Hollywood but the fact is that he takes his career quite seriously. There are two reasons. One: he likes the money. "Why should I kid anybody about that?" he asks. "Try and make a picture here with actors who don't care for money and you'll find yourself with a cast of palm trees."

The other reason is that he's beginning to believe he can be useful in pictures. "There are good writers here, good directors, and they've got something to say on the screen. If I can help them say it, there's nothing else I can do as worthwhile."

He makes this last statement with a bit of wonder in his voice. As big and strong as he is, as confident as he sounds about most things, when he sees himself in pictures he's embarrassed. As a result he's stopped looking at rushes of him alone.

"At least, in a completed picture, I can look at the other people in it and maybe feel that with them I'm making a little sense up there," he says.

He's making more than a little—and there are two ways of telling—by the look of his wallet, and by the look of the people who put down their popcorn when Douglas' mug is on the screen. THE EN



**break
the
bank**
by bert parks

a modern screen quiz

Bert Parks, young m.c. of radio's *Break the Bank* quiz show (NBC—Wednesdays at 9 p.m.—EST) thought up these brain teasers for Modern Screen readers. See how much you know about family relations. You'll find the answers on page 98.

1. Suave George Sanders' brother has made a career for himself as a movie-detective.
2. You've seen Arthur Shield's brother many times in Irish brogue roles.
3. She won her second Academy Award for *The Heiress*. Her sister won hers for *Suspicion*. (Name the sisters.)
4. Scott Brady's actor brother is
5. Jess Barker is married to red haired
6. Barbara Hale played Al Jolson's wife in *Jolson Sings Again*, but at home she's wife.

Back home in little rock

Continued from page 51) them into his limousine, and with sirens screaming they made a tour of Dick's home town. Dick felt mellow; he felt like making a speech. "What a town," he said. "They really mean when they call Arkansas the land of opportunity. All of my old friends are doing great. Like they say, Arkansas has the land, the water and the real people." "Know what, Dick?" said Governor McMath. "Good thing you're not running against me in the election."

The sirens and the limousine stopped in front of Pat Mehaffy's home. Mehaffy, a prominent attorney in Little Rock, and one of Dick's oldest friends. They even went to grammar school together.

"This is my wife," said Dick Powell, presenting June.

"And this is my wife," said Pat Mehaffy, presenting Kate.

June rested in the Mehaffys' home, where they were to stay, and then while they were unpacking, June said, "You're going to be very angry with me, darling." "Are you sure?" Dick said.

"Yes, I'm sure. You know my purse. Well, I left my purse in Texas."

Dick called up Texas, and they put the purse on a plane. Then Dick rushed off to help rehearse the Little Rock Boys Glee Club for the premiere. (Dick's a lifetime member of the club, and he promised to donate the premiere's proceeds to it so they could build a baseball park.) After that he went to a press conference at the Hotel Marion. Then he was off to judge a power show.

Later June met him and they attended a luncheon, and sang for the guests and greeted old friends. That night the premiere was held. Everyone in town showed up for it. There was a little ceremony before the picture was shown. Governor McMath made June a legal citizen of Arkansas with the right to vote. And the ovation she received made her eyes bright with tears.

That night before going to sleep, Dick said to her, "If there's a town in this land with greater hospitality, I haven't discovered it."

And June, holding her eyelids open with her fingers, said, "You know, honey, if there's a man with greater vitality, I haven't discovered him," and she fell asleep. Dick sat up a while, and gloated. Actually, Dick's vitality would be envying in someone half his age. On the Powells' recent trip to Palm Springs, which Dick planned as a rest after he and June had finished making *Right Cross*, they played eighteen holes of golf in the morning. Lunch followed, and then a tired and blistered June suggested an afternoon in Canasta.

"But I'd thought about some tennis," Dick said.

"Oh, brother!" said June, and sat in the lawn, while her husband ran through three sets of tennis and leaped into the swimming pool.

It's even worse when he's working. He's in the studio at eight, six days a week, and comes home at seven. He has a radio show, "Richard Diamond," on Wednesday, for which there are rehearsals, and he indulges in all sorts of business ventures on the side. He keeps an office in town and June would get lost trying to keep up with it.

One day she'll see a new heater in his dressing room and remark about it. "They're nice, aren't they?" Dick will say. "I bought the company last month."

A few days later, June will tell him, "Winah Shore was here today and she's crazy about that new heater. Could you

get her one?"

"I guess so. I sold the firm on Monday, but I think I can arrange it with the new owner."

Every once in a while June sees to it that he relaxes. She does it subtly; she phones her friends—the Leonard Firestones, for instance, and suggests that they invite the Powells for dinner some evening. The Firestones are obliging, the evening arrives and when Dick comes home June says gaily, "We have a half hour to get ready."

"For what?" asks Dick, who's been planning to read scripts in bed.

"We're having dinner at the Firestones. I can't help it, Richard—they just insisted that we come."

Dick raises an eyebrow and stares her down. "Is this the same trick you pulled with the Cagneys last week?"

"I don't know what you mean," she says loftily, and in a half-hour they're over having dinner with the Leonard Firestones.

IN Little Rock, they had dinner with lots of people—old friends, mostly, who knew Dick when he lived on Schiller Avenue. They dined at the Governor's mansion, and June got dewy-eyed over the Governor's three children.

Pat Mehaffy drove them into Memphis, Tennessee, to the Tennessee Children's Home, the place they'd gone to adopt Pamela. Now they planned to adopt another child. Mrs. Alma Walton took them through the home, and they stopped to talk to dozens of little kids. "Are you going to take me with you?" one of the little boys asked Dick, and Dick looked helpless. "Let's stay a while longer," June kept saying. "We'll have to go," Dick finally announced, as he sat down with a little girl on his lap.

They stayed a while, and when they left, they promised to come back again soon, and they meant it.

They had to leave Little Rock, too, the morning after a wonderful ball at the Robinson Memorial Auditorium.

"I make a motion," said June to Dick. "Namely?"

"I make a motion we go by train. If you don't pass the motion, I'm not going home."

So at 10:45 Sunday night, a crowd gathered at the railroad station to say farewell.

June stood in the open door of the train, and said, "Dick and I were real proud of you and the wonderful time we've had, and we'd like to sing you a song. As the train pulled out they stood in the open doorway and sang in hillbilly voices, "Have We Told You Lately That We Love You?"

And that was the end of the trip to Dick's hometown. But that isn't the end of the story.

One night, a few days later, when Dick came home, June said to him, "Remember how sick I was on that plane?"

"Remember?" said Dick. "I thought you were gone forever."

"That's right," said June happily. "Only it wasn't the plane—it was the baby."

"The what?"

"The baby, our baby, the baby we're going to have in December."

"Oh, that baby," said Dick, as he floated into a chair. Then he jumped up. "Our baby!" he shouted. "You mean you're going to have a baby? You mean I'm going to be a father?"

June nodded her head.

"Are you all right?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Dick. "Who am I?"

She told him, and he was a very happy man. THE END

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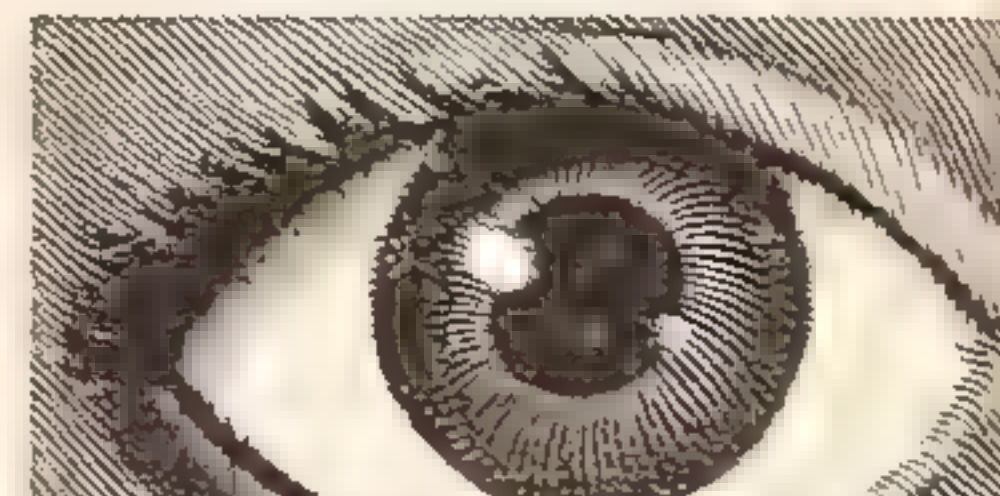
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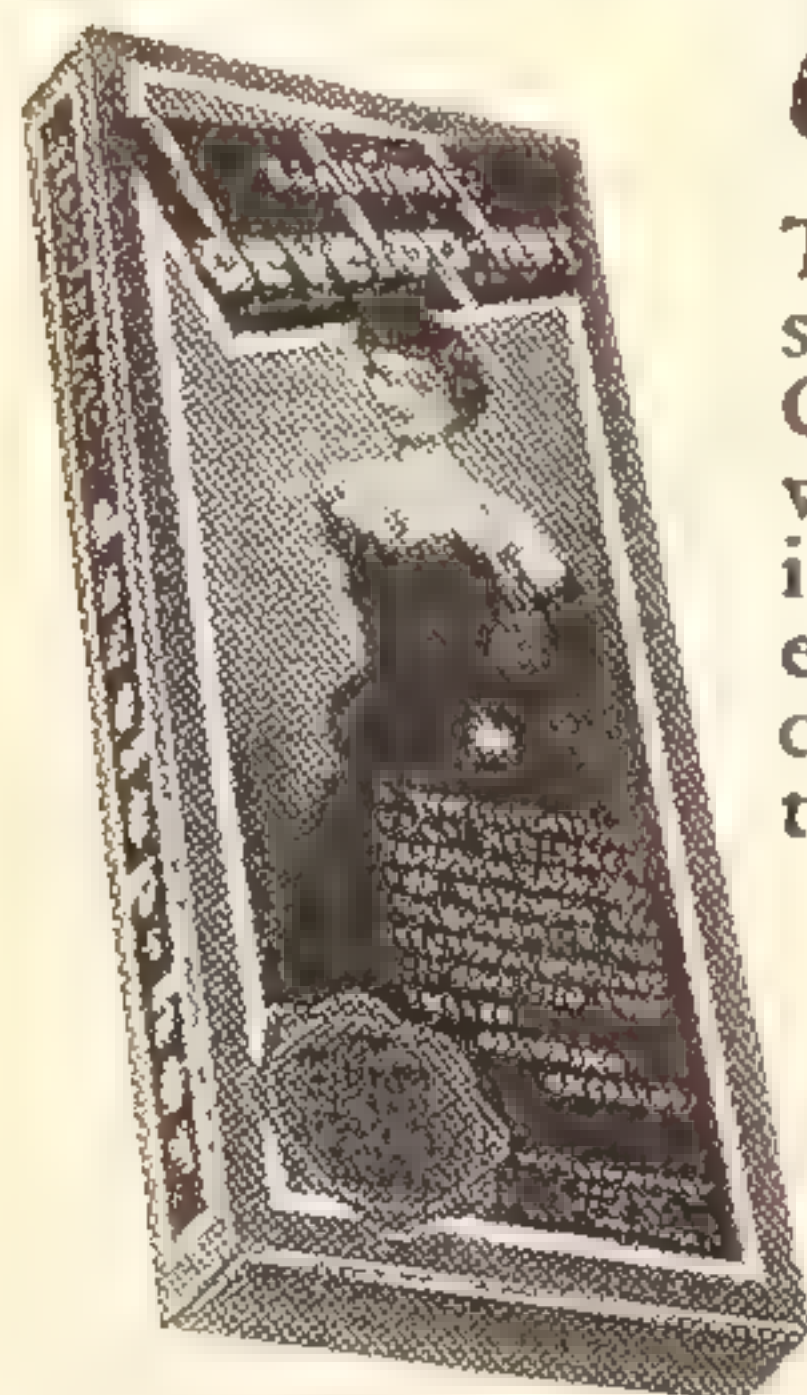


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the high cost of loving

(Continued from page 29) pay off, if he ever makes it. How could that be possible?

Frank Sinatra was the most dazzling meteor to flash across the show business horizon in decades. I couldn't guess how many millions his swoon personality dragged in.

Today he's lost his picture contract and his radio job. He was recently cancelled out of a personal appearance at London's Palladium. He didn't complete an engagement at the Shamrock Hotel in Houston, nor the next at Broadway's Copacabana. He's closed his office in Hollywood. But, apparently, Frankie can't come to his senses and shake off the wandering urge which has been a big part of his downfall.

The break that happened to Frank Sinatra and the king's ransom rewards it brought can never come again—but what does he have to show for it all? The din of bobby-sox screams turned Frankie's head away from the greatest asset he had—ten times more valuable than the fabulous money rolling in—his sensible, loyal and loving Nancy. It was when Frank started playing around with all Hollywood's glamor girls that he started stumbling. It wasn't over-expanding his talents that threw him, it was over-expanding his heart—and in the wrong direction.

I'm convinced that despite Frank Sinatra's foolish handling of his career and his finances he could have saved the pieces with Nancy's help. Frankie lived up to his income, it's true, without remembering that each March 15 there was a tax remittance due. He bought a big house in Toluca Lake, did it over several times, then bought a bigger one from Gloria McLean (now Mrs. Jimmy Stewart) which Gloria told me she was the luckiest girl in the world to get rid of; it was so big and the taxes were so high. He sank over \$100,000 into a Palm Springs villa, went hog wild buying high priced modern paintings, scattering his money all over like a child strewing candy, because he was just a kid from across the tracks and didn't have the balance to handle such fabulous fortune when it hit him. But Nancy had her head screwed on right and it was only when he dumped that pilot that he hit the rocks and started sinking.

It may be too late to get Nancy back. She loved him through four or five wanderings and patted his naughty head officially a time or two to forgive the boy she used to love. If Frank himself had any sense he'd be working like a beaver to patch the dam of his empire which has burst with a quick and emptying deluge, because that's all he's got. Meanwhile whatever is left of his tangible assets Nancy will have—the houses and all—as she should, although my guess is that she and the three kids won't have enough to take care of them as they might have been. As for what Frankie's end for himself will be—at the present rate of Hollywood love exchange—I'd hate to predict!

But the giddy ganders who go gallivanting off to cozy new nests somehow can't believe that the golden eggs are ever going to stop rolling into their laps. Right now Kirk Douglas has prospects unlimited and he may make himself a million dollars in the next ten years, for all I know. But also Kirk has just cinched on a respectable load to carry in that unpredictable race. When his wife, Diana, divorced him last February, he agreed to pay her \$1000 a month until her death or remarriage. Also \$550 a month to support their sons, Michael, five, and Joel, three, until they're both twenty-one. Diana got the house and ten percent of all Kirk makes over \$120,000

a year. Kirk will have to sharpen his pencil and do some close financial figuring from now on to marry again.

Tyrone Power was considerably light—by a mansion, three cars, insurance policies and bank accounts—when floated from Annabella's arms into Lin Christian's. Whatever Annabella makes an actress, Ty must add enough to make \$50,000 a year, as long as he earns \$260,000 per annum. If he earns more than \$310,000 he pays Annabella 17 per cent of the profit with a maximum of \$87,500 yearly. And that's a lot of money, over and above taxes these days.

Ty had to tie himself up in those tight money knots to pursue his straying affections—at a time when he was the bonny prince of Twentieth Century-Fox and his box-office draw was a beautiful thing to behold. It isn't so beautiful as it once was since *Prince of Foxes* and *The Blue Rose*, two terrifically expensive pictures which aren't paying off enough, and Ty isn't any younger. He has a baby on the way, and his Hollywood home today is small one. It wouldn't surprise me if he's living on less than he still pays to Annabella. He'll have to, to hold on to what's left of his fortune.

But fortunes can fade mighty fast under the beatings they take from fickle ticketers. Humphrey Bogart split all he'd saved up and a goodly hunk besides when he discarded Mayo Methot to marry Lauren Bacall. "Sluggo" as he called her, lived up to her name by putting the settlement slug on Bogey, when he bounced her. Luckily, Bogey has a fantastic fifteen-year contract with Warners which will keep himself, his fourth wife, and little Junior comfortable, although Bogey's box-office value is not what it used to be, either.

EVEN Mickey Rooney's cocky swagger has been crimped considerably by his expensive excursions to the altar. Mickey stuck with Ava Gardner, his first, bare over a year but the months of wedding bliss set him back Ava's slice of his \$200,000 community property stake. Next trip with Betty Jane Rase, cost Mickey a little more—\$100,000 alimony, to be exact, over ten years, and \$5000 yearly to feed and clothe their two children, Mickey, Jr. and Timothy, plus \$25,000 to buy them a new home. Undaunted, the Mick now owns his third bride. Luckily everybody isn't Mickey Rooney.

For instance, there is a barrel-chested brute named Victor Mature. A very mixed up character to start with, Vic has settled down into one of the canniest stars and the other day he proved it. In his first two marriages, with Frances Charles and Martha Kemp, Vic trotted away with minor financial scars, mainly because he had very little himself. However, when his third wedding waltz with Dorothy Berry, the Pasadena society girl turned shaky, Vic found himself slightly more vulnerable.

Mrs. Mature III had a very good idea of just what worldly goods Vic had—his home, two autos, several bank accounts and a TV business earning \$38,000 annually, besides his weekly salary of \$27,000 and the \$25,000 he draws each twelve months from stocks and bonds. The general idea was that all of this would be Vic's exclusively for very long. At the state of agitation this induced in San Francisco was so violent, that Dottie Mature also got a restraining order keeping him from "burning down their home" as he threatened rather than let her have it.

Well, Vic and his wife are reconciled now and what's more he's built her a brand new mansion because she didn't like the one he had intentions of arson on. I'm sure Vic really loves his wife and

happy to ease back into matrimony which he's often said "is the only life." But he loves a dollar too, especially several thousand of them, and when he faced seeing them walk away—well, Vic reconsidered. Or, you can put it this way: He couldn't afford to wander.

Now, why do the stars' flighty *affaires de coeur* ring out so loud on the court cash register? Why do they pay all that money? Is it all on the up and up—or is it a racket?

First off, they don't pay unless they've got it. When Paul Douglas took unto himself a beautiful blond Jan Sterling, Jan became the fifth Mrs. Douglas. Four times before Paul swore everlasting love and four times something happened. But nothing serious—to his bank account, that is, because he didn't have any worth mentioning in Hollywood terms. This time it's different; Paul's in the money and on the spot, if ever he and Jan decide to part, which I hope they never do. This time it'd better be for keeps, or else that bonanza Mr. Douglas has struck in his mid-30s years might well go a-glimmering.

But there are almost automatic reasons for paying in California. There's a law, a community property law: Half of what is mine. When Louis B. Mayer and his wife, Margaret, were divorced three years ago after almost 43 years of marriage, the MGM mogul paid her \$3,250,000. Clark Gable settled \$250,000 on his second wife, Rhea, which it took him years to pay, and that's one reason why the thing isn't weighted down with half the chequer people credit him with. This is so despite his \$7500 every Saturday night and his place on the MGM pension which ought to realize him at least \$10,000 a year whenever he decides to retire.

But there are other subtle reasons that lurk in the fantastic back-breaking Hollywood settlements, too.

Every star fears public opinion, because it's the grace by which he lives and stays rich. And tell me what couple lives—in Hollywood or anywhere—could wash their linen in public without some showing up? If they're caught in love trouble, it's just more sensible to pay off with as little fuss as possible. There are usually children involved, too, and even the most trifling bumbling bee flitting from the honey to another has a soft spot for the kids. Errol Flynn, for instance, is crazy about all three of his, and he's wonderful to them; money for them he doesn't grudge.

But sweet reason and sober sense fly out the window the minute Cupid sends his arrows in, sugar tipped or poisoned, as the case may be. Ingrid Bergman would be a pauper today and totally dependent on Roberto Rossellini if her Hollywood lawyer, Greg Bautzer, had obeyed the love tormented client's instructions. "Give him everything I have in the world," were Ingrid's anguished orders. "I just want my freedom."

"But I simply couldn't do it," Greg explained to me. He couldn't because he knew the time would come, and soon, when Bergman wouldn't have a red cent left on. As it is, after months of haggling, horrible months which inexorably brought Ingrid the most mortifying fate that can come to a self-respecting woman, Peter Lindstrom who held all the chips, is getting half of her \$250,000 fortune—every penny of which Ingrid had staked herself, and her Beverly Hills home. And she is to receive the earnings from her last three pictures, *Joan of Arc*, *Under Capricorn* and *Stromboli*, if and when there are any. Everything else she's staked—her career, her good name, her

daughter, Pia. I sometimes wonder if Ingrid's impulsive solution wasn't the best after all to the dilemma on which her rash love crucified her. If she'd paid off her embittered and grasping spouse at once, even though it broke her, at least she wouldn't have had her name dragged through the mud of the whole wide world.

So the woman can pay, and pay—if she's the Mrs. Moneybags and finds another handsome hero who makes her swoon. The sting is just as painful to either sex. Rita Hayworth was painfully pruned of her life's savings when her first husband, Edward Judson, bowed out. Besides large hunks of preferred stock, bank accounts and such they divided the automobiles, jewelry, furs, and even two railroad tickets to New York! Rita further signed up out of court to pay Eddie \$12,000 cash at \$500 a month and when she forgot to pay, Eddie promptly garnished her Columbia studio salary to prove he wasn't kidding.

So today, financially, Princess Rita finds herself leaning on her husband, the Prince, as a wife undoubtedly should, for support. Only Aly Khan leans, in turn, on his diamond-studded poppa, the Aga Khan, and it's not at all certain he'll inherit all the payments and privileges due Mohammed's official heir. Besides, Aly has a weakness for betting and big league games of chance. Knowing Rita, I know she'd like nothing better than her own money rolling in as it used to, some cash in hand of her own for her pretties. But after paying the bills for both Eddie Judson, Orson Welles and assorted heart spreeds, where is it? Gone with the windy protestations of love and affection she was always a sucker for.

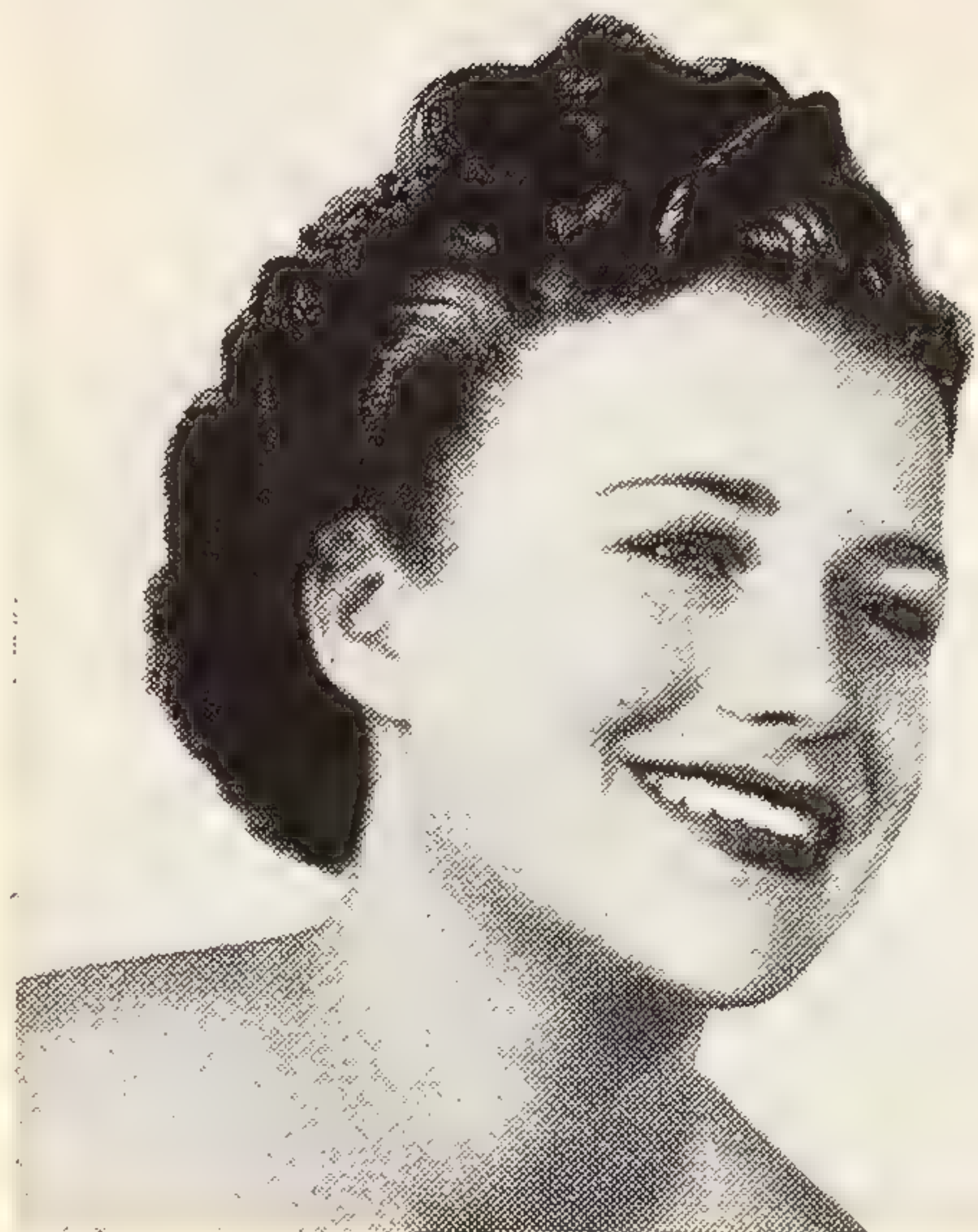
WHEN William Grant Sherry, Bette Davis' artistic third mate, crashed a studio party at RKO a while back, didn't like what he saw, and sent his fists flying, Bette swore that was the end. But when she swears out her divorce complaint she may well add some new cuss words under her breath, too. Because, the price of Sherry around the house came fairly high. Bette bought them the loveliest castle she could find in Laguna Beach, her husband's home town, hanging over the blue cove where Sherry loved to surf. She bought another big one in town. She presented him with an expensive trailer, bought an airplane, and all kinds of tokens of her love and esteem, including a set of psychiatric treatments, three times a week at thirty bucks an hour, to cure her husband's "ungovernable temper." But they obviously didn't work and when the property settlement is over, Bette may find herself with a Sherry hangover more lasting and distressing than her upsets watching Basher Bill blow his top.

It's funny what money can do to people. Seems I've heard it called the root of all evil. But is there any fool-proof way for the Hollywood Romeos and Juliets to dilly-dally with love and skip out of the love bower scot free? No.

If you're a cagey beau like Peter Lawford, who never gets involved, you don't find the expense too exhausting. Sometimes, too, if you're an amiable adventurer, like George Sanders, you can breeze fairly easily out of one marriage into another where there are benefits of former alimony settlements.

BUT for normal stars—if there's any such animal—there's only one answer to eating a piece of love cake and having the dough to pay for it too—and it's the simplest answer in the world. To wit: talking straight from the heart when they promise to love, honor and cherish until death do them part. Staying married, and staying out of trouble. It's the one-girl guys and the one-guy girls in the main

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JOAN LANSING

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I'm mad-about-MONTGOMERY! The romantic **ROBERT** of stage and screen fame, now lends his brilliant mind and abilities to a great ABC program every Thursday at 9:45 PM (EDT) following the **ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR**. **ROBERT MONTGOMERY SPEAKING** is a program that makes you sit up and take notice, because this **MONTGOMERY**-man knows the score right down the line. You keep up with tomorrow when you keep tuned to **ROBERT MONTGOMERY** Thursday nights on your local ABC station. Get the best in broadcasting commentary with **ROBERT MONTGOMERY SPEAKING** for Lee Hats.

Joan Lansing

who live longest as stars in Hollywood and have plenty to make life rosy when those enduring young charms mellow and fade.

When Gary Cooper recited his marriage vows he meant them. Today he has everything a man could want, a beautiful wife, a lovely daughter, and a career that's still booming along.

Or take Fred MacMurray, one of the very richest men in Hollywood, a real estate magnate besides a very top-salaried star, still—and still the same wife. Today Fred has his happy family in the gorgeous home Margaret Sullavan sold when she divorced producer Leland Hayward after eleven years of marriage and three beautiful babies. Look, too, at a few other well-off one-time winners at love—like Jimmy Cagney, Fred Astaire, Joel McCrea, George Murphy, Bill Holden, who's quietly raising his three swell kids, piling up annuities for their education instead of new "mamas" for their bewilderment, insecurity and sadness. Bill's paying attention to his work instead of a gallivanting libido—and a performance like his *Sunset Boulevard* comes in—instead of sheriff's writs

and attachments!

Gosh—I could go on all night—right up to Granddaddy Cecil B. DeMille, another one-woman man, all his forty-odd Hollywood years, rich now in real estate, bank directorships, children, and grandchildren, prestige and movie profits that still roll his way—but never a cent frittered away on alimony.

So let the stars with wandering eyes cast them first on the alimony bill, and see how paying it has wrecked and will continue to wreck the lives and livings of their fellow-men.

There's a tune I like to hum from *South Pacific*—"I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love . . . with a wonderful guy!" It's a tune some Hollywood ladies whose hearts melt like butter have been singing for ages—long before it was written by Rodgers and Hammerstein. But, too often, the time that their guy looks most wonderful is when he's in court signing over his life's blood, because he foolishly let it get too hot and it rushed to his crazy-bone, which sadly and unwisely he mistook for his heart!

THE EN

house of memories

(Continued from page 35) example, she's always liked early American and English pewter. She set around collecting some. The rarer pieces are kept in cabinets, but most of the collection is scattered around the place in the form of ashtrays, flower vases, and fruit dishes.

The first impression you get as you step into the large entrance hall is one of limitless space. In this day of high construction costs where every square foot costs money, the mere existence of unused floor space is a luxury. In the Crosby pre-war house there's a lot of this sort of luxury. The halls are unusually wide; the doorways have double doors; the ceilings are over eleven feet high. The windows stretch from floor to ceiling, and the circular stairway (with a bannister fit for sliding) extends for two dozen steps.

Bing claims that when you have boys you either farm them out or get a house where they can grow and expand. "I've managed to do both," he explains.

During the summer the boys work on the cattle ranch outside of Elko, Nevada, and they really work regular cowboy hours and regular cowboy duties. They're paid small salaries. The rest of the year they go to school and spend what spare time they have in Holmby Hills.

Next to comfort or maybe because of it, Bing loves old, beautiful furniture. In fact, he collects antiques. He's not a stickler for any particular period or country. He simply buys what's pleasing to his eye. "After all," he says, "I'm the guy who has to live with the stuff and I'm the guy who pays for it. Dixie and I buy what we like even though the experts might not classify the stuff as exactly correct. Who cares, anyway?"

ALL the bedrooms are furnished in 18th century English pieces. The living room, however, is a harmonious mixture of French provincial lamps, a Louis XVI desk, a Queen Anne card table and modern fabrics. If anyone tells you that you shouldn't mix period furniture, just refer them to the picture of the Crosby living room, as well-furnished and eye-pleasing a room as ever you'll see.

Dixie prefers antique pieces to modern, because, as she says, "If the tables get scratched or the pewter gets dented, it doesn't matter too much. I just polish over the spot and the piece looks better than new. Part of the beauty in antiques

is the used look."

The used and useful look is what the Crosbys like. They appreciate the fine workmanship and graceful appearance of antiques, but they also insist that the furniture be functional.

Bing hates floor lamps. His chronic complaint is that they're always in the way, so Dixie has worked out several solutions to the problem. She's taken decorative old pieces and changed them into table lamps and housings for indirect lighting. Provincial wine-kegs, a French coffee maker, and two hurricane lamps have been wired for electricity and light up the living room. Over the piano there hangs a French lavabo which is both plant holder and light fixture. Above the Queen Anne card table is a Jacobean cabinet that contains a curio collection as well as an indirect light for the game table.

Not long ago, Dixie admired a Sheraton breakfast table that she'd seen in a decorator's shop. Bing told her to go ahead and buy it. Although it was hopelessly small for the kind of farmhand's breakfast that's served in the Crosby household, she did. It seemed a little extravagant and impractical to her at the time, when suddenly she got the bright idea of cutting it down to coffee table height.

What was too small for a six-person breakfast setting became a spacious coffee table on a scale with the eight-foot sofas. Bing, of course, approves of this wonderfully uncluttered surface as a fine residence for his books and magazines. (The moral of this is to never throw out an old kitchen or dining room table. You can make it do wonders by altering the top and shortening the legs.)

Few people can afford a 14-room house with a forty-foot living room, or even one share in the Pittsburgh Pirates. But in one respect, many of us can live luxuriously—by making every part of our home serve us.

If you love antiques, for instance, don't treat them like sacred cows. Make them work for you, as the Crosbys do, and you'll cherish them even more.

"When I get married," little Lindsay says, "I'm taking the television set with me."

"He can't kid me," says Dixie. "It's the Welsh dresser that the set's in that my boy really loves."

Since Lindsay's only twelve, Dixie can hang on to it for a while. And the house, whose future may hang in the balance, she can hold, too—hold tight with memories.

THE EN

Hard-shelled shelley and the perfect catch

Continued from page 55) pool? No. Sure, it's nice to know people who have a swimming pool I can use, but it still isn't mine. Nothing is mine. When I went to that premiere the other night with Farley I even had to borrow a fur coat to wear."

The words streamed on in an almost fearful rush. "I have a big house on Sunset Boulevard, but there isn't much furniture in it. When I get my check there's hardly enough left to buy a wash rag. A big company told me I could have all the rugs I wanted for free if I posed for an advertisement. The studio wouldn't let me. I can't understand such things. It's just an innocent rug ad, and how I could use it."

Is this outburst a thing called "temperament?" Hardly. When someone is worried about paying his bills and blows up, one screams temperament at him. When someone is upset because she had a fight with her boy friend, causing her to be snappish at the office all day, she isn't publicly rebuked in newspaper columns. No, her co-workers realize that she's simply giving way to a normal emotion and she'll get over it.

SHELLEY needs time to get over the subconscious bitterness born in her during the time she was just "that Winters gal," looking around town, doing a day's work here and a day's work there, plus an average of about ten screen tests a month. Shelley decided one day that she'd had enough. A road company of *Oklahoma!* is being cast. She put in a call for New York and made a pitch.

"Is there any film on you?" she was asked.

"Film?" Shelley almost yelled. "There are tests available of me in practically every state in the Union. I'm sure New York must be crawling with them."

Next day Shelley had a telegram. How could she be in New York? How long? She was ready to leave in fifteen minutes, but how could she admit that she didn't have cash for plane fare? Maybe she could have borrowed it, but Shelley isn't the borrowing kind, so she stalled. She was wired back that she was just finishing a picture and would be there the following week.

Then she called a bus company and inquired about rates. By the time she had finished two days' work at Metro she had enough for her ticket and meager expenses. But fate was cooking up new obstacles. Her agent called and said some "hot things" were coming up. She was invited at Universal to do a test for *A Double Life*.

"Oh no! Not another test!"

"Okay," the agent said, "but this might be it, and I suppose you wouldn't care to work opposite Ronald Colman."

"That's different," Shelley said. "I'll make the test."

"That's more like it. You have to be on between three and four tomorrow."

"Okay," Shelley agreed. "I'm working at Metro tomorrow, but I should be there early and I'll make that test—my last one—if it kills me."

And it almost did.

ON THE Metro set next day Shelley sat waiting patiently for the director to come around to her scene in which she had a meager line to say. Finally, at 3:30 she began to get really nervous. She approached the director.

"Why, honey," he said, reproachfully, "you should have told me before. We'd have taken you right away."

"Now he tells me," she moaned.

Fifteen minutes later, Shelley dashed madly out of the studio. She had forty-two cents in her pocket. Not anywhere near enough for a cab, probably not enough for a bus. She stopped the first motorist to pass by the Metro gate, with one dazzling look. By 4:15 she was at the corner of Hollywood and Vine. Now her luck at hitching ran out. She was about to shrug off the whole thing, when a voice called out, "Hi there, gal!"

Good old Lou Costello!

Shelley climbed into Lou's big car and they roared out over the pass to Universal. They arrived just as the cameras on the test stage were being locked up for the night. Shelley was hot and tired. Only a vestige remained of the makeup she had applied with such meticulous care that morning. This, she thought, is me at my all time worst.

At home she forgot about the *Double Life* test in her rush to get off to New York. She packed her battered suitcase and next day was sitting in the bus station, ready for the painful trek to Broadway. Hollywood they could give back to the real estate agents and the used car salesmen. She was through.

As the big transcontinental bus rolled in, a frantic figure dashed into the station.

"Wait!" Shelley's sister, Blanche Schriff, shouted. "Wait—they loved your test!"

Shelley was unmoved. "Which test?" she inquired sarcastically. "I've only made 999."

"The Universal test," Sis painted. "They think you're great. You have the part."

"Well," Shelley retorted numbly, "that's saying it different." She waved the bus on its way. "That's saying it exceedingly different."

Now she was faced with the problem of being in two places at once. Mr. Rogers expected her in New York. Mr. Universal needed her in Hollywood. And that, in case anyone wants to know, is one thing that executives know how to handle. Mr. William Goetz called his good friend Mr. Rogers and promised that if Shelley could have the script of *Oklahoma!* to study while she was doing the picture she'd be available immediately thereafter.

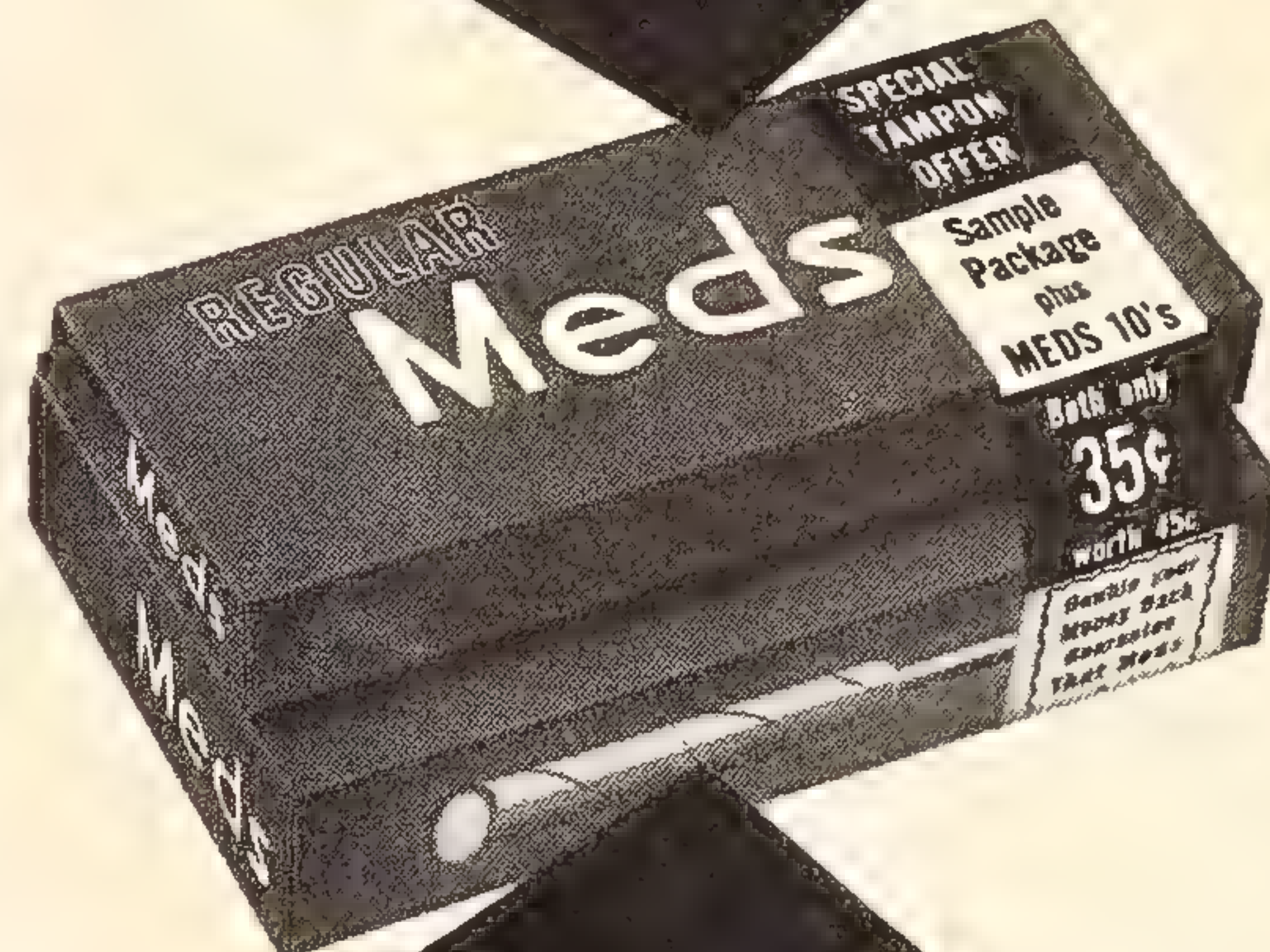
And she was, but a fact that has escaped many a delver into the life of Shelley Winters is that while she was seeing herself featured in reviews as the greatest discovery since Jean Harlow, she was at the same time sitting in a small mid-western hotel room, hundreds of miles from Hollywood. If she had told the bellhop who brought her a club sandwich after the show that she was a movie star now he would have shaken his head with understanding and refused a tip. Actresses in road shows are apt to get delusions of grandeur.

Now we are getting to the bottom of Shelley's reasons for blowing up on sets and sounding off in a manner that always causes columnists to mark her down as "difficult." Shelley has a deep rooted feeling of insecurity because the struggle has been long. Money has become the symbol of security because she had so little.

For example, Jack Warner gave a big party one night. Shelley was invited. She called up a friend. "Please come over to my house right away and look at my dress," she urged. "I'm not sure whether or not I should wear it."

The black formal was a nice enough dress but not quite the thing Shelley Winters, a new star, would be expected

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to appear in. Her friend didn't want to be too blunt.

"Tell you what," she suggested. "I know a shop where we can have this altered."

They jumped into Shelley's Plymouth and rushed to the shop. Shelley went into the dressing room and started pinning up seams.

"What will this cost me?" she asked, cautiously.

"Oh, about ten dollars," the salesgirl replied.

"Gee," Shelley protested. "That's sort of high."

Her friend gasped silently. To the salesgirl, Shelley was a successful actress. What she'd just said made her sound almost cheap. The friend bit her tongue, wondering whether or not to explain that Shelley hadn't become accustomed yet to the fact that she was no longer living from one pay check to the next, ever fearful, just like girls in dress shops, that the following week might bring unemployment.

At that moment the manager of the store came in. On her arm was a Ceil Chapman original. She asked Shelley to try it on. "It's only \$69.95, Miss Winters, and ideal for you."

Shelley tried on the dress, turning round and round before the full length mirror, pleased with what she saw. She wanted the dress, but she was hesitant.

"Do you think I should spend the money?" she asked her friend.

The reply was firm, immediately explaining Shelley to the people in the shop. "It looks marvelous on you, Girl Star. You keep forgetting that the lean days are about over. That you just signed a contract for umphteen hundred dollars a week. Buy it. You'll kill 'em tonight."

The story illustrated how unused Shelley was to fame and fortune. She still is, although the outward evidence is nearly gone. Instead there is that madcap super-charged dynamo, and people ask, "What's she trying to prove?"

Too bad about people who don't really know, for there is no pretense about Shelley. When she makes up her mind about something she blurts out her enthusiasm.

One afternoon a buddy of hers found her floating in a swimming pool shouting happily. "Today's my birthday. Today I'm thirty. Yeee-hooo!" Any other girl who's just thirty is almost a cinch to back up and call herself twenty-five. Not Shelley.

THAT night she had a date with Bill O'Brien and because it was a special occasion she wanted to go to one of the glittering night spots, like the Mocambo.

Still, she didn't know whether Bill would like the idea. She and a friend worked out a plot. Shelley was to get a date for Bill's friend and this date was to suggest, nonchalantly, that they stop at Mocambo, and Shelley was to toss off a remark about how much she hated night clubs, "But, if it will make her happy let's go."

The thing to remember is that Shelley is not one of those charming, scheming wenches who contrives to go to the glamor spots night after night at the expense of some chump's pocketbook.

The fact is, she is the extreme opposite. Only recently she went on a beach date with a young man who, noting that his gasoline gauge read "empty," pulled into a filling station. "Fillerup," he ordered.

"Fill it up?" Shelley almost screamed. "Where do you think we're going? Five gallons will get us to Malibu and back ten times."

"What's the difference?" her date asked. "I'll have to buy it sooner or later."

"Yeah," Shelley replied, "but a buck-twenty sounds better to me than four and

a half."

Kick that thought around and you'll find yourself understanding what makes the girl tick. That's more than some of her co-workers can do. They think of her as "hard-shelled Shelley," failing to realize that her bursts of so-called temperaments are merely an attempt to protect her individuality.

While *South Sea Sinner* was being filmed, another rash of those SHELLEY WINTERS AGAIN BATTLING WITH DIRECTOR paragraphs began showing up in the columns. The reason was that the director

LIKE SHELLEY SAYS

When Shelley read that Cary Grant was shipping his car to England, she said, "I guess he's given up the idea of driving over."

When someone questioned her about her proposed trip to Paris she replied airily, "I cancelled it and went to Romanoff's instead."

A couple of days after the Liz Taylor wedding, a friend was telling her how dramatically happy the couple was. "Yeah," Shelley agreed, "and they said it would never last!"

found himself unhappy with the way Shelley was doing a singing scene. He tried to explain what he wanted. So did Shelley.

"I feel too much like Betty Grable," she said.

"Well," the director replied, "that's about what I want."

"But I'm not a singer or a dancer," Shelley declared. "I'm a dramatic actress. I'll do my best. Even so it will turn out not Grable. Only Shelley Winters."

The heat of this small argument generated from person to person until it became magnified out of all proportion. Who's to blame? Nobody, really, except that Shelley in trying to explain her position sometimes overshoots the target.

she could relax, more of the public would grow to love her as one of Hollywood's few really sound, sane and witty girls.

Now she's been saddled with a hard-to-handle reputation. Now she's learning that the privilege of occupying the limelight exacts its toll.

Real love is now harder to achieve than if she had remained just a minor actress. People are more difficult to meet and really know. For instance, Shelley must be more than usually cautious about accepting dates for fear of being on the receiving end of gossip barbs.

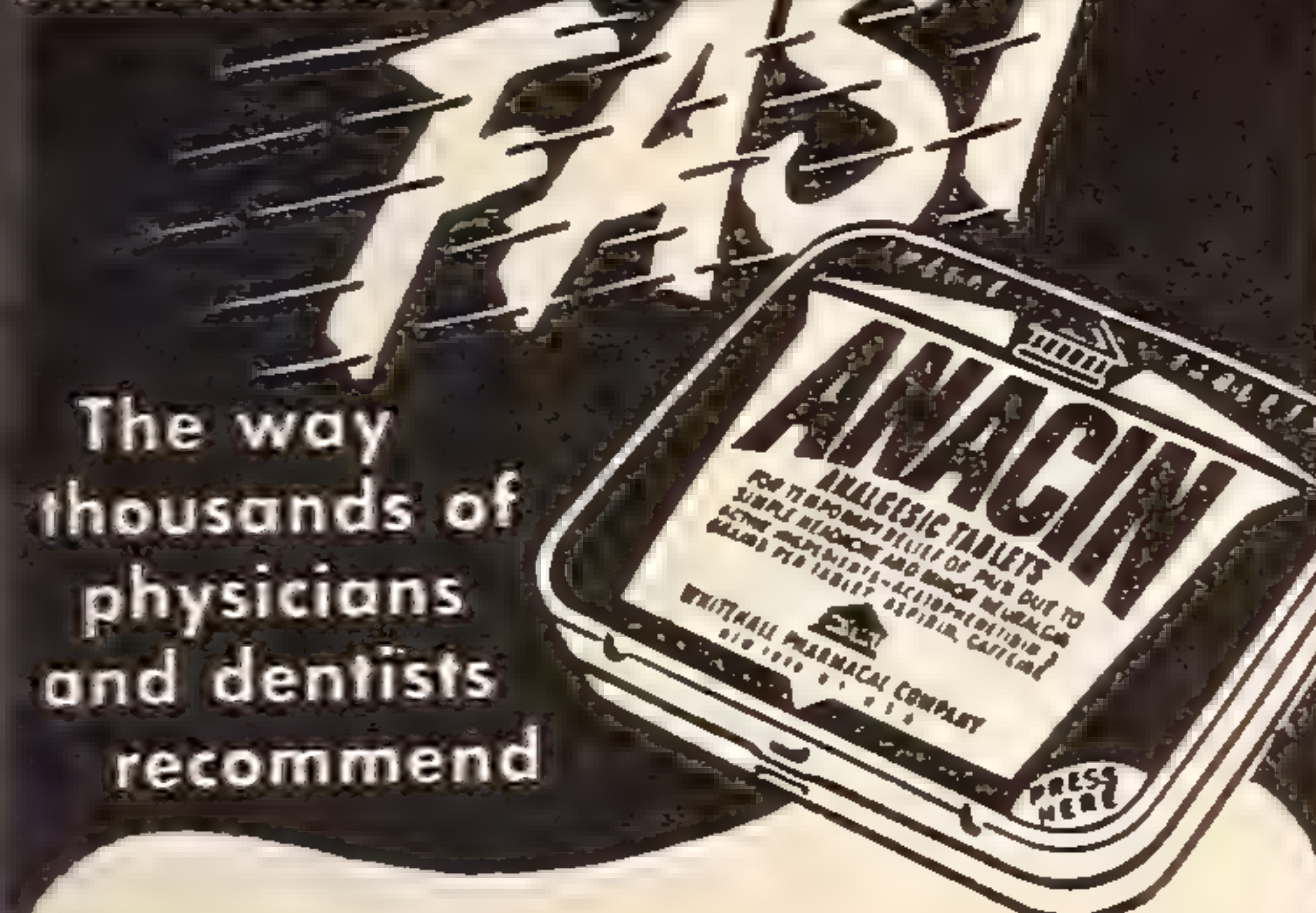
She stays home a great deal of the time. Home and Schwab's Drug Store. Drop in there sometime and you'll probably find her holding down a stool at the soda fountain, thumbing through magazines and looking at pictures of the glamorous, much sought after Shelley Winters wearing a beautiful mink stole flung casually over her shoulders as she steps out of a limousine on premiere night on the arm of Farley Granger.

Then you'll see Shelley put the magazine back in the rack and settle down to the soda placed in front of her, a thoughtful look in her eyes. And you'll know that she's thinking, not about her old friend, Farley, but about Bill O'Brien or his counterpart, the sort of guy she really wants to fall completely, permanently love with if he can just have the patience to learn to understand her.

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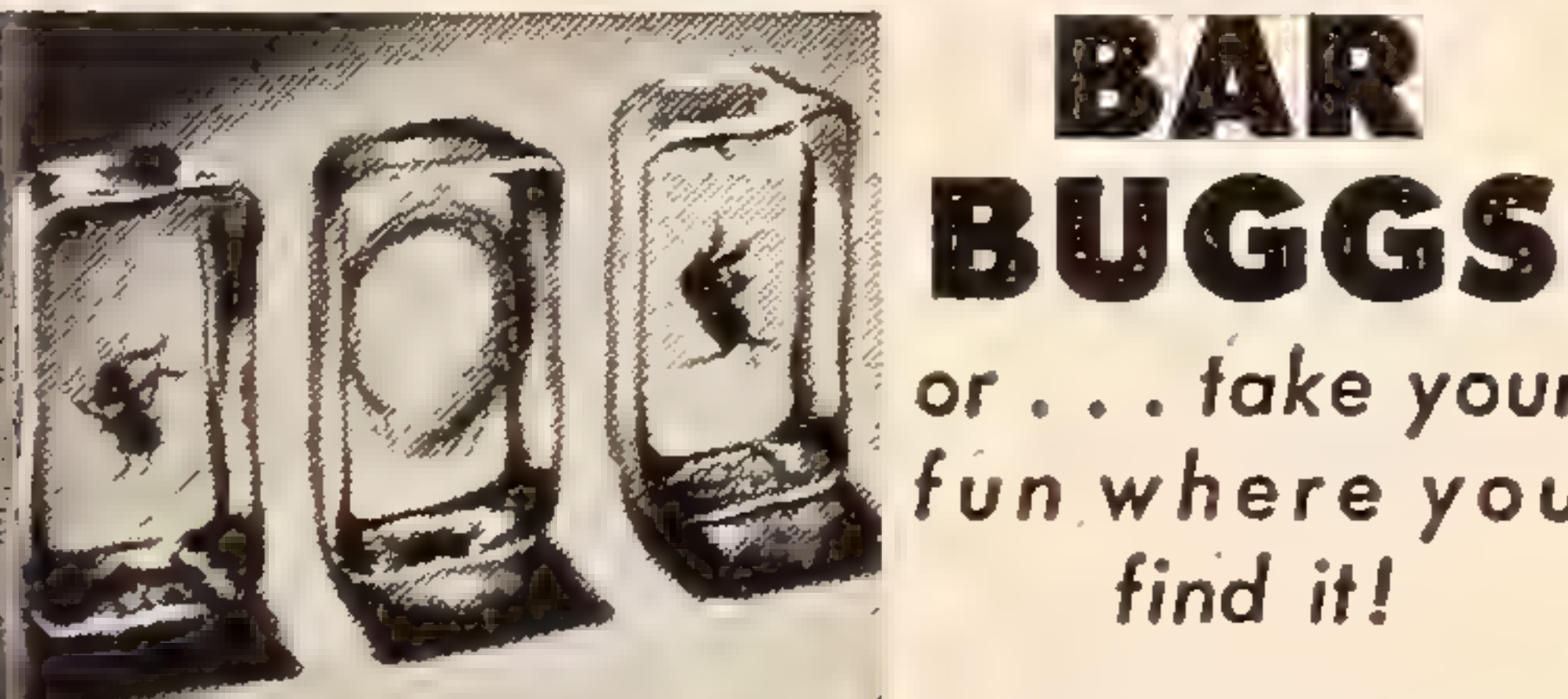
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he's not the man i married

(Continued from page 59) had left. And I came to the conclusion that, in a way, he was right. Although Alan and I have never had any trouble talking. (As a matter of fact, we have trouble not talking.) When I first knew Alan I guess he did have difficulty meeting strangers, particularly on interviews, because he always has been very modest and reticent about himself. He didn't feel that he was interesting enough.

I thought he had a lot to talk about because, after all, he had been a track athlete in school and had been a west coast diving champion, and he had had a series of interesting jobs. He sold cash registers and was promoted to head salesman of his district; he started as a reporter on a newspaper and was promoted to editor of his department; he worked at a hamburger stand and eventually owned one; he started as an extra hand on the set and wound up a grip; he went into radio as a bit player and eventually wound up as one of the Richfield Reporters and did leading roles. He seemed unsuccessful to himself because he had given up one job after another, because he had a burning ambition to become a successful actor. He was insecure, and therefore, shy.

TEN years have passed since the day I met Alan. I should have been aware of what was happening to him in relation to other people, but it took our Minneapolis friend to really wake me up.

Not long ago we came back from Douglas, Arizona, where we had been for some time on location for Alan's latest Paramount picture, *Branded*. Two incidents of our stay there, a party and an illness, stick in my mind. One evening after work quite a few members of the cast and crew dropped by our hotel room to combat homesickness. With an ease of manner that made everyone feel comfortable, Alan just took over. He seemed to find so much to talk about and he was really so entertaining that in a short while the spirit of everyone changed. I got a big kick out of watching him and realizing what a warm, good host he had become, and by being such a good host he made a pleasant evening out of one that could have been a complete bust.

When I first married Alan I thought my life with him would be very quiet and uneventful because he would want it that way, but I didn't realize what a great sense of humor he had and how much fun he had in him. Life with Alan is anything but dull because, although he protests and says how he loves peace and quiet, the minute it is quiet he dreams up something to make it exciting. However, I won't give Alan full credit for this because exciting situations always seem to seek him out, consequently our lives are anything but monotonous.

At the time that Alan had worked trying to become a successful actor, he often went hungry and as a result became very susceptible to colds. However, while on location a nasty virus flu suddenly invaded the troupe. Everyone started coming down with it. It took the average victim a week to get back on his feet and one giant of a prop man had to be sent back from location by special car. Well, Alan caught the germ one Saturday night. I was worried because I was still clinging to an old conception that he would have a difficult time throwing the germ off, overlooking the fact that he hadn't been seriously ill for years. Sunday, he was quite sick and I bustled around trying to do things for him. After a

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while he insisted I quit, so I did, as he seemed quite cheerful even though his fever was high and his bones aching. Four o'clock Monday morning I was horrified on awakening to find him dressing.

"Where do you think you're going?" I asked.

"On the set, of course. There's an early call," he replied.

"But you're sick!" I cried.

He laughed. "Who, me? That was yesterday."

His voice was firm, he looked chipper as a nut as he left. I lay there and marveled. The old Alan used to catch cold by as little as a five degree drop in temperature, and really have it stick for weeks. Well, he isn't that way now. He's the opposite. He gets rid of a cold today by just clearing his throat; or at least that is the way he feels about it.

A person who doesn't change doesn't grow. But when it happens to your own husband, and when it happens like it is happening to Alan, it gives one a sense of pride and satisfaction.

Alan has always been interested in the other fellow's problem, but there was a time when he couldn't do anything about it. Today one of his greatest pleasures is in trying to help other people.

ONE day one of his friends asked him, "Don't you take too much responsibility on your shoulders watching over all these men? It's nice of you, but is it wise? You're just one man and you're not giving yourself a chance to enjoy your own success."

He laughed. "Maybe you're right. I'll forget about all that now. Now what should I do first to enjoy my success? Should I just sit back and relax? After all, through great luck and good fortune my family is comfortably situated and I have more than I need. Therefore, when I try to help someone and am successful, just a little bit of their happiness rubs off on me and I don't know any other way in the world to achieve the same results." His sympathetic understanding of not only the children and me, but of our friends, is demonstrated almost daily.

We have a friend who is in radio in a middle-western city. Alan is as close to the progress of his career as he is to his own. One day he proposed to the studio that his friend be used for a part in a forthcoming picture. It wasn't a very important part and I pointed this out to Alan.

"Why don't you wait until something bigger comes along?" I asked. "Why have him come all the way out for just this?"

Alan answered thoughtfully. "The part isn't big," he admitted. "It won't mean a thing as far as picture work is concerned. And maybe, some day, there will be a better spot. But in the meanwhile, what effect will it have on his hometown radio contacts when they know he has been summoned to Hollywood for picture work? Won't his stock go up? Won't there be an immediate benefit?"

I understood. Then I found out more. Things were slow in radio and he had heard that producer calls for his friend had fallen off. The Hollywood trip would not only fill a gap gracefully but create a new demand for him. It worked out this way perfectly.

Alan's helping hand has done as much for other friends, dozens of them, almost, whose lives he follows. Some come to him for help, some get it before they even have a chance to ask because Alan has kept tabs on their situations and has seen a chance to help.

Among the people Alan does nice things for is his wife—very nice things. I don't just mean giving me a present, even if

his last present to me, on my birthday, is one I won't forget for the rest of my life. (It was a dresser set with each piece bearing a picture of one of the children, and one piece, of course, with his own picture on it.) It is more than that. He does the sort of things that give an inner satisfaction which no material gift can match.

He said something about me one day while talking to a group of men and it got back to my ears via a friend. The men were discussing a new Paramount picture and one of the heads of the company declared that while it would be a success in the larger cities he didn't think it would go as well in the smaller communities. At that Alan is reported to have said, "Isn't that funny? Sue said the same thing just a few weeks ago. It seems to me that every time she expresses an opinion on a picture it is verified by one of the industry's top leaders sooner or later."

Now the point is not that I said such a thing. Maybe I did. I seem to remember that it was Alan who said it originally. Other incidents like this have happened. Some time ago he got into a hassle with me about something I didn't think he had noticed, and when he won this argument he replaced a growing disquietude in me with a feeling of solid happiness.

AFTER working closely with him on his career for a couple of years I became a little sensitive about always being with him at the studio. I got to thinking that people would talk about my tagging along

answers to bert parks quiz on page 90

1. Tom Conway
2. Barry Fitzgerald
3. Olivia DeHavilland, Joan Fontaine
4. Lawrence Tierney
5. Susan Hayward
6. Bill Williams

all the time and I didn't like the idea at all. So little by little I tried to stop. I would invent excuses for not going with him when he went to work, or, at least, not showing up on the set if I did go. Eventually I had an excellent excuse; we started building our Holmby Hills house and I could claim that I was busy working with the painters.

That was exactly what I did tell him when I would pick him up after work nights and we drove home. And out of this came one of our rare quarrels one evening. He seemed resentful and finally came out with what he was thinking. If the new house was going to interfere with our lives that much, he declared, if it was going to keep me from the studio and meant the end of our lunching and working together as we had always done for years, why . . . he just didn't want the house. Well . . . ! Need I say that I managed to scuttle right back into the old routine without too much sacrifice on my part? When your husband makes you feel that good you can live in a lean-to with him and be happy. Which reminds me, we now spend part of our time in a lean-to on our ranch in the valley.

WHEN we bought the place it was a lot of scrubland with a cement reservoir and a long open shed where the previous owner had parked everything from his car and tools to some chicken roosts. The house, itself, had burned down to the ground.

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"We'll have to build," I said. "You're busy at the studio so I'll talk to some contractors about putting up a little house."

"What's the matter with that?" said Alan, pointing to the shed.

"Live there?" I asked, not believing my ears.

"Sure... after we put up another wall to go with the back walls," he continued, as if it were the easiest thing in the world.

So that was how I discovered that Alan was architecturally inclined. He drew up a sketch of how the shed could be converted into a home, gave it to a carpenter, and when the job was finished we had as colorful a rustic retreat as anyone could possibly want—and a comfortable one, too.

Incidentally, that reservoir had to be dug deeper and when Alan hired some men to do the job they declared they needed a derrick to remove the debris. That put us in a fix because the ranch is hilly and no such contraption could be driven onto the property safely.

We were faced with this impasse and the men were standing around doing nothing for the money we had contracted to pay them.

"Sorry, the bank account won't stand for this," Alan remarked. "I'll have to think of something."

He did. He went to the telephone and soon a small truck loaded with pneumatic drills and equipped with an auxiliary motor to power the drills arrived. Alan took a drill, had the motor started up, and attacked the cement. It pounded through immediately. He didn't have to say a word. The men walked over to the truck, got out the other drills and went to work and broke the cement in such small pieces it could be easily removed in wheelbarrows, which they did, with Alan nonchalantly leading the parade of laborers.

"How did you happen to think of that?" I asked. He looked at me and just smiled. Then I remembered. Alan Ladd the actor was also Alan Ladd the ditch-digger once, also Alan Ladd, cash register salesman, advertising salesman, studio laborer and what not. (And he has changed a lot since then as the man from Minneapolis and I have both found out.)

But perhaps the best proof is something I had to do about this new man myself not long ago. Once I was his agent and used to help guide his career. I would go to the studios and discuss him and the sort of pictures he should get. Today I don't do this at all. Alan does it for himself. I stepped down voluntarily and against his protest, but I had a good reason. An agent should know more about the movie business than his or her client, and I felt I knew more than Alan did and could talk better than he could... once. But the new Alan... well, he knows far more than I, and can put it a lot better.

So one day I told him that he was not only not the man I had married, he was also not the original man I had agreed to represent. For this reason I declared our contract null and void. Our agency contract only, you understand. The other is for keeps.

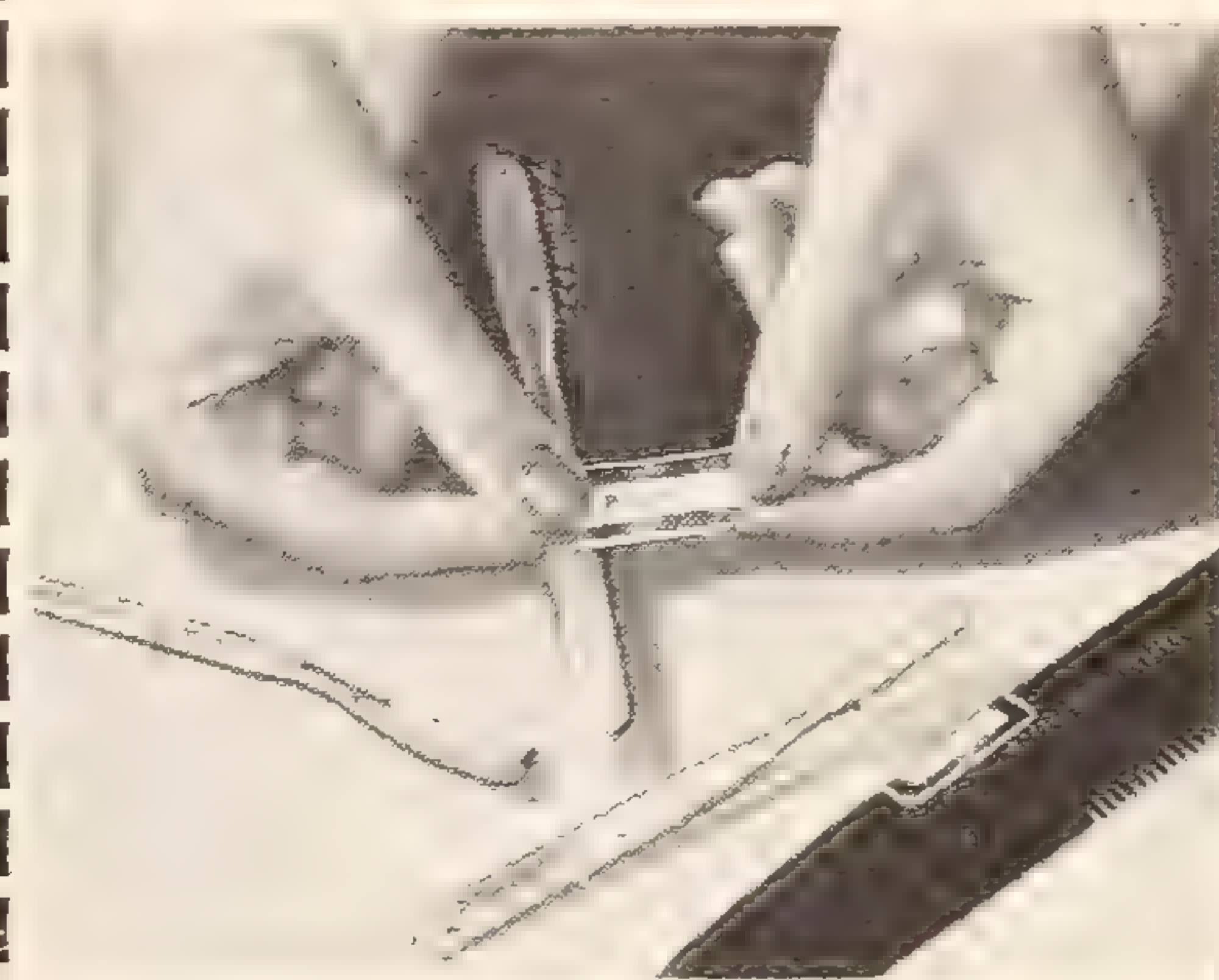
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SEE PAGE 74

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I was afraid to be happy

(Continued from page 38) And along with all this panic about the things life might do to us, many of us are raised with fear of the things that will happen to us after death.

Like so many youngsters, I was brought up on the idea of punishment if I did wrong, of hellfire and damnation.

Most of us were raised to believe these things. We were brought up to believe in a God who punishes, a God whom we are told to love but taught to fear.

When I grew up and matured, I had to unlearn all the things I had been taught. I found that I had to dig out all these old ideas on which I had been raised before I could put new ones into my mind.

How did I get rid of them? Through philosophy and through religion. To me philosophies are religions. Religion is the cornerstone of my philosophy.

THE only time a lot of us become religious is when we're unhappy, forgetting that we really need religion every day.

I read the Bible half an hour every morning before I start working. It's so important to get the day set right, and my reading of the Bible helps a great deal. I always read the 23rd Psalm, the 91st and the 121st. I get something new out of them every day.

The 23rd Psalm is perhaps the best known of these. Remember the famous lines, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." What a world of comfort and serenity is expressed in them.

God is not only a person to me—He's a belief, an ideal. He is omnipotent and I don't think He's ever failed me in anything that was right for me. He teaches me very gentle lessons and sometimes very harsh ones. I speak of God as "He" yet very often there's a comforting influence in the power of God that can only be a motherly thing, too. He combines the qualities of a wonderful father and mother.

I believe in an after life but not in heaven, hell or purgatory. We go on and have to learn whether in this life or the next. I'm so busy worrying about this one—trying to make this a good, full and happy one—I don't think much about what happens afterwards. But I don't believe in a God of vengeance and punishment. God isn't cruel. He's good and kind. Do you think He'll say, "You did this. I'll strike you down for it." No—those would be the thoughts of an angry child, not of an omnipotent, benevolent God.

I believe in immortality—not in spiritualistic meetings and seances—but in the survival of good. You won't find me holding hands under a table with the idea of summoning up the spirits of the departed. If I hold hands under the table, it will be with people who are vital and alive, for altogether different reasons. But I do believe that all good lives forever, regardless of whether we carry it around in our bodies or it lives after us.

I DON'T feel for one minute that Norbert Lusk, the magazine editor who was a very good friend of mine, is dead. There were so many good things about him, and those are the only things I can remember. It's the good that lives with every person that's passed on. Good, I think, can never die.

I correspond all the time with people who were friends of Norbie's. There are three whom I have never met, but who wrote me after his death. If ever we do

meet, it won't be like meeting stranger because we all knew Norbie, there warmth and friendship among us—that's life.

Norbert Lusk was so wonderful that everyone whose life he touched was the better for it. When he lost his job on the magazine, I wrote him that it was the magazine's loss, and wished him great success in whatever he did. Up to the time he had disliked me as a person. He had been disappointed in me because I was not like the girl he'd seen on the screen in *Our Dancing Daughters*. But after I wrote to him wishing him happiness and success, we became the closest of friends.

I know how he must have felt when he lost his job on the magazine. I know what it means to be in trouble and have had the people you've known walk away from you. At times like that, I found comfort through my faith in God.

I pray every day. I pray as I think. Because I study my Bible in the morning before I start the day, the thoughts I need and the help I need come to me during the day when I need them. I pray constantly during the day. Each new incident is met by prayer.

GOD, I know, guides me into the experiences I should face. Whenever I have learned enough to face a new experience I experience it. Sometimes I run away from it, but it comes after me. Now I've reached the point where walking into new experiences is fun. I still break out in cold sweat now and then, but usually say, "I bet I can," and regard new problems as a happy challenge.

Lots of people, I know, who are very religious, never go to church, never seemingly pray. But they have powerful philosophies formed through their study of nature or through poetry, for most great poets are philosophers.

However, for myself, I gain great comfort from going to church. When I walk into church and see hundreds of people there, I am warmed by the feeling that like myself, they must have had difficulty getting there. Perhaps they worked late the day before or had children to take care of that morning. But knowing the inspiration they would find in the church of their choosing, they came. When I see them, I realize the need of religion for everyone in the world. I see them come out with their faces alive. I send my children to Sunday school for the same kind of inspiration.

At home, I teach my children about the privilege of giving and sharing—not just material things, but the giving of time, of oneself, of a happy face. At night, if one of the children is pouting, I say, "Anyone who hasn't a happy face can go to his room till he feels better."

A happy face is giving. It's the giving of joy.

When the children and I walk down a street, we count the happy faces. We count the unhappy faces, too. I say to the children, "Watch their bodies, too. Watch the way they walk. When you're happy you look it; you live it; your happiness is in every motion of your body." The way some people slump down the streets is a dead giveaway. It's a great pity, too. God meant us to be happy. We were created to create and to give.

ALL giving is really selfish in a sense because the giver derives so much happiness from it. I remember how much happiness I got when I gave Jeanne Leiber, my hairdresser and loyal friend, a French poodle she had wanted for years. When Pierre, the French teacher at Christina's school, had five puppies to dispose



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of, I bought a French poodle for Jeanne. I called her several times that day, but was unable to reach her. I sent her three telegrams, which said, "Come and get it." There was no answer. I couldn't understand. Finally I reached her through Mary Benny. She had moved that very day.

When she called me I said gaily, "Come and get it."

"Come and get what?" she asked.

"Your dog is here. Your French poodle. Didn't you get my telegrams?"

She hadn't. She was so excited, she dropped her dinner dishes.

When she came to get her dog, she cuddled it in her arms. She cried with happiness. So did I.

I have found that it is fun to try to do things for others, to try to follow the Golden Rule. It's a toughie, too. What wonderful people we would be if we all followed it and lived up to our faith in God and God's faith in us.

As hard as I try, I never live up to half of my religious beliefs. I shall never stop trying as long as I live. **THE END**

tragic triangle

(Continued from page 80) luck,' and she left, and then, he tried to do it, but at the last moment Hank Sanicola rushed in and wrested the gun out of his grasp, and then the doctors came and gave him sleeping sedatives."

Anyone who knows Sinatra even slightly knows how fantastic that story is. From time to time The Voice may suffer from melancholia and feelings of persecution, but to take his life because of a girl—this borders on the ridiculous and completely disregards the existence of Frank's sizable ego. The only one he would ever commit suicide for is himself.

He is not the kind of lover who pursues a girl merely for the sport. He does not believe in throwing his ardor away. His love must be returned, and it is safe to assume that Ava has returned it.

WHY else would a man renounce \$5,000 a week from MGM? Why else would a man disobey his doctor's orders and fly from Florida to Spain (accompanied by Jimmy Van Heusen) to see his girl? Why else would a man leave his wife and three children, endanger his career, jeopardize his future, alienate his fans? Not merely for the masochistic pleasure of having a beautiful brunette rebuff him. No, sir.

You can rest assured that Ava Gardner loves Frank Sinatra as much as he does her.

All this idiotic talk about Ava loving Mario Cabre, a Spanish actor and part-time bullfighter, is so much hogwash. Cabre may be madly in love with Ava—so are a thousand other guys—but Ava knows that all these impassioned confessions of love make excellent publicity.

When Sinatra was in Spain dining with Ava, and she had a few days away from *Pandora and the Flying Dutchman*—(that's the name of her picture), he never even mentioned Cabre. He looked into Ava's eyes, and he knew the answer. She was still very much in love with him. Later Ava explained about Mario. "It's just one of those publicity gags framed to help his career and our picture. Personally I think it's a shame to involve him in that sort of a story. He's a nice guy."

AFTER Frank left Spain and went to Paris and then to New York and then to Hollywood—Ava denied most emphatically the rumors which had her retiring from the screen for a period of nine months.

Here again, the ridiculous rumor-spread-

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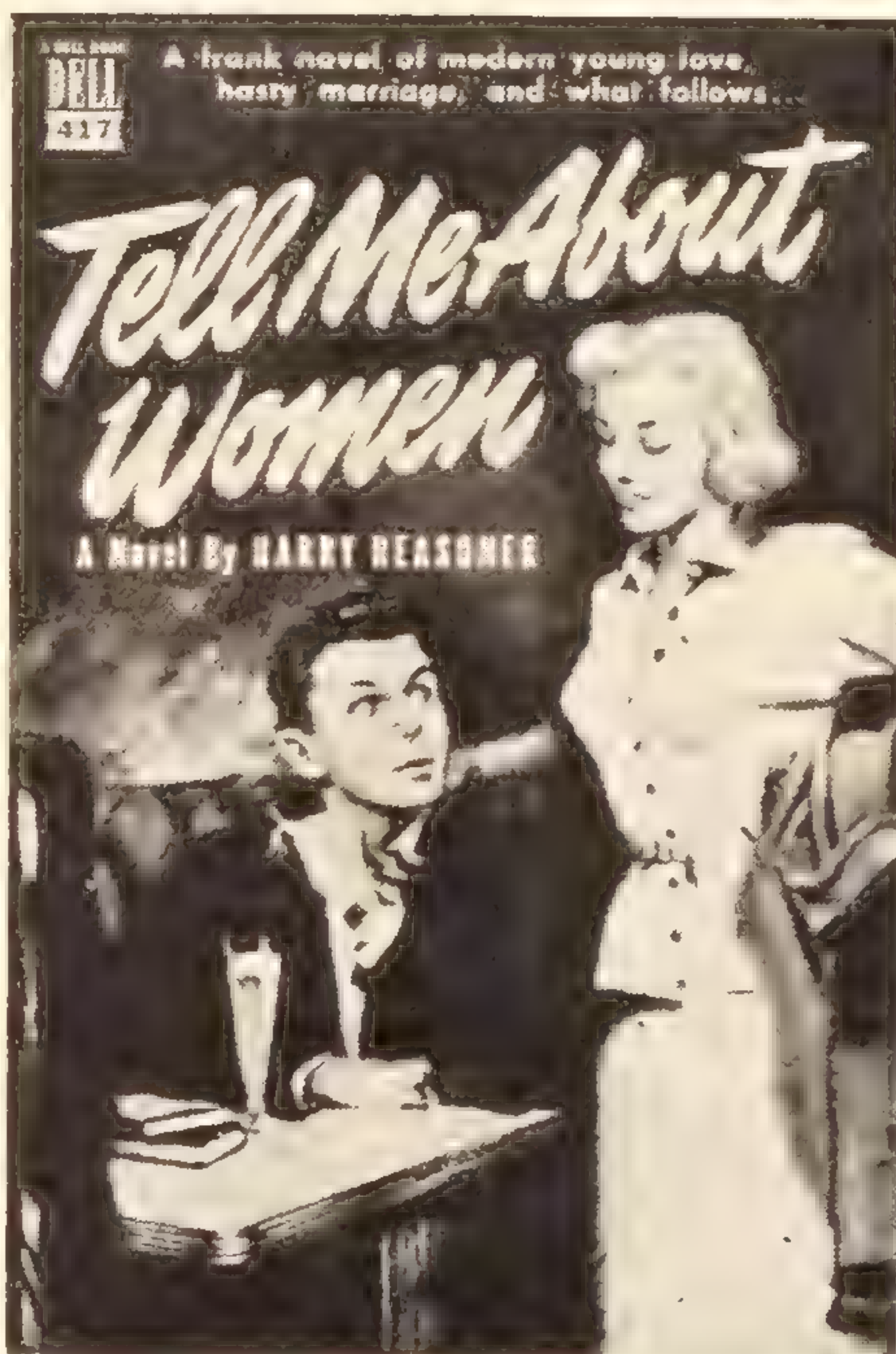
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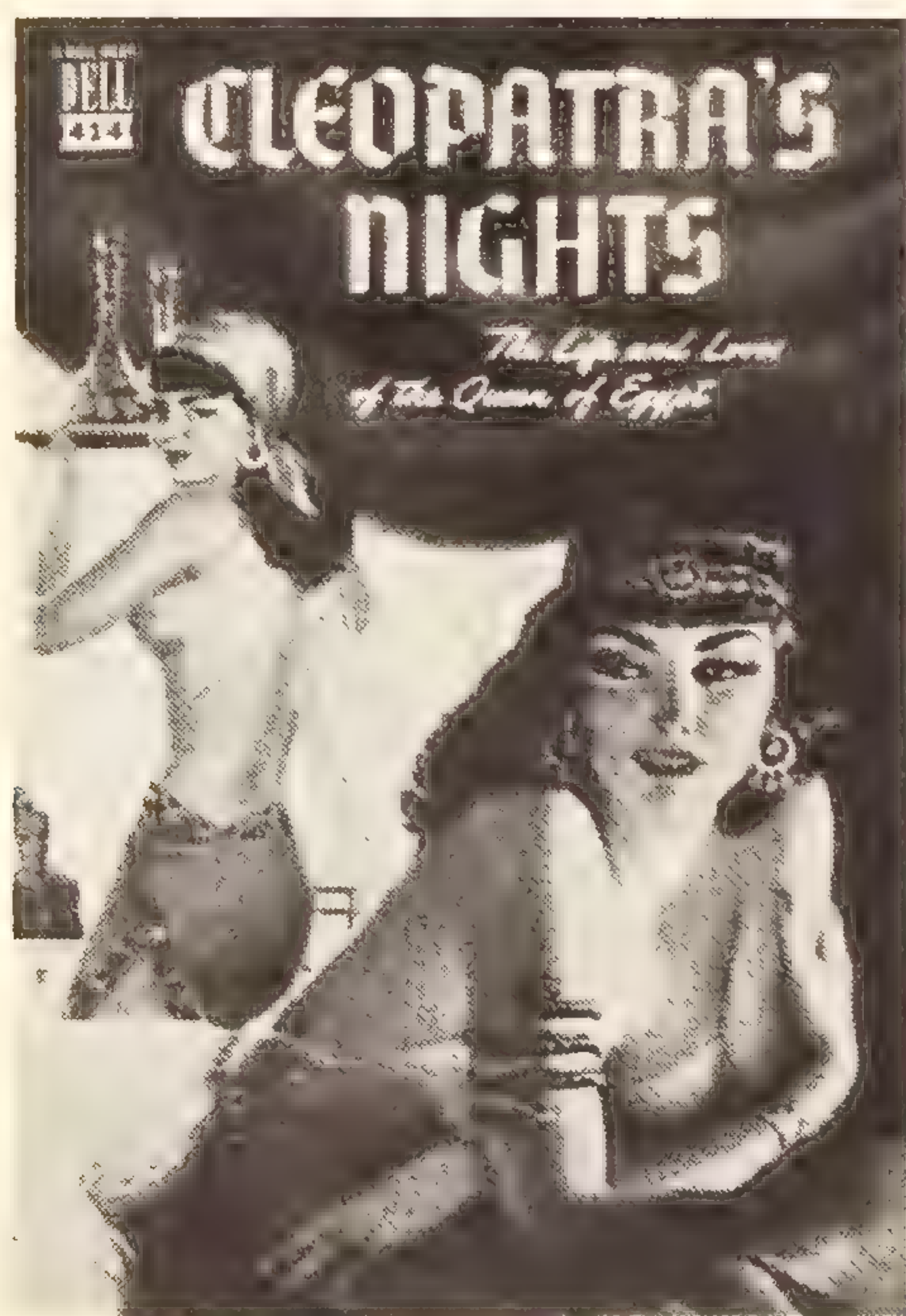
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ers in California went about saying that Frankie would get a divorce under any circumstance, no matter what demands Nancy made on him, that he and Ava would then marry, take an apartment in Paris, raise a child or two, and then they would both resume their careers.

As a matter of fact, the rumor received such wide circulation that Howard Strickling, MGM publicity director, phoned Ava long distance. She was alternately angry and amused. "I'm not planning to take an apartment in Paris or anywhere else," she said. "I'm coming home as soon as the picture is finished. I'm terribly homesick. All those vicious rumors about Frank and me are wrong. The only reason he came here was to recuperate from his throat illness."

Just what is the fundamental attraction between Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra?

This is the question so many people have asked over and over again. Ava knows men. In her years on the Pacific Coast, she's dated all the eligibles. Experience has taught her to read men like the top line of an optometrist's chart.

Prior to Sinatra, she made it a strict point never to "date" or go out with married men—and she must have had some *a priori* assurance that all was not well between Frank and Nancy Sinatra, and that they were on the verge of a legal separation, before she would give Frank her companionship.

SINATRA can be the most charming man on earth. He has a soft, ingenuous way about him. He can start out with a hostile audience and inside of fifteen minutes have that audience rooting for him. Night after night at the Copacabana in New York he proved this. Many of the people who came to see him were decidedly antagonistic. Some of them wanted to be in "on his vocal funeral." He not only fooled them—he captivated them.

This, in a sense, is what he did to Ava. She won't talk about it publicly, but she finds in Frank a man who's generous, ardent, intelligent, and, above all, an equal.

This last is most important. For many years Ava has suffered from an inferiority complex, an inferiority born of the knowledge that her fame was originally founded not upon talent but merely upon the possession of a beautiful face and figure.

In Frankie, Ava's found a man who not only is willing but actually treats her as an equal. He respects her opinions. He caters to her whims. He indulges her fancies. He seeks her companionship.

Whether this love and affection is transitory no man knows.

Frank himself, when asked how come he'd been completely smitten by Ava, told a friend, "She's a million laughs." In Sinatra's book, that's the highest compli-

she's sensational

There was a craze for the kind of photography that had made Hedy Lamarr the rage in Algiers—big, dreamy, softly lit closeups. That was the treatment the MGM representative gave Ava. Placed before a camera, she was told, "Now look up . . . Look down . . . Now smile . . . Pick up a vase of flowers." Hollywood legend has it that when her silent test arrived MGM's brass reached for their telephones and yelled, "She can't act; she can't talk; she's sensational. Get her out here!"—Pete Martin, from *Hollywood Without Makeup*.

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ment a girl can earn.

Sinatra wants a divorce. In the past five years, he's had so many quarrels, disputes, and separations from Nancy that a divorce seems best.

Nancy, however, won't give Frank a divorce—at least at this writing. Some ultra-high-pressure salestalk by Sinatra may do the trick—but Nancy has been against divorce from the very beginning. A devout Catholic, she feels that divorce is opposed by her religion, and she won't countenance it.

Frank can have a legal separation which is what he has now, but he can't have freedom to marry again, not so long as Nancy holds out.

This is where Ava might get hurt, and she knows it. She may go around for years with Frank, hoping always to become his wife. Frank may want her as his life-mate, may want her now. In a year or two, he may not. Ava will then have wasted that much time.

Lots of girls say that Nancy should give Frank up immediately. "Who wants a man when he doesn't want you?" That's easily asked. It's not easily answered. Nancy married Frank when he didn't have a dime. She's the mother of his three children, as fine a mother as there is. She has seen Frank through countless escapades. If she and Frank were divorced, who would want to marry her with three children? These are the questions she's asked herself time after time.

She knows Frank a good deal better than Ava does. There's nothing, absolutely nothing he's ever done in the past ten years, that she doesn't know about. She has friends all over the entertainment business who keep her informed.

She has proved herself tolerant, understanding, and faithful. Moreover, she still loves Frank, and that's the apex of the triangle. Deep in her heart Nancy's convinced that Frank will come home again, home to stay. It may take years. His voice may then be gone, his unique charm and hair with it. He may be broke, disillusioned, penniless, his talent dissipated, his friends forsaken, but he'll come home.

Instead of regarding Ava as he does—as the grand passion, the bright flame, the guiding star in his life—Nancy regards Ava without bitterness or rancor, as the strange interlude. Frank has strayed before and Frank will stray again, but there must always be some place and someone to whom he can return.

Nancy feels that that someone is she. "When no one else wants him," she says, "I'll take him back. I've always loved him."

THE END

ava's budget

Even on a salary of approximately \$50,000, Ava must still live with comparative frugality. What with her manager-lawyer's fee and her agent's 10 per cent cut, plus state and federal income taxes, about 71 per cent of her pay is gone before she gets her hands on it. Her manager-lawyer allows her only \$176 a week as expense money. Out of this she must pay her rent and maid's salary, as well as her clothing, food, lighting, auto upkeep, cleaning and drug bills. The rental for her two-bedroom, living room, kitchen and dinette apartment is \$200 a month. The portion of her gross earnings that remains—goes into savings.—(Pete Martin, from Hollywood Without Makeup)

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The elaborate Style Presentation Portfolio, featuring actual fabric samples, will be sent you absolutely **FREE**. Included will be our special plans to help you make a brilliant success — like these exceptional average weekly earnings of \$31.50 made by Mrs. Claude Burnett, Alabama, or \$39.00 made by Marie Patton, Illinois — we will show you how you, too, can make money this easy way. Coupon below brings you everything you need to begin. Fill it in, and paste on a post-card; then rush it to us by return mail. There is no obligation whatever. Act today!

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Fashion Frocks

Inc.,

Desk E2054,
Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Send for **FREE**
Portfolio of

Fall Dresses
as low as
\$2.98

JUST
MAIL
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PASTE ON
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A snug woolen
"junior" with dar-
ing stripes of color!

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Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Dress Size _____

Washable Dan-
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and it can be
ours without a
penny cost!

With this classic
dress comes both
a red and black

It's "Pheasant Plaid"
and waffle pique!



NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORT ON 30-DAY TEST OF CAMEL SMOKERS...

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking **CAMELS**



Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days

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"My career depends on my voice. Thanks to the 30-Day Mildness Test, I've found the cigarette that agrees with my throat—mild, flavorful Camels!"



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SECRETARY Agnes Doyle: "I use my voice day in, day out. I made the 30-Day Test and found that cool, mild Camels agree with my throat!"



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YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU—
T for Throat, T for Taste. Smoke Camels 30 days! See how mild and good-tasting a cigarette can be!

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MILDNESS test Today!*